

The World's Story

British Isles Part 2: Scotland, Ireland

VOLUME TWENTY-FOUR

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

The World's Story

A History of the World in Story, Song and Art

Volume 24
British Isles Part 2: Scotland, Ireland

Edited by Eva March Tappan

Libraries of Hope

The World's Story
A History of the World
In Story, Song and Art

Volume 24
British Isles Part 2: Scotland, Ireland

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SCOTLAND

I

BALLADS AND LEGENDS OF EARLY SCOTLAND

HISTORICAL NOTE

At the time of the Roman occupation of Britain, Scotland was inhabited by Celtic tribes, chiefly Picts, so wild and savage that in spite of expeditions and fortifications they remained unconquered. Not many years after the Romans had left Britain forever, the Scots, a people from northern Ireland, invaded the north of Scotland and settled on the western coast. These are the folk who showed themselves the strongest race and who gave the country its name. They also gave it its religion; for St. Columba and other missionaries from Ireland made their abode on the isle of Iona, and preached the Christian faith in the land.

In the ninth century, the country north of the Forth and the Clyde was ruled by one king, a Scot, and was called Alban. A century later, its name had become Scotland. Not all strangers came with such peaceful intent as St. Columba and his companions, for the horrors of Danish invasions continued from the ninth century to the eleventh; and to this day there is more Scandinavian blood in the Lowlands of Scotland than in any other part of Great Britain. Even in the thirteenth century a bold attempt was made by the Norse, but Alexander III was so successful at the battle of Largs that King Hakon was glad to start for home with his damaged vessels. This ended the invasions of the Northmen. A treaty was made by the two rulers, and three years later the daughter of the King of Scotland married the son of the King of Norway. The child of this marriage, the little Princess Margaret, became Queen of Scotland on the death of Alexander III, but on the way to her kingdom she died.

LEGENDS OF ST. COLUMBA

[563?]

BY ADAMNAN. NINTH ABBOT OF THE IONIAN MONASTERY

[ST. COLUMBA is said to have been born in Ireland, and to have come in 563 with twelve companions to the island of Iona. There he and his brethren built huts for themselves, and also a little church. Around the tiny settlement they raised a wall of turf.

But these earnest men were not satisfied to live quietly in their own houses, and before long Columba with some of his followers set out to see Brude, King of the Picts, who lived near where Inverness now stands, to tell him about the Christian faith, and try to persuade him to accept it. They were successful, and the Picts became Christians. A large monastery was built on Iona, and the island was regarded as so holy a place that for a long while the bodies of the kings of Ireland, Scotland, and even Denmark were brought there for burial.

The Editor.]

HOW ST. COLUMBA OVERCAME THE DRUID BROICHAN

ON a certain day Broichan, whilst conversing with the saint, said to him, "Tell me, Columba, when dost thou propose to set sail?" The saint replied, "I intend to begin my voyage after three days, if God permits me, and preserves my life." Broichan said, "On the contrary, thou shalt not be able, for I can make the winds unfavorable to thy voyage, and cause a great darkness to envelop you in its shade." Upon this the saint observed, "The

almighty power of God ruleth all things, and in his name and under his guiding providence all our movements are directed." What more need I say? That same day, the saint, accompanied by a large number of followers, went to the long lake of the river Nesa (Loch Ness), as he had determined. Then the Druids began to exult, seeing that it had become very dark, and that the wind was very violent and contrary.

Our Columba, therefore, seeing that the sea was violently agitated, and that the wind was most unfavorable for his voyage, called on Christ the Lord and embarked in his small boat; and whilst the sailors hesitated, he the more confidently ordered them to raise the sails against the wind. No sooner was this order executed, while the whole crowd was looking on, than the vessel ran against the wind with extraordinary speed. And after a short time, the wind, which hitherto had been against them, veered round to help them on their voyage, to the intense astonishment of all. And thus throughout the remainder of that day the light breeze continued most favorable, and the skiff of the blessed man was carried safely to the wished-for haven.

SAINT COLUMBA AND THE WHITE HORSE

In the end of this same week, that is, on the day of the Sabbath, the venerable man and his pious attendant Diormit went to bless the barn, which was near at hand. When the saint had entered in and blessed it and two heaps of winnowed corn that were in it, he gave expression to his thanks in these words, saying, "I heartily congratulate my beloved monks, that this year also, if I am obliged to depart from you, you will have a suffi-

cient supply for the year." On hearing this, Diormit, his attendant, began to feel sad, and said, "This year at this time, father, thou very often vexest us by so frequently making mention of thy leaving us." But the saint replied to him, "I have a little secret address to make to thee, and if thou wilt promise me faithfully not to reveal it to any one before my death, I shall be able to speak to thee with more freedom about my departure." When his attendant had on bended knees made the promise as the saint desired, the venerable man thus resumed his address: "This day in the Holy Scriptures is called the Sabbath, which means rest. And this day is indeed a Sabbath to me, for it is the last day of my present laborious life, and on it I rest after the fatigues of my labors; and this night at midnight, which commenceth the solemn Lord's day, I shall, according to the sayings of Scripture, go the way of our fathers. For already my Lord Jesus Christ deigneth to invite me; and to Him, I say, in the middle of this night shall I depart, at his invitation. For so it hath been revealed to me by the Lord Himself." The attendant hearing these sad words began to weep bitterly, and the saint endeavored to console him as well as he could.

After this, the saint left the barn, and in going back to the monastery, rested halfway at a place where a cross, which was afterwards erected, and is standing to this day, fixed into a millstone, may be observed on the roadside. While the saint, as I have said, bowed down with old age, sat there to rest a little, behold, there came up to him a white pack-horse, the same that used, as a willing servant, to carry the milk-vessels from the cow-shed to the monastery. It came up to the saint, and,

strange to say, laid its head on his bosom — inspired, I believe, by God to do so, as each animal is gifted with the knowledge of things according to the will of the Creator; and knowing that its master was soon about to leave it, and that it would see him no more, began to utter plaintive cries, and like a human being, to shed copious tears on the saint's bosom, foaming and greatly wailing. The attendant seeing this, began to drive the weeping mourner away, but the saint forbade him, saying: "Let it alone, as it is so fond of me, — let it pour out its bitter grief into my bosom. Lo! thou, as thou art a man, and hast a rational soul, canst know nothing of my departure hence, except what I myself have just told you; but to this brute beast, devoid of reason, the Creator Himself hath evidently in some way made it known that its master is going to leave it." And saying this, the saint blessed the work-horse, which turned away from him in sadness.

THE STAKE WHICH WAS BLESSED BY THE SAINT

At another time there came to St. Columba a very poor peasant, who lived in the district which borders the shores of the Aporic Lake (Lochaber). The blessed man, taking pity on the wretched man, who had not wherewithal to support his wife and family, gave him all the alms he could afford, and then said to him, "Poor man, take a branch from the neighboring wood, and bring it to me quickly." The wretched man brought the wood as he was directed, and the saint, taking it in his own hand, sharpened it to a point like a stake, and, blessing it, gave it back to the destitute man, saying, "Preserve this stake with great care, and it, I believe, will never hurt

men or cattle, but only wild beasts and fishes; and as long as thou preservest this stake thou shalt never be without abundance of venison in thy house."

The wretched beggar upon hearing this was greatly delighted, and returning home, fixed the stake in a remote place which was frequented by the wild beasts of the forest; and when that next night was past, he went at early morning dawn to see the stake, and found a stag of great size that had fallen upon it and been transfixed by it. Why should I mention more instances? Not a day could pass, so the tradition goes, in which he did not find a stag or hind or some other wild beast fixed upon the stake; and his whole house being thus filled with the flesh of the wild beasts, he sold to his neighbors all that remained after his own family was supplied. But, as in the case of Adam, the envy of the devil found out this miserable man also through his wife, who, not as a prudent matron, but rather like one infatuated, thus spoke to her husband: "Remove the stake out of the earth, for if men, or cattle, perish on it, then thou and I and our children shall be put to death, or led into captivity." To these words her husband replied, "It will not be so, for when the holy man blessed the stake he said it would never injure men or cattle." Still the miserable man, after saying this, yielded to his wife, and taking the stake out of the earth, like a man deprived of his reason, brought it into the house and placed it against the wall. Soon after, his house-dog fell upon it and was killed, and on its death his wife said to him, "One of thy children will fall upon it and be killed." At these words of his wife he removed the stake out of the house, and having carried it to a forest, placed it in the thickest brushwood,

where, as he thought, no animal could be hurt by it; but upon his return the following day, he found a roe had fallen upon it and perished. He then took it away and concealed it by thrusting it under the water in the edge of the river, which may be called in Latin Nigra Dea. On returning the next day he found transfixed and still held by it, a salmon of extraordinary size, which he was scarcely able by himself to take from the river and carry home. At the same time he took the stake again back with him from the water, and placed it outside on the top of his house, where a crow, having soon after lighted, was instantly killed by the force of the fall. Upon this, the miserable man, yielding again to the advice of his foolish wife, took down the stake from the housetop, and taking an axe cut it in many pieces, and threw them into the fire. Having thus deprived himself of this effectual means of alleviating his distress, he was again, as he deserved to be, reduced to beggary.

THE MURDER OF KING DUNCAN

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[THE historical facts concerning Duncan and Macbeth are as follows: Duncan was King of Moray and Ross, but Macbeth's family, of which Macbeth was the head, also claimed the throne. Rebellion rose, and in battle King Duncan was defeated and slain. Macbeth became King of Scotland, and reigned seventeen years. Then Duncan's son Malcolm raised an army of Scots and English and slew Macbeth, and so won back his father's crown.

The Editor.]

ACT I, SCENE III. *A heath near Forres*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

Sec. Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd: — "Give me," quoth I;
"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I 'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I 'll do, I 'll do, and I 'll do.

Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou 'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' th' shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drums within.*

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm 's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,

By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth that shalt be king hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? [*To the* Witches.]
I' th' name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.
[Witches *vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who 's here?

Enter Ross *and* Angus

Ross. The King hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' th' selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale

Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Ang. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.
Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.
Ban. [*Aside.*] What, can the Devil speak true?
Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?
Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgement bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. [*Aside.*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. [*To* Ross *and* Angus.] Thanks for your pains.
[*To Ban.*] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?
Ban. That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,

Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange:
And, oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tells us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. [*Aside.*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. — I thank you, gentlemen.
[*Aside.*] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? — I'm thane of Cawdor.
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murther yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.
Ban. Look, how our partner 's rapt.
Macb. [*Aside.*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.
Macb. [*Aside.*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure..

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King.
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Forres. The palace*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *and* Attendants

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 't were a careless trifle.
Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, *and* ANGUS

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before
That swiftest wind of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants,
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,

But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you.
I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*Aside.*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Inverness.* MACBETH'S *castle*

Enter LADY MACBETH, *reading a letter*

Lady M. [*Reads.*] They met me in the day of success: and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the

coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries "Thus thou must do, if thou have it";
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him,

Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit* Messenger.
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry "Hold, hold!"

Enter MACBETH

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Before* MACBETH'S *castle*

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, *and* Attendants

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved masonry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

THE MURDER OF KING DUNCAN

Enter LADY MACBETH

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done and then done double
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where 's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand,
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Kissing her. Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Corridor in* MACBETH'S *castle*

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, *and divers* Servants *with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter* MACBETH

Macb. If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly. If th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgement here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murtherer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on th' other —

Enter LADY MACBETH

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' th' adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was 't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;

And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.
Macb. If we should fail?
Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep —
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him — his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?
Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?
Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II, SCENE I. *Court within* MACBETH'S *castle*

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *bearing a torch before him*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take 't, 't is later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword. There 's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter MACBETH *and a* Servant *with a torch*

Give me my sword.
Who 's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king 's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All 's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 't is,
It shall make honour for you.
Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.
Macb. Good repose the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[*Exeunt* BANQUO *and* FLEANCE.

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit* Servant.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There 's no such thing;
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murther,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

[Scene II]

Enter Lady Macbeth

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark!
Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their
possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who 's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 't is not done. The attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Enter MACBETH

My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a
noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets
cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!
Who lies i' th' second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There 's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried "Murther!"
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen" the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. — I could not say "Amen,"
When they did say "God bless us!"

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murther sleep," — the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast, —

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glamis hath murther'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think

So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I 'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,

And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not know myself! [*Knocking within.*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!
[*Exeunt.*

THE INVASION OF THE NORSEMEN

[1263]

BY CHARLES MACKAY

I

HAKON, King of Norway, call'd his men of might,
Sea-captains and Vikinger — his veterans in fight;
And set sail for Scotland's coast
With a well-apparel'd host,
Fully twenty thousand strong —
When the summer days grew long —
In the fairest fleet that ever the North Sea billows bore,
To harry it and pillage it, and hold it evermore.

II

Mile on mile extended, o'er the ocean blue,
Sail'd the ships of battle, white and fair to view —
Running races on the sea,
With their streamers waving free,
From their saucy bows all day
Dashing up the scornful spray,
And leaving far behind them, in the darkness of the night,
Unborrow'd from the firmament, long tracks of liquid light.

III

Past the isles of Shetland lay the monarch's path,
Round the isles of Orkney and the Cape of Wrath,

'Mid the islands of the West
That obey'd his high behest —
The Lewis, and Uist, and Skye,
And the countless isles that lie
Between the wide Atlantic and Albyn's mountains brown,
And paid him homage duly, and fealty to his crown.

IV

Music and rejoicing follow'd on their way,
Drinking and carousing nightly till the day.
Every sailor in the fleet
Felt his heart with pleasure beat,
Every soldier in the ships
Had a smile upon his lips,
As he drank, and saw in fancy, reeking sword and flaring brand,
And the rapine, and the violence, and the carnage of the land.

V

Not amid the mountains of the rugged North
Would the mighty Hakon send his legions forth;
Not by highland loch or glen
Would he land his eager men; —
Not on banks of moorland stream
Were their thirsty swords to gleam; —
But farther to the southward, from the rocks of bare Argyll
To the sloping hills of Renfrew, and the grassy meads of Kyle.

VI

In the vales of Carrick, smiling by the sea,
In the woods of Lennox, in the Lothians three,
There was fatness all the year —
There were sheep and fallow-deer —
There was mead to fill the horn —
There were kye and there was corn, —
There was food for hungry Norsemen, with spoil to last them long,
And lordly towers to revel in, with music and with song.

VII

Like scarts upon the wing, by the hope of plunder led,
Pass'd the ships of Hakon with sails like pinions spread.
But the tidings went before
To the inland, from the shore;
And from crag to mountain crag,
At the terror of his flag,
Arose a cry of warning, and a voice of loud alarm,
That call'd the startled multitudes to gather and to arm.

VIII

Every mountain-summit had its beal-fire bright;
All Argyll, ere sunset, crown'd its hills with light,
And from Morven to Cantyre
Lit the chain of signal-fire;
From Cantyre to Cowal's coast
Blazed a warning of the host

THE INVASION OF THE NORSEMEN

Of savage Norse invaders that to spoil and harry came,
With their lust and with their hunger — with the sword
and with the flame.

IX

Glen call'd out to mountain — mount to moorland
brown,
Village call'd to village, town gave voice to town;
And the bells in every tower
Rang the tocsin hour by hour,
Until old Dunedin heard,
And the Lothians three were stirr'd,
And sent their yeomen westward to struggle hand to
hand
For their wives and for their children, for their homes
and native land.

X

Wives had no endearment for a laggard lord;
Maidens had no love-looks and no kindly word
For the lover who was slow
To march out against the foe.
Even maids themselves put on
Coat of mail and habergeon;
Threw the snood off for the helmet, left the distaff for
the spear,
To die for sake of Scotland, with a sire or lover dear.

XI

Young King Alexander march'd his legions forth,
From eastward to the westward, from southward to the
north:

High his flashing falchion gleam'd,
In his blue eye valor beam'd,
In his heart high courage glow'd,
As in pride of youth he rode
With the flower of Scotland's people, to defend her sacred soil,
And repel the Norse maurauders that came down for blood and spoil.

XII

With him rode the Comyn, grown in battles gray,
With a thousand bowmen ready for the fray,
With a tongue to give command,
And a rough untiring hand;
With a cheek in battle scarr'd,
And a soul to pity hard;
When he drew his sword for battle, and flung away the sheath,
It was death to him who struggled with the Comyn of Monteith.

XIII

And the Bishop of St. Andrew's, a priest but in his name,
In his heart a soldier, with all his warriors came.
And the stalwart Earl of Fife
Led his vassals to the strife —
Full a thousand fighting men,
Strong of hand and sharp of ken,
And ready each to die at the bidding of his lord;
But readier still for Scotland to draw the avenging sword.

XIV

From his northern mountains and his lochs afar
March'd the Earl of Caithness, ready aye for war,
With his pibroch sounding shrill
To his clansmen of the hill;
And the Earl of March, new wed,
Left his happy bridal bed
At the first war-cry of danger that broke upon his ears,
And join'd King Alexander, with twice a thousand spears.

XV

Thirsting for the conquest, eager for the fray,
Hakon sail'd by Arran at the dawn of day;
But as up the Firth of Clyde
He came proudly with the tide,
Rose a storm upon the deep,
And with wild and fitful sweep
Howl'd aloft amid the rigging; while the sun look'd pale and wan,
Through the clouds and driving vapors as the tempest hurried on.

XVI

To the ship of Hakon came his stanchest men —
Holder, Sweno, Ratho, Hingst, and Innisfen,
Irminsule, and Loke, and Harr,
Each a chieftain fierce in war;
In the foray, hand to hand,
On the sea or on the land;
Loving fighting more than counsel, blazing torch than morning shine;
The foremost in the battle, and the hindmost at the wine.

XVII

Short was Hakon's counsel, and the signal flew
From captain on to captain, from crew again to crew,
That by Largs, ere noon of day,
They should land within the bay, —
And through all the ships there ran
A rejoicing, man with man,
That the hour had come at last, when the sword should leave its sheath,
And the clothyard shaft its quiver for the revelry of death.

XVIII

Scotland's king was ready — Scotland's patriot men,
Marshal'd round their monarch from mountain, strath, and glen,
And from every height around
Seem'd to issue from the ground.
Thirty thousand men that day
Met the Norsemen in the bay,
And fought, but not for pillage, nor for glory in the strife,
But for God and for their country — for their freedom and their life.

XIX

Loud the shock resounded on the battle-field,
Clink of sword and buckler, clang of spear and shield —
Whir of arrows in the blast,
On their errand flying fast;
And a shouting loud and high,
And a shrill continuous cry,

From either side arising, as th' impetuous legions met,
And the green fresh sward was trodden deep, and dank,
and gory-wet.

XX

Loud the voice of Hakon sounded 'mid the fray,
Alexander's louder cheer'd the Scots that day;
And the kings press'd on to meet,
Through the arrows thick as sleet,
Through the living and the dead,
Holding high the dauntless head —
To fight in single combat, and to struggle hand to hand,
For the glory of the battle and the mastery of the land.

XXI

And the fierce Earl Comyn sought the Norseman Harr;
The bishop singled Ratho from the ranks of war;
And the Earls of March and Fife,
In the sharp-contested strife,
Fought with Irminsule and Loke,
Thrust for thrust, and stroke for stroke;
And the Earl of Caithness drove the haughty Innisfen
Back again into the ocean with a hundred of his men.

XXII

Harr fell deadly wounded by the Comyn's blade;
Ratho fled to seaward, faint and sore dismay'd;
While Loke, with mortal wound,
Fell exhausted on the ground,
And Hingst sank down to rest,
With the death-shaft in his breast;

When a sudden panic seized on the whole Norwegian foe,
And they fled like flying dust, when the Norland tempests blow.

XXIII

Down upon them swooping in their sudden rout,
Came King Alexander with exulting shout —
Crying, "Strike for Scotland's sake,
And a bloody vengeance take
For the insult borne too long —
For the centuries of wrong —
For the murder and the ravage they have done within our lands; —
Down upon them, Scottish hearts! Strike, and spare not, Scottish hands!"

XXIV

Fighting, flying, struggling — with his scatter'd host
Hakon saw, despairing, that the day was lost.
Of his twenty thousand men
Not a third were left him then,
The fearful tale to tell
Of the slaughter that befell;
And Hakon, iron-hearted, who had never wept before,
With his hands his pale face cover'd, and sobb'd upon the shore.

XXV

Flying their pursuers, faint, with pallid lips,
Hakon and his captains stagger'd to their ships;
And ere nightfall, many a one,
That had sail'd when day begun

As if life were in her sides
To defy the winds and tides,
Was driven before the tempest, her tall mast snapp'd in twain,
A helpless wreck on Arran, ne'er to sail the seas again.

XXVI

Through the Kyles, storm-batter'd, Hakon held his way,
By Cantyre and Islay on to Colonsay:
And when dawn'd the morning light
Not a vessel was in sight,
But his own ship scudding by
On the gloomy shore of Skye,
Dismantled 'mid the hurricane that still around him blew,
With danger all around him and a spirit-broken crew.

XXVII

Thus he sail'd to Orkney; but by night nor day,
To his men around him, did one word betray
All the anguish of his heart —
Though at times a sudden start,
And a short uneasy pace,
And the flushing of his face,
Show'd the grief and rage within him, as he mourn'd with silent lips
For his hope of conquest lost, for his sailors and his ships.

XXVIII

In the bay of Kirkwall, shelter'd from the gale,
His sad crew dropp'd their anchor, and furl'd the tatter'd sail.

And the king was led on shore,
Weak, and faint, and spirit-sore,
Seeing — heeding — knowing nought
But his own despairing thought —
A thought of bitter shame, that he had not died that day,
With his face towards the mountains, in the thickest of the fray.

XXIX

To his couch they led him, once so bold and strong,
And they watch'd beside him tenderly and long;
But all human care was vain
To relieve him of his pain:
So the mighty Hakon died
In his sorrow and his pride,
And they buried him in Orkney; and Norsemen never more
Set sail to harry Scotland, or plunder on her shore.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

AN OLD BALLAD

[It was planned to marry the little Princess Margaret, "the Maid of Norway," to the son of Edward I of England, but she died on the voyage from Norway to Scotland. The following ballad may possibly be connected with this voyage.

The Editor.]

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine:
"O whare will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship of mine?"

O up and spake an elden knight,
Sat at the king's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailòr
That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'T is thou maun bring her hame!"

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blindit his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king of me,
To send us out at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'T is we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say:

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
And a' our queenis fee."
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie!

"For I brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me, —

And I brought a half-fou o' gude red goud
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merrymen a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alake! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we 'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves came o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

"Oh where will I get a gude sailòr,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I can get up to the tall topmast,
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast, —
But I fear you 'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And letna the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them roun' that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet the cork-heeled shoon!
But lang or a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That flatter'd on the faem;
And mony was the good lord's son
That never mair came hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair;
A' for the sake of their true loves,
For them they 'll see nae mair.

O lang lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,

SIR PATRICK SPENS

Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
  Come sailing to the strand!

And lang lang may the maidens sit,
  Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
  For them they 'll see nae mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen
  'T is fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
  Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

II
TWO SCOTTISH HEROES

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE death of the "Maid of Norway" was the cause of many years of warfare; for there were no less than thirteen claimants to the crown of Scotland. Edward I of England was asked to decide which one had the best right, and he seized the opportunity to declare himself suzerain of the kingdom. He gave the crown to John Baliol; but this new ruler was less obedient than Edward had expected, and therefore he was taken to England as a prisoner. Edward then subdued Scotland, as he thought. If the Scots had only been united, years of struggle and bloodshed might have been prevented; but while, as a whole, the folk of Scottish blood sought freedom from England, the Norman nobles, a powerful class, favored Edward.

The first to raise the Scots against Edward was William Wallace, who led a popular uprising, and in the battle of Stirling destroyed a strong English force. In 1298, Edward again invaded Scotland with a great army, and defeated Wallace at the battle of Falkirk. Five years later Wallace was captured and executed.

In 1306, the banner of revolt was again raised, this time by Robert Bruce, a distant heir to the throne of Scotland. He was at first unsuccessful and was compelled to leave the country, but soon returned, and within two years had freed Scotland from English rule. In 1314, King Edward II invaded Scotland with a great army, but was totally defeated at the battle of Bannockburn. Fourteen years later, after another unsuccessful invasion, England acknowledged Bruce as King of Scotland and relinquished all claims to that country.

THE CAPTURE OF WILLIAM WALLACE

[1305]

BY JANE PORTER

[ACCORDING to tradition, Wallace was given up to the English by a fellow countryman called Sir John Monteith. As King Edward looked upon it, Wallace was a traitor, and he was first hanged, then beheaded. His head was put up on a pole on London Bridge. His body was quartered, and each of the four parts was sent to a town of Scotland, that the Scots might fear to resist the might of England.

The Editor.]

A CHIEFTAIN on horseback suddenly emerged from the trees which led to the castle, and drew to their side. Edwin was wrapped in his plaid, and, cautiously concealing his face, that no chance of his recognition might betray his companion, he walked briskly on without any shade over the noble contour of a form which for majesty and grace was unequaled in Scotland, and could not be mistaken. He, too, moved swiftly forward. The horseman spurred after him. Perceiving himself pursued, and therefore known, and aware that he must be overtaken, he suddenly stopped. Edwin drew his sword, and would have given it into the hand of his friend, but Wallace, putting it back, rapidly answered: "Leave my defense to this unweaponed arm. I would not use steel against my countrymen, but none shall take me while I have a sinew to resist."

The chieftain now checked his horse in front of Wal-

lace, and respectfully raising his visor, discovered Sir John Monteith. At sight of him Edwin dropped the point of his yet uplifted sword; and Wallace, stepping back, "Monteith," said he, "I am sorry for this encounter. If you would be safe from the destiny which pursues me, you must retire immediately, and forget that we have met." "Never," cried Monteith; "I know the ingratitude of an envious country drives the bravest of her champions from our borders, but I also know what belongs to myself! To serve you at all hazards! And by conjuring you to become my guest in my castle on the Firth of Clyde, I would demonstrate my grateful sense of the dangers you once incurred for me, and I therefore thank fortune for this rencounter."

In vain Wallace expressed his determination not to bring peril on any of his countrymen by sojourning under any roof, till he was far away from Scotland. In vain he urged to Monteith the outlawry which would await him should the infuriated abthanes [1] discover that he had given shelter to the man whom they had chosen to suppose a traitor, and denounce as one. Monteith, after equally unsuccessful persuasion on his side, at last said that he knew a vessel was now lying at Newark, near his castle, in which Wallace might immediately embark; and he implored him, by past friendship, to allow him to be his guide to its anchorage. To enforce this supplication, he threw himself off his horse, and, with the protestations of a fidelity that trampled on all dangers, entreated even with sobs, not to be refused the last comfort he should ever know in his now degraded country. "Once I saw Scotland's steady champion, the brave Douglas,

[1] Superior thanes, or gentry.

rifled from her shores! Do not then doom me to a second grief, bitterer than the first: do not you yourself drive me from the side of her last hero! Ah! let me behold you, companion of my school-days, friend, leader, benefactor! till the sea wrests you forever from my eyes!" Exhausted and affected, Wallace gave his hand to Monteith; the tear of gratitude stood in his eye. He looked affectionately from Monteith to Edwin, from Edwin to Monteith: "Wallace shall yet live in the memory of the trusty of this land! you, my friend, prove it. I go richly forth, for the hearts of good men are my companions."

As they journeyed along the devious windings of the Clyde, and saw at a distance the aspiring turrets of Rutherglen, Edwin pointed out to them, and said, "From that church a few months ago did you dictate a conqueror's terms to England." "And now that very England makes me a fugitive," returned Wallace. "Oh! not England!" interrupted Edwin; "you bow not to her. It is blind, mad Scotland, who thus thrusts her benefactor from her." "Ah! then, my Edwin," rejoined he, "read in me the history of thousands. So various is the fate of a people's idol; to-day he is worshiped as a god, to-morrow cast into the fire!"

Monteith turned pale at this conversation; and quickening his steps, hurried in silence past the opening of the valley which presented the view of Rutherglen.

Night overtook the travelers near the little village of Lumloch, about two hours' journey from Glasgow. Here a storm coming on, Monteith advised his friends to take shelter and rest. "As you object to implicate others," said he, "you may sleep secure in an old barn which at present has no ostensible owner. I remarked

it while passing this way from Newark. But I rather wish you would forget this too chary regard for others, and lodge with me in the neighboring cottage." Wallace was insensible to the pelting of the elements; his unsubdued spirit wanted rest for neither mind nor body: but the broken voice and lingering step of the young Edwin, who had severely sprained his foot in the dark, penetrated his heart; and notwithstanding that the resolute boy, suddenly rallying himself, declared that he was neither weary nor in pain, Wallace seeing he was both, yielded a sad consent to be conducted from the storm. "But not," said he, "to the house. We will go into the barn, and there, on the dry earth, my Edwin, we may gratefully repose."

Monteith did not oppose him further, and, pushing open the door, Wallace and Edwin entered. Their conductor soon after followed with a light from the cottage; and, pulling down some heaped straw, strewed it on the ground for a bed. "Here I shall sleep like a prince!" cried Edwin, throwing himself along the scattered truss. "But not," returned Monteith, "till I have disengaged you from your wet garments, and preserved your arms and brigandine from the rust of this night." Edwin, sunk in weariness, said little in opposition, and, having suffered Monteith to take away his sword and to unbrace his plated vest, dropped at once on the straw in a profound sleep.

Wallace, that he might not disturb him by debate, yielded to the request of Monteith; and having resigned his armor also, waved him a good-night. Monteith nodded the same, and closed the door upon his victims. . . .

From Rutherglen to Lumloch no place had presented itself in which Monteith thought he could so judiciously plant an ambuscade to surprise the unsuspecting Wallace. And in this village he had stationed so large a force of ruthless savages (brought for the occasion by Haliburton from the Irish island of Rathlin) that their employer had hardly a doubt of this night being the last of his too trusting friend's existence. These Rathliners knew of neither Wallace nor his exploits; but the lower order of Scots, however they might fear to succor his distress, loved his person, and felt so bound to him by his actions that Monteith durst not apply to any one of them to second his villainy.

The hour of midnight passed, and yet he could not summon courage to lead his men to their nefarious attack. Twice they urged him, before he arose from his affected sleep — for sleep he could not; guilt had "murdered sleep!" and he lay awake restless, and longing for the dawn; and yet ere that dawn, the deed must be accomplished! A cock crew from a neighboring farm. "That is the sign of morning, and we have done nothing," exclaimed a surly ruffian, who leaned on his battle-axe in an opposite corner of the apartment. "No, it is the signal of our enemy's captivity!" cried Monteith. "Follow me, but gently. If ye speak a word, or a single target rattle, before ye all fall upon him, we are lost! It is a being of supernatural might, and not a mere man whom you go to encounter. He that first disables him shall have a double reward."

"Depend upon us!" returned the sturdiest ruffian; and stealing cautiously out of the cottage, the party advanced with noiseless steps toward the barn. Mon-

teith paused at the door, making a sign to his men to halt while he listened. He put his ear to a crevice, not a murmur was within. He gently raised the latch, and setting the door wide open, with his finger to his lip, beckoned his followers.

THE CORONATION OF ROBERT BRUCE

[1306]

BY GRACE AGUILAR

[ROBERT BRUCE, who had had a good claim to the throne in the days of Baliol, had left a grandson of the same name, and this second Robert Bruce now became King of Scotland — provided he could win back his kingdom from the English. His coronation took place at Scone, but the famous Stone of Scone, on which other kings had sat to be crowned, had been carried to England by Edward. Whoever laid the crown upon the head of Bruce would run the risk of a traitor's death. The Earl of Fife, to whom the duty belonged, was a friend to the English; but the earl's place was filled by his courageous sister, the Countess of Buchan.

The Editor.]

BRIGHTLY and blithely dawned the 26th of March, 1306, for the loyal inhabitants of Scone. Few who might gaze on the olden city, and marked the flags and pennons waving gayly and proudly on every side; the rich tapestry flung over balconies or hung from the massive windows, in every street; the large branches of oak and laurel, festooned with gay ribbons, that stood beside the entrance of every house which boasted any consequence; the busy citizens in goodly array, with their wives and families, bedecked to the best of their ability, all, as inspired by one spirit, hurrying in the direction of the abbey yard, joining the merry clamor of eager voices to the continued peal of every bell of which the old town could boast, sounding loud and joyously even above the

roll of the drum or the shrill trumpet call; those who marked these things might well believe Scotland was once again the same free land which had hailed in the same town the coronation of Alexander the Third, some years before. Little would they deem that the foreign foemen still thronged her feudal holds and cottage homes, that they waited but the commands of their monarch to pour down on all sides upon the daring individual who thus boldly assumed the state and solemn honor of a king, and, armed but by his own high heart and a handful of loyal followers, prepared to resist, defend, and *free*, or *die* for Scotland.

There was silence — deep, solemn, yet most eloquent silence, reigning in the abbey church of Scone. The sun shining in that full flood of glory we sometimes find in the infant spring, illumined as with golden luster the long, narrow casements, falling thence in flickering brilliance on the pavement floor, its rays sometimes arrested, to revolve in heightened luster from the glittering sword or the suit of half-mail of one or other of the noble knights assembled there. The rich plate of the abbey, all at least which had escaped the cupidity of Edward, was arranged with care upon the various altars; in the center of the church was placed the abbot's oaken throne which was to supply the place of the ancient stone, the coronation seat of the Scottish kings — no longer there, its absence felt by one and all within that church as the closing seal to Edward's infamy — the damning proof that as his slave, not as his sister kingdom, he sought to render Scotland. From the throne to the high altar, where the king was to receive the eucharist, a carpet of rich brocaded Genoa velvet was laid down; a cushion of

the same elegantly wrought material marked the place beside the spot where he was to kneel. Priests, in their richest vestments, officiated at the high altar; six beautiful boys, bearing alternately a large waxen candle, and the golden censers filled with the richest incense, stood beside them, while opposite the altar and behind the throne, in an elevated gallery, were ranged the seventy choristers of the abbey, thirty of whom were youthful novices; behind them a massive screen or curtain of tapestry concealed the organ, and gave a yet more startling and thrilling effect to its rich deep tones, thus bursting, as it were, from spheres unseen.

The throne was already occupied by the patriot king, clothed in his robes of state; his inner dress was a doublet and vest of white velvet, slashed with cloth of silver; his stockings, fitting tight to the knee, were of the finest woven white silk, confined where they met the doublet with a broad band of silver; his shoes of white velvet, broidered with silver, in unison with his dress; a scarf of cloth of silver passed over his right shoulder, fastened there by a jeweled clasp, and, crossing his breast, secured his trusty sword to his left side; his head, of course, was bare, and his fair hair, parted carefully on his arched and noble brow, descended gracefully on either side; his countenance was perfectly calm, unexpressive of aught save of a deep sense of the solemn service in which he was engaged. There was not the faintest trace of either anxiety or exultation — naught that could shadow the brows of his followers, or diminish by one particle the love and veneration which in every heart were rapidly gaining absolute dominion.

On the right of the king stood the Abbot of Scone, the

Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and the Bishop of Glasgow, all of which venerable prelates had instantaneously and unhesitatingly declared for the Bruce; ranged on either side of the throne, according more to seniority than rank, were seated the brothers of the Bruce and the loyal barons who had joined his standard. Names there were already famous in the annals of patriotism — Fraser, Lennox, Athol, Hay — whose stalwart arms had so nobly struck for Wallace, whose steady minds had risen superior to the petty emotions of jealousy and envy which had actuated so many of similar rank. These were true patriots, and gladly and freely they once more rose for Scotland. Sir Christopher Seaton, brother-in-law to the Bruce, Somerville, Keith, St. Clair, the young Lord Douglas, and Thomas Randolph, the king's nephew, were the most noted of those now around the Bruce; yet on that eventful day not more than fourteen barons were mustered round their sovereign, exclusive of his four gallant brothers, who were in themselves a host. All these were attired with the care and gallantry their precarious situation permitted; half-armor, concealed by flowing scarfs and graceful mantles, or suits of gayer seeming among the younger knights, for those of the barons' followers of gentle blood and chivalric training were also admitted within the church, forming a goodly show of gallant men. Behind them, on raised seats, which were divided from the body of the church by an open railing of ebony, sat the ladies of the court, the seat of the queen distinguished from the rest by its canopy and cushion of embroidered taffeta, and among those gentle beings fairest and loveliest shone the maiden of Buchan, as she sat in smiling happiness between the

youthful daughter of the Bruce, the Princess Margory, and his niece, the Lady Isoline, children of ten and fourteen, who already claimed her as their companion and friend.

The color was bright on the soft cheek of Agnes, the smile laughed alike in her lip and eye; for ever and anon, from amid the courtly crowd beneath, the deep blue orb of Nigel Bruce met hers, speaking in its passioned yet respectful gaze, all that could whisper joy and peace unto a heart young, loving, and confiding, as that of Agnes. The evening previous he had detached the blue ribbon which confined her flowing curls, and it was with a feeling of pardonable pride she beheld it suspended from his neck, even in that hour, when his rich habiliments and the imposing ceremony of the day marked him the brother of a king. Her brother, too, was at his side, gazing upon his sovereign with feelings, whose index, marked as it was on his brow, gave him the appearance of being older than he was. It was scarcely the excitement of a mere boy, who rejoiced in the state and dignity around him; the emotion of his mother had sunk into his very soul, subduing the wild buoyancy of his spirit, and bidding him feel deeply and sadly the situation in which he stood. It seemed to him as if he had never thought before; and now that reflection had come upon him, it was fraught with a weight and gloom he could not remove and could scarcely comprehend. He felt no power on earth could prevent his taking the only path which was open to the true patriot of Scotland, and in following that path he raised the standard of revolt, and enlisted his own followers against his father. Till the moment of action he had dreamed not of these things;

but the deep anxieties, the contending feelings of his mother, which, despite her controlled demeanor, his heart perceived, could not but have their effect, and premature manhood was stealing fast upon his heart.

Upon the left of the king, and close beside his throne, stood the Countess of Buchan, attired in robes of the darkest crimson velvet, with a deep border of gold, which swept the ground, and long falling sleeves with a broad fringe; a thick cord of gold and tassels confined the robe around the waist, and thence fell reaching to her feet, and well-nigh concealing the inner dress of white silk, which was worn to permit the robes falling easily on either side, and thus forming a long train behind. Neither gem nor gold adorned her beautiful hair; a veil was twisted in its luxuriant tresses, and served the purpose of the matron's coif. She was pale and calm, but such was the usual expression of her countenance, and perhaps it accorded better with the dignified majesty of her commanding figure than a greater play of feature. It was not the calmness of insensibility, of vacancy, it was the still reflection of a controlled and chastened soul, of one whose depth and might was known but to herself.

The pealing anthem for a while had ceased, and it was as if that church was desolate, as if the very hearts that throbbed so quickly for their country and their king were hushed awhile and stilled, that every word which passed between the sovereign and the primate should be heard. Kneeling before him, his hands placed between those of the archbishop, the king, in a clear and manly voice, received, as it were, the kingdom from his hands, and swore to govern according to the laws of his ancestors; to defend the liberties of his people alike

from the foreign and the civil foe; to dispense justice; to devote life itself to restoring Scotland to her former station in the scale of kingdoms. Solemnly, energetically, he took the required vows; his cheek flushed, his eye glistened, and ere he rose he bent his brow upon his spread hands, as if his spirit supplicated strength, and the primate, standing over him, blessed him, in a loud voice, in the name of Him whose lowly minister he was.

A few minutes, and the king was again seated on his throne, and from the hands of the Bishop of Glasgow the Countess of Buchan received the simple coronet of gold, which had been hastily made to supply the place of that which Edward had removed. It was a moment of intense interest; every eye was directed toward the king and the dauntless woman by his side, who, rather than the descendant of Malcolm Cean Mohr should demand in vain the service from the descendants of the brave Macduff, exposed herself to all the wrath of a fierce and cruel king, the fury of an incensed husband and brother, and in her own noble person represented that ancient and most loyal line. Were any other circumstance needed to enhance the excitement of the patriots of Scotland, they would have found it in this. As it was, a sudden, irrepressible burst of applause broke from many eager voices as the bishop placed the coronet in her hands, but one glance from those dark, eloquent eyes sufficed to hush it on the instant into stillness.

Simultaneously all within the church stood up, and gracefully and steadily, with a hand which trembled not, even to the observant and anxious eyes of her son, Isabella of Buchan placed the sacred symbol of royalty on the head of Scotland's king; and then arose, as with

one voice, the wild enthusiastic shout of loyalty, which, bursting from all within the church, was echoed again and again from without, almost drowning the triumphant anthem which at the same moment sent its rich, hallowed tones through the building, and proclaimed Robert Bruce indeed a king.

Again and yet again the voice of triumph and of loyalty arose hundred-tongued, and sent its echo even to the English camp; and when it ceased, when slowly, and as it were reluctantly, it died away, it was a grand and glorious sight to see those stern and noble barons one by one approach their sovereign's throne and do him homage.

It was not always customary for the monarchs of those days to receive the feudal homage of their vassals the same hour of their coronation, it was in general a distinct and almost equally gorgeous ceremony; but in this case both the king and barons felt it better policy to unite them; the excitement attendant on the one ceremonial they felt would prevent the deficiency of numbers in the other being observed, and they acted wisely.

There was a dauntless firmness in each baron's look, in his manly carriage and unwavering step, as one by one he traversed the space between him and the throne, seeming to proclaim that in himself he held indeed a host. To adhere to the usual custom of paying homage to the suzerain bareheaded, barefooted, and unarmed, the embroidered slipper had been adopted by all instead of the iron boot; and as he knelt before the throne, the Earl of Lennox, for, first in rank, he first approached his sovereign, unbuckling his trusty sword, laid it, together with his dagger, at Robert's feet, and

placing his clasped hands between those of the king, repeated, in a deep sonorous voice, the solemn vow — to live and die with him against all manner of men. Athol, Fraser, Seaton, Douglas, Hay, gladly and willingly followed his example; and it was curious to mark the character of each man, proclaimed in his mien and hurried step.

The calm, controlled, and somewhat thoughtful manner of those grown wise in war, their bold spirits feeling to the inmost soul the whole extent of the risk they ran, scarcely daring to anticipate the freedom of their country, the emancipation of their king from the heavy yoke that threatened him, and yet so firm in the oath they pledged, that had destruction yawned before them ere they reached the throne, they would have dared it rather than turned back — and then again those hot and eager youths, feeling, knowing but the excitement of the hour, believing but as they hoped, seeing but a king, a free and independent king, bounding from their seats to the monarch's feet, regardless of the solemn ceremonial in which they took a part, desirous only, in the words of their oath, to live and die for him — caused a brighter flush to mantle on King Robert's cheek, and his eyes to shine with new and radiant light. None knew better than himself the perils that encircled him, yet there was a momentary glow of exultation in his heart as he looked on the noble warriors, the faithful friends around him, and felt that they, even they, representatives of the oldest, the noblest houses in Scotland — men famed not alone for their gallant bearing in war, but their fidelity and wisdom, and unstained honor and virtue in peace — even they acknowledged him their king,

and vowed him that allegiance which was never known to fail.

Alan of Buchan was the last of that small yet noble train who approached his sovereign. There was a hot flush of impetuous feeling on the boy's cheek, an indignant tear trembled in his dark flashing eye, and his voice, sweet, thrilling as it was, quivered with the vain effort to restrain his emotion.

"Sovereign of Scotland," he exclaimed, "descendant of that glorious line of kings to whom my ancestors have until this dark day vowed homage and allegiance; sovereign of all good and faithful men, on whose inmost souls the name of Scotland is so indelibly writ, that even in death it may there be found, refuse not thou my homage. I have but my sword, not e'en a name of which to boast, yet hear me swear," he raised his clasped hands toward heaven, "swear that for thee, for my country, for thee alone, will I draw it, alone shall my life be spent, my blood be shed. Reject me not because my name is Comyn, because I alone am here of that once loyal house. Oh! condemn me not; reject not untried a loyal heart and trusty sword."

"Reject thee," said King Robert, laying his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder; "reject thee, young soldier," he said, cheeringly: "in Alan of Buchan we see but the noble son of our right noble countrywoman, the Lady Isabella; we see in him but a worthy descendant of Macduff, the noble scion, though but by the mother's side, of the loyal House of Fife. Young as thou art, we ask of thee but the heart and sword which thou hast so earnestly proffered, nor can we, son of Isabella of Fife, doubt their honesty and truth; thou shalt earn a loyal

name for thyself, and till then, as the brother in arms, the chosen friend of Nigel Bruce, all shall respect and trust thee. We confer knighthood on twenty of our youthful warriors seven days hence; prepare thyself to receive it with our brother; enough for us to know thou hast learned the art of chivalry at thy mother's hand."

Dazzled, bewildered by the benign manner, and yet more gracious words of his sovereign, the young heir of Buchan remained kneeling for a brief space, as if rooted to the ground, but the deep, earnest voice of his mother, the kind greeting of Nigel Bruce, as he grasped his arm, and hailed him companion in arms, roused him at once, and he sprung to his feet; the despondency, shame, doubt, anxiety which like lead had weighed down his heart before, dissolved before the glad, buoyant spirit, the bright, free, glorious hopes, and dreams, and visions which are known to youth alone.

Stentorian and simultaneous was the eager shout that hailed the appearance of the newly anointed king, as he paused a moment on the great stone staircase, leading from the principal doors of the abbey to the abbey yard. For miles round, particularly from those counties which were but thinly garrisoned by the English, the loyal Scots had poured at the first rumor of the Bruce's rising, and now a rejoicing multitude welcomed him with one voice, the execrations against their foes forgotten in this outpouring of the heart toward their native prince.

Inspired by this heartfelt greeting, the king advanced a few paces on the stone terrace, and raised his right hand, as if about to speak; on the instant every shout was hushed, and silence fell upon that eager multitude, as deep and voiceless as if some mighty magic chained

them spellbound where they stood, their very breathing hushed, fearful to lose one word.

Many an aged eye grew dim with tears, as it rested on the fair and graceful form, the beautifully expressive face of him who, with eloquent fervor, referred to the ancient glory of their country; tears of joy, for they felt they looked upon the good genius of their land, that she was raised from her dejected stupor, to sleep a slave no more; and the middle-aged and the young, with deafening shouts and eager gestures, swore to give him the crown, the kingdom he demanded, free, unshackled as his ancestors had borne them, or die around him to a man; and blessings and prayers in woman's gentler voice mingled with the swelling cry, and little children caught the Bruce's name, and bade "God bless him," and others, equally impetuous, shouted "Bruce and freedom!"

"Love, obey, follow me, for Scotland's sake; noble or gentle, let all private feud be forgotten in this one great struggle for liberty or death. Thus," he concluded, "united and faithful, the name of Wallace on each lip, the weal of Scotland in each heart, her mountains our shield, her freedom our sword, shall we, can we fail? No! no! Scotland shall be free, or her green sod and mountain flowers shall bloom upon our graves. I have no crown save that which Scotland gives, no kingdom save what your swords shall conquer, and your hearts bestow; with you I live and die."

BRUCE AT BANNOCKBURN

[1314]

BY P. HUME BROWN

AT the end of seven years after Bruce had landed at Turnberry, almost every place in Scotland was taken from the English except Stirling Castle, and that castle was now besieged by Bruce's brother Edward. He made a bargain with the English commander of the castle, whose name was Sir Philip Mowbray, that the Scots should get the castle, if within a year King Edward did not send an army to fight for it. When Bruce heard of this bargain, he was not pleased, as he could not raise nearly such a large army as the English. But his brother's answer was, "Let the King of England bring all the men he has; we will fight them and more." "Be it so," was Bruce's answer, "we will abide the battle like men." It was a rash bargain that Edward Bruce had made, but it was to end in the most famous day in the history of Scotland.

The King of England was to come and fight for Stirling Castle not later than Midsummer Day; that is, the 24th of June. And he kept his word, for the very day before, he and his army came to the place where Bruce was waiting for them. As Stirling Castle was the place for which the two armies were to fight, Bruce had chosen his ground not far from the castle, so that the English would have to fight him before they could reach it. So, on the long summer evening of the 23d of June, Bruce

and his men saw the English host draw near them. And a splendid sight it must have been. Edward's army was the largest that a King of England had ever led. It was said that he had one hundred thousand men, of whom forty thousand were horsemen. It was, indeed, what the Bible calls an army terrible with banners; and many of Bruce's men, as they saw it come on, must have wondered if they could ever hope to win the victory over such a mighty host.

Though Scotland was now a united country, Bruce could not, of course, raise such a great army as Edward, since England had far more inhabitants than Scotland. Indeed, though Bruce did his best to raise a strong army, he had only about half the number of men who followed Edward, so that in the battle that was to be fought, there would be two Englishmen against every Scotsman. However, the Scots had this great advantage, that their king was a great general while the King of England was not. And before the battle, Bruce showed how skillful he was by the way he arranged his men.

The place where he arranged them was on the banks of the little stream called the Bannock Burn, and about three miles to the south of Stirling Castle. On one side of his army was the stream which the English would have to cross before they could make their attack, and in other places there were bogs which lay between the two armies. And where there was firm ground between them, Bruce took care that it should not be easy for the English to ride over. He dug pits, and then covered them with turf so that they should not be seen, and all over the ground he put steel spikes, called calthrops, which would lame the English horses, and break the

ranks of the cavalry when they charged. In this way, therefore, the English knights were prevented from riding all at once upon the Scots, as they would have done had the ground between the two armies been perfectly smooth and open.

Bruce divided his army into four parts, the largest part being made up of the footmen with long spears. He had only a very few horse-soldiers, but we shall see what a good use he made of them. He had also some good archers, though not nearly so many nor so skillful as the English, for the Scots never cared for archery, and always liked best to fight with their spears and axes. When the English came up, it was too late to fight that day, and so both armies lay in sight of each other waiting for the morrow's battle. But in the evening two things happened which must have put heart into the Scots for the coming fight.

An English lord, named Clifford, rode at the head of three hundred horsemen in the direction of Stirling Castle, to carry assistance to it. Now, Bruce had told Randolph that this should be prevented, and when he saw Clifford riding to Stirling, he turned to Randolph and said, "Randolph, a rose has fallen from your chaplet," meaning that he had failed in his duty. But Randolph at once put himself at the head of a troop of foot-soldiers, armed with spears, and caught Clifford on the way. At first it seemed as if Randolph were to be beaten, and Douglas asked leave of Bruce to go to his assistance. Bruce refused his permission; but Douglas could not bear to see his friend defeated, and perhaps slain, and in spite of Bruce's refusal he rode off at the head of his men to give help. Before he reached the place of fight-

ing, however, the English were seen to flee, and then he ordered his men to return, so that Randolph might have all the honor of the victory.

This was one event that was lucky for the Scots, and the other was this. During the evening, Bruce was riding in front of his army on a pony, and had only a battle-axe in his hand. An English knight, named Sir Henry de Bohun, knew him by the gold coronet he wore on his helmet, and thought that, if he could slay him, he would put both an end to the war and win great glory for himself. So, on his great war-horse, and with his lance couched, he rode full speed upon Bruce. Just as he drew near, however, Bruce made his pony turn aside, and avoided the thrust of the lance. Then in an instant he rose in his stirrups to his full height, and with one blow of his battle-axe on De Bohun's helmet felled him to the ground. The Scottish leaders who were near Bruce blamed him for risking his life when so much depended upon him, but he only said, "I have broken my good battle-axe."

As soon as the sun rose next morning, the two armies prepared for battle. Before it began, the Scots went down on their knees to pray, and when King Edward saw this, he said to an English lord near him, "See, they are kneeling to ask for pardon." "Yes," was the answer, "they are asking pardon, but from God, and not from us. Yon men will conquer or die." Then the fight began, the English knights riding against the Scottish spearmen, who were all on foot; and this was the fiercest part of the battle. At the beginning the English archers bent their bows and sent their arrows among the Scots as thick as snowflakes. Had this gone on long, the same

thing would have happened as had taken place at Falkirk, when Wallace's spearmen were shot down by the English arrows, and the battle was lost.

But Bruce had thought of this beforehand: at his command the Scottish mounted men rode against the English archers, who were, of course, all on foot. Their bows were of no use in a close fight, and soon they were either slain or put to flight. For hours the battle went on, but, as we know, the English were not on ground where they could fight their best. Their horses had not room to move about, so that they got mixed up among each other. Then the boggy ground and the steel spikes prevented the horsemen from riding quickly, and when a horse-soldier is brought to a standstill in a crowd, a soldier on foot armed with a spear is more than a match for him, as he can kill the horse, and slay the rider before the latter can free himself from his stirrups. And this was what happened to thousands of the English horsemen. When their horses were slain, they were either trampled to death or pierced by a Scottish spear.

And so the battle raged, till a thing happened that decided which side was to win. From a hill near at hand, afterwards called the Gillies' Hill, what looked like another Scottish army was seen to descend. It was only the servants or gillies who attended on Bruce's camp, and a number of men who lived in the neighborhood; but, as they came in a body and with banners flying, the English thought they were really another army, and then they lost heart and began to give way. When the Scottish spearsmen saw this, they fought all the harder, and soon the enemy was fleeing in all directions. When King Edward saw that the battle was lost, he at first rode to

Stirling Castle, thinking that he would be safe there; but Sir Philip Mowbray, the commander of the castle, told him that by the bargain he had made with Edward Bruce he would have to surrender it the next day. So there was nothing for it but that the beaten king should try to reach his own kingdom if he could. And a narrow escape he had, for Douglas rode after him as far as Dunbar, a distance of sixty miles, when Edward got into a boat and sailed to Berwick, where he was safe.

This was the greatest victory that the Scots ever gained, and the English thought it was such a disgrace to themselves that they said it was a punishment for their sins. So much booty fell into the hands of the Scots that it made Scotland a richer country. Precious garments, jewels, and plate, which Edward and his knights had brought with them, were all taken; and many of the chief men of the English were made prisoners, and had to pay great sums of money to be allowed to go home. But the chief thing to be remembered about the battle of Bannockburn is that it made Scotland again a free country, and that it made Scotsmen feel more than ever they had done before, that they were one people and one nation.

SCOTS WHA HAE

BY ROBERT BURNS

[THIS is the supposed address of Robert Bruce to his army before the battle of Bannockburn.

The Editor.]

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
    Or to victory!
Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power —
    Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
    Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',
    Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
    But they shall be free!

SCOTLAND

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow! —
Let us do, or die!

III
TO THE DEATH OF MARY

HISTORICAL NOTE

SCOTLAND was still a scene of warfare and struggle. Several kings succeeded to the throne as minors, the nobles were exceedingly powerful, and whenever any of them became dissatisfied, they were always ready to enter into schemes with England. In the times of Henry VII of England, there was hope of peace, for his daughter became the wife of the Scottish king. In the very next reign, however, the friendship between the Scots and the French led to a Scottish invasion of England, and a total defeat of the Scots at Flodden Field in 1513.

Soon after Elizabeth became Queen of England, the ideas of the Reformation, interpreted by the fiery preaching of John Knox, swept over the land, and Presbyterianism became established. This helped to make the support of the Catholic Mary, Queen of Scots, only half-hearted. She fled to the protection of Elizabeth, and after being kept as a prisoner for many years, she was executed on a charge of conspiracy against the crown. On the death of Queen Elizabeth, Mary's son, James VI of Scotland, became James I of England; and thus the two countries fell under one king, although the separate governments were maintained.

THE BIER-RIGHT

[Latter part of the fourteenth century]

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

[THE husband of Magdalen Proudfute has been slain, and it is suspected that some one of the followers of Sir John Ramorny was his murderer. The test of "bier-right" has been decided upon; that is, every member of Sir John's household must kneel beside the bier and take a solemn oath of his own innocence. It was a belief of the time that if this oath was false, the wounds of the murdered man would straightway burst open and begin to bleed afresh.

The Editor.]

IT was, therefore, after high mass had been performed with the greatest solemnity of which circumstances rendered the ceremony capable, and after the most repeated and fervent prayers had been offered to Heaven by the crowded assembly, that preparations were made for appealing to the direct judgment of Heaven on the mysterious murder of the unfortunate bonnet-maker.

The scene presented that effect of imposing solemnity which the rites of the Catholic Church are so well qualified to produce. The eastern window, richly and variously painted, streamed down a torrent of chequered light upon the high altar. On the bier placed before it were stretched the mortal remains of the murdered man, his arms folded on his breast, and his palms joined together, with the fingers pointed upwards, as if the senseless clay was itself appealing to Heaven for vengeance

against those who had violently divorced the immortal spirit from its mangled tenement.

Close to the bier was placed the throne which supported Robert of Scotland and his brother Albany. The prince sat upon a lower stool, beside his father — an arrangement which occasioned some observation, as, Albany's seat being little distinguished from that of the king, the heir-apparent, though of full age, seemed to be degraded beneath his uncle in the sight of the assembled people of Perth. The bier was so placed as to leave the view of the body it sustained open to the greater part of the multitude assembled in the church.

At the head of the bier stood the Knight of Kinfauns, the challenger, and at the foot the young Earl of Crawford, as representing the defendant. The evidence of the Duke of Rothsay in expurgation, as it was termed, of Sir John Ramorny, had exempted him from the necessity of attendance as a party subjected to the ordeal; and his illness served as a reason for his remaining at home. His household, including those who, though immediately in waiting upon Sir John, were accounted the prince's domestics, and had not yet received their dismissal, amounted to eight or ten persons, most of them esteemed men of profligate habits, and who might therefore be deemed capable, in the riot of a festival evening, of committing the slaughter of the bonnet-maker. They were drawn up in a row on the left side of the church, and wore a species of white cassock, resembling the dress of a penitentiary. All eyes being bent on them, several of this band seemed so much disconcerted as to excite among the spectators strong prepossessions of their guilt. The real murderer had a countenance in-

capable of betraying him — a sullen, dark look, which neither the feast nor wine-cup could enliven, and which the peril of discovery and death could not render dejected.

We have already noticed the posture of the dead body. The face was bare, as were the breast and arms. The rest of the corpse was shrouded in a winding-sheet of the finest linen, so that, if blood should flow from any place which was covered, it could not fail to be instantly manifest.

High mass having been performed, followed by a solemn invocation to the Deity, that he would be pleased to protect the innocent, and make known the guilty, Eviot, Sir John Ramorny's page, was summoned to undergo the ordeal. He advanced with an ill-assured step. Perhaps he thought his internal consciousness that Bonthron must have been the assassin might be sufficient to implicate him in the murder, though he was not directly accessory to it. He paused before the bier; and his voice faltered, as he swore by all that was created in seven days and seven nights, by heaven, by hell, by his part of paradise, and by the God and author of all, that he was free and sackless of the bloody deed done upon the corpse before which he stood, and on whose breast he made the sign of the cross, in evidence of the appeal. No consequences ensued. The body remained stiff as before, the curdled wounds gave no sign of blood.

The citizens looked on each other with faces of blank disappointment. They had persuaded themselves of Eviot's guilt, and their suspicions had been confirmed by his irresolute manner. Their surprise at his escape was therefore extreme. The other followers of Ramorny

took heart, and advanced to take the oath with a boldness which increased as one by one they performed the ordeal, and were declared, by the voice of the judges, free and innocent of every suspicion attaching to them on account of the death of Oliver Proudfute.

But there was one individual who did not partake that increasing confidence. The name of "Bonthron — Bonthron!" sounded three times through the aisles of the church; but he who owned it acknowledged the call no otherwise than by a sort of shuffling motion with his feet, as if he had been suddenly affected with a fit of palsy.

"Speak, dog," whispered Eviot, "or prepare for a dog's death!"

But the murderer's brain was so much disturbed by the sight before him, that the judges, beholding his deportment, doubted whether to ordain him to be dragged before the bier or to pronounce judgment in default; and it was not until he was asked for the last time whether he would submit to the ordeal, that he answered, with his usual brevity, — "I will not; what do I know what juggling tricks may be practiced to take a poor man's life? I offer the combat to any man who says I harmed that dead body."

And, according to usual form, he threw his glove upon the floor of the church.

Henry the smith stepped forward, amidst the murmured applauses of his fellow citizens, which even the august presence could not entirely suppress; and, lifting the ruffian's glove, which he placed in his bonnet, laid down his own in the usual form, as a gage of battle. But Bonthron raised it not.

"He is no match for me," growled the savage, "nor fit to lift my glove. I follow the prince of Scotland, in attending on his master of horse. This fellow is a wretched mechanic."

Here the prince interrupted him. "Thou follow *me*, caitiff! I discharge thee from my service on the spot. Take him in hand, smith, and beat him as thou didst never thump an anvil! The villain is both guilty and recreant. It sickens me even to look at him; and if my royal father will be ruled by me, he will give the parties two handsome Scottish axes, and we will see which of them turns out the best fellow before the day is half an hour older."

This was readily assented to by the Earl of Crawford, and Sir Patrick Charteris, the godfathers of the parties, who, as the combatants were men of inferior rank, agreed that they should fight in steel caps, buff-jackets, and with axes, and that as soon as they could be prepared for the combat.

The lists were appointed in the Skinners' Yards — a neighbouring space of ground, occupied by the corporation from which it had the name, and who quickly cleared a space of about thirty feet by twenty-five for the combatants. Thither thronged the nobles, priests, and commons — all excepting the old king, who, detesting such scenes of blood, retired to his residence, and devolved the charge of the field upon the Earl of Errol, Lord High Constable, to whose office it more particularly belonged. The Duke of Albany watched the whole proceeding with a close and wary eye. His nephew gave the scene the heedless degree of notice which corresponded with his character.

When the combatants appeared in the lists, nothing could be more striking than the contrast betwixt the manly, cheerful countenance of the smith, whose sparkling eye seemed already beaming with the victory he hoped for, and the sullen, downcast aspect of the brutal Bonthron, who looked as if he were some obscene bird, driven into sunshine out of the shelter of its darksome haunts. They made oath severally, each to the truth of his quarrel — a ceremony which Henry Gow performed with serene and manly confidence, Bonthron with a dogged resolution which induced the Duke of Rothsay to say to the High Constable, "Didst thou ever, my dear Errol, behold such a mixture of malignity, cruelty, and I think fear, as in that fellow's countenance?"

"He is not comely," said the earl, "but a powerful knave as I have seen."

"I'll gage a hogshead of wine with you, my good lord, that he loses the day. Henry the armourer is as strong as he, and much more active; and then look at his bold bearing! There is something in that other fellow that is loathsome to look upon. Let them yoke presently, my dear constable, for I am sick of beholding him."

The high constable then addressed the widow, who, in her deep weeds, and having her children still beside her, occupied a chair within the lists — "Woman, do you willingly accept of this man, Henry the smith, to do battle as your champion in this cause?"

"I do — I do, most willingly," answered Magdalen Proudfute; "and may the blessing of God and St. John give him strength and fortune, since he strikes for the orphan and the fatherless!"

"Then I pronounce this a fenced field of battle," said

the constable aloud. "Let no one dare, upon peril of his life, to interrupt this combat by word, speech, or look. Sound trumpets, and fight, combatants!"

The trumpets flourished, and the combatants, advancing from the opposite ends of the lists, with a steady and even pace, looked at each other attentively, well skilled in judging from the motion of the eye the direction in which a blow was meditated. They halted opposite to, and within reach of, each other, and in turn made more than one feint to strike, in order to ascertain the activity and vigilance of the opponent. At length, whether weary of these manœuvres, or fearing lest in a contest so conducted his unwieldy strength would be foiled by the activity of the smith, Bonthron heaved up his axe for a downright blow, adding the whole strength of his sturdy arms to the weight of the weapon in its descent. The smith, however, avoided the stroke by stepping aside; for it was too forcible to be controlled by any guard which he could have interposed. Ere Bonthron recovered guard, Henry struck him a sideling blow on the steel head-piece, which prostrated him on the ground.

"Confess, or die," said the victor, placing his foot on the body of the vanquished, and holding to his throat the point of the axe, which terminated in a spike or poniard.

"I will confess," said the villain, glaring wildly upward on the sky. "Let me rise."

"Not till you have yielded," said Harry the smith.

"I do yield," again murmured Bonthron, and Henry proclaimed aloud that his antagonist was defeated.

The Dukes of Rothsay and Albany, the high con-

stable, and the Dominican prior now entered the lists, and, addressing Bonthron, demanded if he acknowledged himself vanquished.

"I do," answered the miscreant.

"And guilty of the murder of Oliver Proudfute?"

"I am."

HOW THE SCOTS LIVED WHILE JAMES I WAS KING

[1422–1437]

BY P. HUME BROWN

In James I's reign there came a foreigner to Scotland, who wrote about what he saw there. This visitor was an Italian. His name was Æneas Sylvius, and he afterwards became Pope [Pius II], so that he was a very important person. On his voyage to Scotland his ship was nearly wrecked, and during the storm he vowed a vow that from wherever he landed he would walk barefooted to the nearest church to give thanks to God for having saved him from drowning. When he landed, he found that the nearest church was at Whitekirk, six miles from North Berwick. So, as it was winter at the time, he had to trudge these six miles with bare feet on the frozen ground, and the result was that he caught such a cold that he had rheumatism for the rest of his life.

Here are some of the things which he tells us. He went to see King James, whom he describes as a robust-looking man, but very fat. As for the palaces in which the King of Scots lived, he says that they were not so well furnished as the houses of rich merchants in Germany. What he thought very strange was that the towns had no walls round them, which all the towns on the Continent had. He also thought it odd that the houses in the towns were built of stone without lime. The houses

in the country, he says, were built of turf, and the poorer ones had the hide of an ox hung up instead of a door. The common people were very poor, but at the same time they ate more meat and fish than was good for them; though bread was so scarce that it was looked on as a dainty. One thing astonished him very much, and that was that the people burned stone instead of wood. Of course the stone was coal, which Æneas seems never to have seen in other countries. At the church doors he noticed many beggars, who went away with glad faces when these stones were put into their hands.

These are some of the things that Æneas tells us about Scotland, but we must remember that he came from Italy, which was a rich and beautiful country, so that he could not help thinking that Scotland was a poor place compared with it, as indeed it was.

But we know a good deal more about Scotland in the reign of James I than Æneas Sylvius tells us, and this we learn from the laws James passed. For example, we know that there must then have been a great many wolves in the country, though Æneas says there were none. Every baron in the kingdom was commanded to kill all the wolves' whelps he could find, and to give twopence to any one who brought a whelp's head to him. Four times every year, also, the baron was to have a great wolf hunt; and all his farmers with their servants were to join him in the hunt, and if they did not, they had to give a sheep to the baron as a fine. This proves that there must have been many wolves in the land, or such a law would not have been passed.

There must also have been great numbers of crows in Scotland in those days, as a very curious law shows us.

Every landlord was commanded to kill the young crows every year, as, when they grew up, they did so much damage to the crops. If the landlord did not obey this law, then the tree in which the crows had built their nest was to be taken from him by the king. If the landlord liked, however, he could fell the tree and pay a fine of five shillings. Such a law as this could never be passed nowadays, but in those days it was thought to be quite right that such laws should be made.

There were laws about buying and selling which seem very strange to us. No one was allowed to send a horse to any foreign country unless it were more than three years old. No one could buy cloth or any other goods from an Englishman who came to Scotland, and no Englishman was allowed to sell anything in Scotland unless he got special permission. Another law declared that no one was to send any gold or silver out of the country. What was the meaning of those laws which seem so odd to us? It was that people then thought that the country would soon be ruined if the people bought things made in other countries, and that, if money went out of the country, it would never come back again. For a long time afterwards, people in other countries besides Scotland believed this, and the result was that trade could not grow nor the people become rich.

However, even in those days, there must have been well-to-do people in Scotland, as another law shows us. By this law it was commanded that no one except a lord or a knight was to wear silk or furs, or to have pearls or any kind of trimming on his clothes. In the towns no persons except the magistrates and their wives were to wear furs. The farmers also were told that they were

not to wear colored clothes, but plain ones made at home. Now, when such laws are made, it means that many people must have had money to spare, and that they spent it on fine clothes, and dressed themselves above their station. For in those days it was thought right that all classes of the people should each have a dress of its own, so that it might be known at once whether a man was a lord or a knight, or a magistrate, or a craftsman, or a farmer.

There was one thing about which the kings and the Parliament were very anxious, and about which many laws were made, and that was that every Scotsman should be trained to fight. So the law was that every man from the age of sixteen to sixty should possess weapons according to his rank. To make sure that every one had these weapons, there were to be four meetings, or "Wapinschaws," each year, to which all the men in town and country were to come, and, if they did not have the right weapons, they were to be fined.

What should we think nowadays if a boy or a man were fined fourpence every time he played at football? Yet such a law was really passed by James and his Parliament, and for the following reason. It was the English archers, as we know, that had gained so many victories over the Scots, and so it was very necessary that the Scots should try to become as good archers as the English. Laws were therefore passed which forbade playing at football, as being of no use, and which ordered that near every parish church there should be a target and a shooting-ground. On every holiday (and there were about sixty holidays in the year), every male person, from twelve years old, was to shoot at least three

arrows at the mark; and if he did not, he was to give a sheep as a fine. In spite of these laws, however, the Scots never became good archers, and they always preferred to fight with lances and axes.

There was a class of people who gave a great deal of trouble in Scotland and in other countries at this time, and, indeed, for a long while afterwards. These were the beggars, who in those days did not go about alone, but in great bands, so that they were a terror to everybody. It was not safe to travel about the country by yourself, for if you met one of these gangs they would take everything you had, and perhaps ill-use you besides. Some of the beggars were quite well off, and actually rode on horseback; so that the old rhyme is really true: —

"Hark, hark, the dogs do bark;
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags and some on nags,
And one in a velvet gown."

A gang of these beggars would often come to the house of a clergyman or a farmer, where they thought they would get plenty to eat, and compel the owner of the house to give them a night's lodging. There were great numbers of them in all the towns, and, when the king and his courtiers traveled, they would often be surrounded by beggars crying for alms.

In almost every reign laws were passed to put down these troublesome and dangerous beggars, but these laws never seemed to do any good. Every person between the ages of fourteen and seventy was forbidden to beg, and if he were caught doing so, his cheek was to be burned with a red-hot iron, and he was then to be

banished from the country. Before any one was allowed to beg, he had to get a license, and to wear a badge on his clothes to show that he was a lawful beggar. And even stricter laws than these were passed, but they were never really carried out, and so the number of beggars went on increasing rather than getting fewer.

Another law passed in James's reign shows how different the country was then from what it is now. Every agricultural laborer, if he was not rich enough to buy an ox to plough (for in those days it was oxen that drew the plough and not horses), had to dig up a piece of ground seven feet long and six feet broad on every working-day. And why was such a law made? It was because a great deal of land which might have been used for growing crops was not cultivated, but was left to itself, and so was of no use to the people who lived on it. So by such a law as this, more ground came to be cultivated, and more food was got for the people.

From all these laws we see how differently people then lived from the way in which we do now. But there is one thing that must not be forgotten about these laws: they were very seldom carried out. And it was the same in other countries besides Scotland; and the reason is, that the persons who should have enforced them, either had not the power to do so or had other things to attend to. However, even when the laws were not obeyed, they at least showed what was the right thing to be done; and no doubt many people did obey them.

ON THE FIELD OF FLODDEN

[1513]

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

[MARGARET TUDOR, sister of Henry VIII of England, became the wife of James IV of Scotland. Now, there were certain jewels which were to be given to Margaret, but Henry refused to send them to her. Naturally, that aroused the wrath of King James. Moreover, although the two countries were at peace, the Lord High Admiral of England seized two Scottish ships, and Henry refused to pay for their loss. Again, Henry was about to make war on France, and as France and Scotland were good friends, James stood by France. He crossed the border and captured some English castles. At last, in September, 1513, the Scots and English met at Flodden Field.

The Editor.]

"BUT, see! look up — on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent." —
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke:
Volumed, and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,

Told England, from his mountain-throne
  King James did rushing come. —
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close. —
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;
  And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
  And fiends in upper air.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness naught descry.
At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave
  But naught distinct they see;
Wide raged the battle on the plain,
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain,
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain,
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
  Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,

Still bear them bravely in the fight;
Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntley, and with Home.
Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle,
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied;
'T was vain. — But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell:
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.
The border slogan rent the sky.
"A Home! a Gordon!" was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced, — forced back, — now low, now high,
The pennon sank and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed:

Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,
  That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
  Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
  Their dark, impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
  The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight; —
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
  As fearlessly and well:
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
  And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
  Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foeman know,
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
  Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
  To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,

ON THE FIELD OF FLODDEN

To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong.
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear,
  Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
  And broken was her shield!

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN FIELD

[1513]

BY WILLIAM E. AYTOUN

NEWS of battle! — news of battle!
Hark! 't is ringing down the street,
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle! who hath brought it?
News of triumph? who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,
Greetings from our gallant king?
All last night we watched the beacons
Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the opened war.
All night long the northern streamers
Shot across the trembling sky:
Fearful lights, that never beckon
Save when kings or heroes die.
News of battle! who hath brought it?
All are thronging to the gate;
"Warder — warder! open quickly!
Man — is this a time to wait?"
And the heavy gates are opened:
Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd.

For they see in battered harness
Only one hard-stricken man;
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan:
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand —
God! can that be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city-band?
Round him crush the people, crying,
"Tell us all — oh, tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
Where are they, our brothers — children?
Have they met the English foe?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
Is it weal or is it woe?"
Like a corpse the grizzly warrior
Looks from out his helm of steel;
But no word he speaks in answer —
Only with his armèd heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying, by his side,
"By the God that made thee, Randolph!
Tell us what mischance hath come."
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker's voice is dumb.

The elders of the city
Have met within their hall —

The men whom good King James had charged
To watch the tower and wall.
"Your hands are weak with age," he said,
"Your hearts are stout and true;
So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
While others fight for you.
My trumpet from the Border-side
Shall send a blast so clear,
That all who wait within the gate
That stirring sound may hear.
Or, if it be the will of Heaven
That back I never come,
And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
Ye hear the English drum —
Then let the warning bells ring out,
Then gird you to the fray,
Then man the walls like burghers stout,
And fight while fight you may.
'T were better that in fiery flame
The roof should thunder down,
Than that the foot of foreign foe
Should trample in the town!"

Then in came Randolph Murray —
His step was slow and weak,
And, as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek.
They fell upon his corslet,
And on his mailèd hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.

And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring,
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the king.

And up then rose the Provost —
A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name, and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.

Oh, woeful now was the old man's look,
And he spake right heavily —
"Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
However sharp they be!
Woe is written on thy visage,
Death is looking from thy face:
Speak! though it be of overthrow —
It cannot be disgrace!"
Right bitter was the agony
That wrung that soldier proud:
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying — "That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land!
Aye! ye may look upon it —
It was guarded well and long,

By your brothers and your children,
  By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
  As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
  With their faces to the foe.
Aye! ye well may look upon it —
  There is more than honor there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
  From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
  Steeped in such a costly dye;
It hath lain upon a bosom
  Where no other shroud shall lie.
Sirs! I charge you, keep it holy.
  Keep it as a sacred thing,
For the stain ye see upon it
  Was the life-blood of your king!"

Woe, woe, and lamentation!
  What a piteous cry was there!
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
  Shrieking, sobbing in despair!
"O the blackest day for Scotland
  That she ever knew before!
O our king! the good, the noble,
  Shall we never see him more?
Woe to us and woe to Scotland!
  O our sons, our sons and men!
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
  Surely some will come again!"

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN FIELD

Till the oak that fell last winter
  Shall uprear its shattered stem —
Wives and mothers of Dunedin —
  Ye may look in vain for them!



JOHN KNOX PREACHING BEFORE THE LORDS OF THE CONGREGATION

BY SIR DAVID WILKIE

(*English artist*, 1785–1841)

JOHN KNOX, the Scottish reformer, took refuge from his enemies in a castle which soon fell into the hands of the French. At the request of Edward VI he was released and became one of the chaplains of that monarch. On the accession of Mary he was obliged to leave England, and withdrew to Geneva. In 1559 he returned to Scotland, and was promptly declared to be an outlaw and rebel. Nevertheless, he went on fearlessly to Dundee, to Perth, and then to St. Andrew's. The Protestants were called the Congregation. The laymen who were their leaders were chiefly noblemen, and these were known as the Lords of the Congregation. To them Knox declared that he intended to preach in the cathedral church. The archbishop threatened and his friends pleaded, but he was as little affected by the one as by the other, and preached on four successive days. His sermons must have been powerful, for provosts, bailies, and inhabitants determined to set up the reformed worship in their town. By way of preparation, they tore away the images and pictures in the church and leveled the monasteries.

In 1561 Mary Queen of Scots returned from France and met in many violent interviews the belligerent reformer. Knox was the leading spirit in the Reformation in Scotland, and it is chiefly to him that the establishment of the Scottish Kirk is due.

"THE GOODMAN OF BALLANGIECH"

[Between 1513 and 1542]

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

JAMES V had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order that he might hear complaints which might not otherwise reach his ears, and perhaps that he might enjoy amusements which he could not have partaken of in his avowed royal character. This is also said to have been a custom of James IV, his father, and several adventures are related of what befell them on such occasions.

When James V travelled in disguise, he used a name which was known only to some of his principal nobility and attendants. He was called the "Goodman (the tenant, that is) of Ballengiech." Ballengiech is a steep pass which leads down behind the castle of Stirling. Once upon a time, when the court was feasting in Stirling, the king sent for some venison from the neighbouring hills. The deer was killed, and put on horses' backs to be transported to Stirling. Unluckily they had to pass the castle gates of Arnpryor, belonging to a chief of the Buchanans, who chanced to have a considerable number of guests with him. It was late, and the company was rather short of victuals, though they had more than enough of liquor. The chief, seeing so much fat venison passing his very door, seized on it; and to the expostulations of the keepers, who told him it belonged to King James, he answered insolently, that if James was King

in Scotland, he, Buchanan, was King in Kippen; being the name of the district in which the castle of Arnpryor lay.

On hearing what had happened, the king got on horseback, and rode instantly from Stirling to Buchanan's house, where he found a strong, fierce-looking Highlander, with an axe on his shoulder, standing sentinel at the door. This grim warder refused the king admittance, saying the Laird of Arnpryor was at dinner, and would not be disturbed. "Yet go up to the company, my good friend," said the king, "and tell him that the Goodman of Ballengiech is come to feast with the King of Kippen."

The porter went grumbling into the house, and told his master that there was a fellow with a red beard at the gate, who called himself the Goodman of Ballengiech, who said he was come to dine with the King of Kippen. As soon as Buchanan heard these words, he knew that the king was come in person, and hastened down to kneel at James's feet, and to ask forgiveness for his insolent behaviour. But the king, who only meant to give him a fright, forgave him freely, and going into the castle, feasted on his own venison which Buchanan had intercepted. Buchanan of Arnpryor was ever afterwards called the King of Kippen.

Upon another occasion, King James, being alone and in disguise, fell into a quarrel with some gipsies, or other vagrants, and was assaulted by four or five of them. This chanced to be very near the Bridge of Cramond; so the king got on the bridge, which, as it was high and narrow, enabled him to defend himself with his sword against the number of persons by whom he was attacked. There was a poor man thrashing corn in a barn near by,

who came out on hearing the noise of the scuffle, and seeing one man defending himself against numbers, gallantly took the king's part with his flail, to such good purpose that the gipsies were obliged to fly. The husbandman then took the king into the barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little way towards Edinburgh, in case he should be again attacked. On the way, the king asked his companion what and who he was. The labourer answered that his name was John Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on the farm of Braehead, near Cramond, which belonged to the King of Scotland. James then asked the poor man if there was any wish in the world which he would particularly desire should be gratified; and honest John confessed he should think himself the happiest man in Scotland were he but the proprietor of the farm on which he wrought as a labourer. He then asked the king, in turn, who he was; and James replied, as usual, that he was the Goodman of Ballengiech, a poor man who had a small appointment about the palace; but he added that if John Howieson would come to see him on the next Sunday, he would endeavour to repay his manful assistance, and at least give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes, as you may suppose, and appearing at a postern gate of the palace, inquired for the Goodman of Ballengiech. The king had given orders that he should be admitted; and John found his friend, the goodman, in the same disguise which he had formerly worn. The king, still preserving the character of an inferior officer of the household, conducted John

Howieson from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused with his wonder and his remarks. At length, James asked his visitor if he should like to see the king; to which John replied, nothing would delight him so much, if he could do so without giving offence. The Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, undertook that the king would not be angry. "But," said John, "how am I to know His Grace from the nobles who will be all about him?" — "Easily," replied his companion; "all the others will be uncovered, — the king alone will wear his hat or bonnet."

So speaking, King James introduced the countryman into a great hall, which was filled by the nobility and officers of the crown. John was a little frightened, and drew close to his attendant; but was still unable to distinguish the king. "I told you that you should know him by his wearing his hat," said the conductor. "Then," said John, after he had again looked around the room, "it must be either you or me, for all but us two are bareheaded."

The king laughed at John's fancy; and that the good yeoman might have occasion for mirth also, he made him a present of the farm of Braehead, which he had wished so much to possess, on condition that John Howieson, or his successors, should be ready to present a ewer and basin for the king to wash his hands, when His Majesty should come to Holyrood Palace, or should pass the bridge of Cramond. Accordingly, in the year 1822, when George IV came to Scotland, the descendant of John Howieson of Braehead, who still possessed the estate which was given to his ancestor, appeared at a solemn festival, and offered His Majesty water from a

silver ewer, that he might perform the service by which he held his lands.

James V was very fond of hunting, and when he pursued that amusement in the Highlands he used to wear the peculiar dress of that country, having a long and wide Highland shirt, and a jacket of tartan velvet, with plaid hose, and everything else corresponding. The accounts for these are in the books of his chamberlain, still preserved.

On one occasion, when the king had an ambassador of the Pope along with him, with various foreigners of distinction, they were splendidly entertained by the Earl of Athole in a huge and singular rustic palace. It was built of timber, in the midst of a great meadow, and surrounded by moats, or fosses, full of the most delicate fish. It was enclosed and defended by towers, as if it had been a regular castle, and had within it many apartments, which were decked with flowers and branches, so that in treading them one seemed to be in a garden. Here were all kinds of game, and other provisions in abundance, with many cooks to make them ready, and plenty of the most costly spices and wines. The Italian ambassador was greatly surprised to see, amongst rocks and wilderness which seemed to be the very extremity of the world, such good lodging and so magnificent an entertainment. But what surprised him most of all was to see the Highlanders set fire to the wooden castle as soon as the hunting was over, and the king in the act of departing. "Such is the constant practice of our Highlanders," said James to the ambassador; "however well they may be lodged overnight, they always burn their lodging before they leave it." By this the king intimated

the predatory and lawless habits displayed by these mountaineers.

The reign of James V was not alone distinguished by his personal adventures and pastimes, but is honourably remembered on account of wise laws made for the government of his people, and for restraining the crimes and violence which were frequently practised among them; especially those of assassination, burning of houses, and driving of cattle, the usual means and ready by which powerful chiefs avenged themselves of their feudal enemies.



SACKING A CHURCH IN THE TIME OF JOHN KNOX

BY JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT

(*English artist*, 1803–1881)

THE sacking of a church is thus described by David Hume: —

"Mounting the pulpit at Perth, during the present ferment of men's minds, he [John Knox] declaimed with his usual vehemence against the idolatry and other abominations of the Church of Rome, and incited his audience to exert their utmost zeal for its subversion. A priest was so imprudent, after this sermon, as to open his repository of images and relics, and prepare himself to say mass. The audience, exalted to a disposition for any furious enterprise, were as much enraged as if the spectacle had not been quite familiar to them: they attacked the priest with fury, broke the images in pieces, tore the pictures, overthrew the altars, scattered about the sacred vases; and left no implement of idolatrous worship, as they termed it, entire or undefaced. They thence proceeded, with additional numbers and augmented rage, to the monasteries of the Gray and Black friars, which they pillaged in an instant: the Carthusians underwent the same fate: and the populace, not content with robbing and expelling the monks, vented their fury on the buildings which had been the receptacles of such abomination; and in a little time nothing but the walls of these edifices were left standing. The inhabitants of Coupar, in Fife, soon after imitated the example."

THE FLIGHT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, TO ENGLAND

[1568]

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

[In 1565, Mary, Queen of Scots, married her cousin Lord Darnley, but his debauchery soon aroused her regret for the act. Two years later, the house in which he lodged was blown up, and his lifeless body was found. There is little question that the Earl of Bothwell was the murderer. The favor that Mary had shown him and the fact that she married him almost immediately after his divorce from his young wife aroused suspicion that she was privy to the murder. The Scottish nobles rose against her, and she was taken to Edinburgh, and thence to an island in Lochleven. Her escape from this place to England is described in the following extract.

The Editor.]

"May I crave to know," said Roland, "whether, if Your Grace were beyond the walls of the castle, you could find means of conveyance to the firm land, and protection when you are there?"

"Trust us for that, Roland," said the queen; "for to that point our scheme is indifferent well laid."

"Then, if Your Grace will permit me to speak my mind, I think I could be of some use in this matter."

"As how, my good youth? Speak on," said the queen, "and fearlessly."

"My patron, the Knight of Avenel, used to compel the youth educated in his household to learn the use of

axe and hammer, and working in wood and iron; he used to speak of old northern champions who forged their own weapons, and of the Highland captain, Donald nan Ord, or Donald of the Hammer, whom he himself knew, and who used to work at the anvil with a sledge-hammer in each hand. Some said he praised this art because he himself was of churl's blood. However, I gained some practice in it, as the Lady Catherine Seyton partly knows; for since we were here I wrought her a silver brooch."

"Aye," replied Catherine, "but you should tell Her Grace that your workmanship was so indifferent that it broke to pieces next day, and I flung it away."

"Believe her not, Roland," said the queen; "she wept when it was broken, and put the fragments into her bosom. But for your scheme — could your skill avail to forge a second set of keys?"

"No, madam, because I know not the wards. But I am convinced I could make a set so like that hateful bunch which the lady bore off even now, that, could they be exchanged against them by any means, she would never dream she was possessed of the wrong."

"And the good dame, thank Heaven, is somewhat blind," said the queen; "but then for a forge, my boy, and the means of labouring unobserved?"

"The armourer's forge, at which I used sometimes to work with him, is the round vault at the bottom of the turret; he was dismissed with the warder for being supposed too much attached to George Douglas. The people are accustomed to see me busy there, and I warrant I shall find some excuse that will pass current with them for putting bellows and anvil to work."

"The scheme has a promising face," said the queen; "about it, my lad, with all speed, and beware the nature of your work is not discovered."

"Nay, I will take the liberty to draw the bolt against chance visitors, so that I will have time to put away what I am working upon before I undo the door."

"Will not that of itself attract suspicion, in a place where it is so current already?" said Catherine.

"Not a whit," replied Roland; "Gregory the armourer, and every good hammerman, locks himself in when he is about some masterpiece of craft. Besides, something must be risked."

"Part we then to-night," said the queen, "and God bless you, my children! If Mary's head ever rises above water, you shall all rise along with her."

[Roland succeeds in making the keys without being discovered. The queen points out to him a tiny light in the house of one Blinkhoolie, a gardener who lives across the lake, and shows him how she can signal to her friends who are there awaiting her.]

The keys had, with the wonted ceremonial, been presented to the Lady Lochleven. She stood with her back to the casement, which, like that of the queen's apartment, commanded a view of Kinross, with the church, which stands at some distance from the town, and nearer to the lake, then connected with the town by straggling cottages. With her back to the casement, then, and her face to the table, on which the keys lay for an instant while she tasted the various dishes which were placed there, stood the Lady of Lochleven more provokingly intent than usual — so, at least, it seemed to her prisoners — upon the huge and heavy bunch of iron, the

implements of their restraint. Just when, having finished her ceremony as taster of the queen's table, she was about to take up the keys, the page, who stood beside her, and had handed her the dishes in succession, looked sidewise to the churchyard, and exclaimed he saw corpse-candles in the vault. The Lady of Lochleven was not without a touch, though a slight one, of the superstitions of the time; the fate of her sons made her alive to omens, and a corpse-light, as it was called, in the family burial-place boded death. She turned her head towards the casement — saw a distinct glimmering — forgot her charge for one second, and in that second were lost the whole fruits of her former vigilance. The page held the forged keys under his cloak, and with great dexterity exchanged them for the real ones. His utmost address could not prevent a slight clash as he took up the latter bunch. "Who touches the keys?" said the lady; and while the page answered that the sleeve of his cloak had stirred them, she looked round, possessed herself of the bunch which now occupied the place of the genuine keys, and again turned to gaze at the supposed corpse-candles.

"I hold these gleams," she said, after a moment's consideration, "to come not from the churchyard, but from the hut of the old gardener Blinkhoolie. I wonder what thrift that churl drives, that of late he hath ever had light in his house till the night grew deep. I thought him an industrious, peaceful man. If he turns resetter of idle companions and night-walkers, the place must be rid of him."

"He may work his baskets, perchance," said the page, desirous to stop the train of her suspicion.

"Or nets, may he not ?" answered the lady.

"Aye, madam," said Roland, "for trout and salmon."

"Or for fools and knaves," replied the lady; "but this shall be looked after to-morrow. I wish Your Grace and your company a good evening. Randal, attend us." And Randal, who waited in the antechamber after having surrendered his bunch of keys, gave his escort to his mistress as usual, while, leaving the queen's apartments, she retired to her own.

"To-morrow!" said the page, rubbing his hands with glee as he repeated the lady's last words; "fools look to to-morrow, and wise folk use to-night. May I pray you, my gracious liege, to retire for one half-hour, until all the castle is composed to rest? I must go and rub with oil these blessed instruments of our freedom. Courage and constancy, and all will go well, provided our friends on the shore fail not to send the boat you spoke of."

"Fear them not," said Catherine, "they are true as steel — if our dear mistress do but maintain her noble and royal courage."

"Doubt not me, Catherine," replied the queen; "a while since I was overborne, but I have recalled the spirit of my earlier and more sprightly days, when I used to accompany my armed nobles, and wish to be myself a man, to know what life it was to be in the fields with sword and buckler, jack and knapscap!"

"O, the lark lives not a gayer life, nor sings a lighter and gayer song, than the merry soldier," answered Catherine. "Your Grace shall be in the midst of them soon, and the look of such a liege sovereign will make each of your host worth three in the hour of need. But I must to my task."

"We have but brief time," said Queen Mary: "one of the two lights in the cottage is extinguished; that shows the boat is put off."

"They will row very slowly," said the page, "or kent where depth permits, to avoid noise. To our several tasks. I will communicate with the good father."

At the dead hour of midnight, when all was silent in the castle, the page put the key into the lock of the wicket which opened into the garden, and which was at the bottom of the staircase that descended from the queen's apartment. "Now, turn smooth and softly, thou good bolt," said he, "if ever oil softened rust!" and his precautions had been so effectual that the bolt revolved with little or no sound of resistance. He ventured not to cross the threshold, but exchanging a word with the disguised abbot, asked if the boat were ready.

"This half-hour," said the sentinel. "She lies beneath the wall, too close under the islet to be seen by the warder; but I fear she will hardly escape his notice in putting off again."

"The darkness," said the page, "and our profound silence, may take her off unobserved, as she came in. Hildebrand has the watch on the tower — a heavy-headed knave, who holds a can of ale to be the best head-piece upon a night-watch. He sleeps for a wager."

"Then bring the queen," said the abbot, "and I will call Henry Seyton to assist them to the boat."

On tiptoe, with noiseless step and suppressed breath, trembling at every rustle of their own apparel, one after another the fair prisoners glided down the winding stair, under the guidance of Roland Graeme, and were received at the wicket-gate by Henry Seyton and the churchman.

The former seemed instantly to take upon himself the whole direction of the enterprise. "My lord abbot," he said, "give my sister your arm; I will conduct the queen, and that youth will have the honour to guide Lady Fleming."

This was no time to dispute the arrangement, although it was not that which Roland Graeme would have chosen. Catherine Seyton, who well knew the garden path, tripped on before like a sylph, rather leading the abbot than receiving assistance; the queen, her native spirit prevailing over female fear and a thousand painful reflections, moved steadily forward, by the assistance of Henry Seyton; while the Lady Fleming encumbered with her fears and her helplessness Roland Graeme, who followed in the rear, and who bore under the other arm a packet of necessaries belonging to the queen. The door of the garden, which communicated with the shore of the islet, yielded to one of the keys of which Roland had possessed himself, although not until he had tried several — a moment of anxious terror and expectation. The ladies were then partly led, partly carried, to the side of the lake, where a boat with six rowers attended them, the men couched along the bottom to secure them from observation. Henry Seyton placed the queen in the stern; the abbot offered to assist Catherine, but she was seated by the queen's side before he could utter his proffer of help; and Roland Graeme was just lifting Lady Fleming over the boatside when a thought suddenly occurred to him, and exclaiming, "Forgotten — forgotten! wait for me but one-half minute," he replaced on the shore the helpless lady of the bedchamber, threw the queen's packet into the boat, and sped back

through the garden with the noiseless speed of a bird on the wing.

"By Heaven, he is false at last!" said Seyton; "I ever feared it!"

"He is as true," said Catherine, "as Heaven itself, and that I will maintain."

"Be silent, minion," said her brother, "for shame, if not for fear. Fellows, put off, and row for your lives!"

"Help me — help me on board!" said the deserted Lady Fleming, and that louder than prudence warranted.

"Put off — put off!" cried Henry Seyton; "leave all behind, so the queen is safe."

"Will you permit this, madam?" said Catherine imploringly; "you leave your deliverer to death."

"I will not," said the queen. "Seyton, I command you to stay at every risk."

"Pardon me, madam, if I disobey," said the intractable young man; and with one hand lifting in Lady Fleming, he began himself to push off the boat.

She was two fathoms' length from the shore, and the rowers were getting her head round, when Roland Graeme, arriving, bounded from the beach, and attained the boat, overturning Seyton, on whom he alighted. The youth swore a deep but suppressed oath, and stopping Graeme as he stepped towards the stern, said, "Your place is not with high-born dames; keep at the head and trim the vessel. Now, give way — give way. Row, for God and the queen."

The rowers obeyed, and began to pull vigorously.

"Why did you not muffle the oars?" said Roland Graeme; "the dash must awaken the sentinel. Row, lads, and get out of reach of shot; for had not old Hildebrand,

the warder, supped upon poppy-porridge, this whispering must have waked him."

"It was all thine own delay," said Seyton; "thou shalt reckon with me hereafter for that and other matters."

But Roland's apprehension was verified too instantly to permit him to reply. The sentinel, whose slumbering had withstood the whispering, was alarmed by the dash of the oars. His challenge was instantly heard. "A boat — a boat! bring to, or I shoot!" And, as they continued to ply their oars, he called aloud, "Treason! — treason!" rung the bell of the castle, and discharged his harquebuss at the boat. The ladies crowded on each other like startled wild-fowl, at the flash and report of the piece, while the men urged the rowers to the utmost speed. They heard more than one ball whizz along the surface of the lake, at no great distance from their little bark; and from the lights, which glanced like meteors from window to window, it was evident the whole castle was alarmed, and their escape discovered.

"Pull!" again exclaimed Seyton; "stretch to your oars, or I will spur you to the task with my dagger; they will launch a boat immediately."

"That is cared for," said Roland; "I locked the gate and wicket on them when I went back, and no boat will stir from the island this night, if doors of good oak and bolts of iron can keep men within stone walls. And now I resign my office of porter of Lochleven, and give the keys to the Kelpie's keeping."

As the heavy keys plunged into the lake, the abbot, who till then had been repeating his prayers, exclaimed, "Now, bless thee, my son! for thy ready prudence puts shame to us all."

"I knew," said Mary, drawing her breath more freely, as they were now out of reach of the musketry — "I knew my squire's truth, promptitude, and sagacity. I must have him dear friends with my no less true knights, Douglas and Seyton; but where, then, is Douglas?"

"Here, madam," answered the deep and melancholy voice of the boatman who sat next her, and who acted as steersman.

"Alas! was it you who stretched your body before me," said the queen, "when the balls were raining around us?"

"Believe you," said he in a low tone, "that Douglas would have resigned to any one the chance of protecting his queen's life with his own?"

The dialogue was here interrupted by a shot or two from one of those small pieces of artillery called falconets, then used in defending castles. The shot was too vague to have any effect, but the broader flash, the deeper sound, the louder return which was made by the midnight echoes of Bennarty terrified and imposed silence on the liberated prisoners. The boat was alongside of a rude quay or landing-place, running out from a garden of considerable extent, ere any of them again attempted to speak. They landed, and while the abbot returned thanks aloud to Heaven, which had thus far favoured their enterprise, Douglas enjoyed the best reward of his desperate undertaking, in conducting the queen to the house of the gardener.

[Mary here learns that the "gardener" was formerly a well-known abbot. He gives her his blessing, horses are brought up, and soon the queen and her friends are at the

castle of Seyton. Within a few days, some six thousand men gather around her banner. Battle follows, Mary's troops are routed, and she herself has to flee for her life. It is decided that she shall appeal to the hospitality of Queen Elizabeth of England, and a message to that effect has been sent to the English warden.]

At this moment a bugle sounded loudly from the beach.

"It is the death-blast to Queen Mary's royalty!" said Ambrosius: "the English warden's answer has been received — favourable, doubtless, for when was the door of the trap closed against the prey which it was set for? Droop not, Roland, this matter shall be sifted to the bottom; but we must not now leave the queen. Follow me; let us do our duty, and trust the issue with God. Farewell, good father; I will visit thee again soon."

He was about to leave the garden followed by Roland, with half-reluctant steps. The ex-abbot resumed his spade.

"I could be sorry for these men," he said; "aye, and for that poor queen, but what avail earthly sorrows to a man of fourscore? And it is a rare dropping morning for the early colewort."

"He is stricken with age," said Ambrosius, as he dragged Roland down to the sea-beach; "we must let him take his time to collect himself. Nothing now can be thought on but the fate of the queen."

They soon arrived where she stood, surrounded by her little train, and by her side the sheriff of Cumberland, a gentleman of the house of Lowther, richly dressed, and accompanied by soldiers. The aspect of the queen exhibited a singular mixture of alacrity and reluctance to

depart. Her language and gestures spoke hope and consolation to her attendants, and she seemed desirous to persuade even herself that the step she adopted was secure, and that the assurance she had received of kind reception was altogether satisfactory; but her quivering lip and unsettled eye betrayed at once her anguish at departing from Scotland and her fears of confiding herself to the doubtful faith of England.

"Welcome, my lord abbot," she said, speaking to Ambrosius, "and you, Roland Avenel, we have joyful news for you: our loving sister's officer proffers us, in her name, a safe asylum from the rebels who have driven us from our own; only it grieves me we must here part from you for a short space."

"Part from us, madam!" said the abbot. "Is your welcome in England, then, to commence with the abridgment of your train and dismissal of your counsellors?"

"Take it not thus, good father," said Mary; "the warden and the sheriff, faithful servants of our royal sister, deem it necessary to obey her instructions in the present case, even to the letter, and can only take upon them to admit me with my female attendants. An express will instantly be despatched from London, assigning me a place of residence; and I will speedily send to all of you whenever my court shall be formed."

"Your court formed in England! and while Elizabeth lives and reigns?" said the abbot; "that will be when we shall see two suns in one heaven."

"Do not think so," replied the queen; "we are well assured of our sister's good faith. Elizabeth loves fame; and not all that she has won by her power and her wisdom will equal that which she will acquire by extending

her hospitality to a distressed sister; not all that she may hereafter do of good, wise, and great, would blot out the reproach of abusing, our confidence. Farewell, my page, — now, my knight, — farewell for a brief season. I will dry the tears of Catherine, or I will weep with her till neither of us can weep longer." She held out her hand to Roland, who, flinging himself on his knees, kissed it with much emotion. He was about to render the same homage to Catherine, when the queen, assuming an air of sprightliness, said, "Her lips, thou foolish boy! and, Catherine, coy it not; these English gentlemen should see that, even in our cold clime, beauty knows how to reward bravery and fidelity!"

"We are not now to learn the force of Scottish beauty, or the mettle of Scottish valour," said the sheriff of Cumberland courteously. "I would it were in my power to bid these attendants upon her who is herself the mistress of Scottish beauty as welcome to England as my poor cares would make them. But our queen's orders are positive in case of such an emergency, and they must not be disputed by her subjects. May I remind Your Majesty that the tide ebbs fast?"

The sheriff took the queen's hand, and she had already placed her foot on the gangway by which she was to enter the skiff, when the abbot, starting from a trance of grief and astonishment at the words of the sheriff, rushed into the water, and seized upon her mantle.

"She foresaw it! — she foresaw it!" he exclaimed — "she foresaw your flight into her realm; and, foreseeing it, gave orders you should be thus received. Blinded, deceived, doomed princess! your fate is sealed when you quit this strand. Queen of Scotland, thou shalt not leave

thine heritage!" he continued, holding a still firmer grasp upon her mantle; "true men shall turn rebels to thy will, that they may save thee from captivity or death. Fear not the bills and bows whom that gay man has at his beck; we will withstand him by force. O, for the arm of my war-like brother! Roland Avenel, draw thy sword!"

The queen stood irresolute and frightened — one foot upon the plank, the other on the sand of her native shore, which she was quitting for ever.

"What needs this violence, sir priest?" said the sheriff of Cumberland. "I came hither at your queen's command, to do her service; and I will depart at her least order, if she rejects such aid as I can offer. No marvel is it if our queen's wisdom foresaw that such chance as this might happen amidst the turmoils of your unsettled state; and, while willing to afford fair hospitality to her royal sister, deemed it wise to prohibit the entrance of a broken army of her followers into the English frontier."

"You hear," said Queen Mary, gently unloosing her robe from the abbot's grasp, "that we exercise full liberty of choice in leaving this shore; and, questionless, the choice will remain free to us in going to France, or returning to our own dominions, as we shall determine. Besides, it is too late. Your blessing, father, and God speed thee!"

"May He have mercy on thee, princess, and speed thee also!" said the abbot, retreating. "But my soul tells me I look on thee for the last time."

The sails were hoisted, the oars were plied, the vessel went freshly on her way through the firth which divides the shores of Cumberland from those of Galloway; but

not till the vessel diminished to the size of a child's frigate did the doubtful and dejected and dismissed followers of the queen cease to linger on the sands; and long, long could they discern the kerchief of Mary, as she waved the oft-repeated signal of adieu to her faithful adherents and to the shores of Scotland.

THE FATE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

[1587]

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

QUEEN ELIZABETH had two courses in her power, which might be more or less generous, but were alike just and lawful. She might have received Queen Mary honourably, and afforded her the succour she petitioned for; or, if she did not think that expedient, she might have allowed her to remain in her dominions, at liberty to depart from them freely, as she had entered them voluntarily.

But Elizabeth, great as she was upon other occasions of her reign, acted on the present from mean and envious motives. She considered the Scottish Queen, not as a sister and friend in distress, but as an enemy, over whom circumstances had given her power, and determined upon reducing her to the condition of a captive.

Mary was no subject of hers, nor, according to the laws of nations, had the English Queen any right to act as umpire in the quarrel between the Scottish sovereign and her subjects. But she extorted in the following manner a sort of acquiescence in her right to decide, from the Scottish Queen.

The messengers of Queen Elizabeth informed Mary that their mistress regretted extremely that she could not at once admit her to her presence, nor give her the affectionate reception which she longed to afford her, until her visitor stood clear, in the eyes of the world,

of the scandalous accusations of her Scottish subjects. Mary at once undertook to make her innocence evident to Elizabeth's satisfaction; and this the Queen of England pretended to consider as a call upon herself to act as umpire in the quarrel betwixt Mary and the party by which she had been deposed and exiled. It was in vain that Mary remonstrated, that, in agreeing to remove Elizabeth's scruples, she acted merely out of respect to her opinion, and a desire to conciliate her favour, but not with the purpose of constituting the English Queen her judge in a formal trial. Elizabeth was determined to keep the advantage which she had attained, and to act as if Mary had, of her full free will, rendered her rival the sole arbiter of her fate.

The Queen of England accordingly appointed commissioners to hear the parties, and consider the evidence which was to be laid before them by both sides. The Commission met at York in October, 1568.

At the end of five months' investigation, the Queen of England informed both parties that she had, on the one hand, seen nothing which induced her to doubt the worth and honour of the Earl of Murray, while, on the other hand, he had, in her opinion, proved nothing of the criminal charges which he had brought against his sovereign. She was, therefore, she said, determined to leave the affairs of Scotland as she had found them.

To have treated both parties impartially, as her sentence seemed intended to imply her desire to do, the queen ought to have restored Mary to liberty. But while Murray was sent down with the loan of a large sum of money, Mary was retained in that captivity which was only to end with her life.

Elizabeth continued to treat Mary as guilty, though she declined to pronounce her so; and to use her as her subject, though she was an independent sovereign who had chosen England for a retreat, in the hope of experiencing that hospitable protection which would have been given to the meanest Scottish subject, who, flying from the laws of his own country, sought refuge in the sister kingdom.

Always demanding her liberty, and always having her demand evaded or refused, Mary was transported from castle to castle, and placed under the charge of various keepers, who incurred Elizabeth's most severe resentment when they manifested any of that attention to soften the rigours of the poor queen's captivity, which mere courtesy and compassion for fallen greatness sometimes prompted.

During this severe captivity on the one part, and the greatest anxiety, doubt, and jealousy, on the other, the two queens still kept up a sort of correspondence. In the commencement of this intercourse, Mary endeavoured by the force of argument, by the seductions of flattery, and by appeals to the feelings of humanity, to soften towards her the heart of Elizabeth. She tried also to bribe her rival into a more humane conduct towards her, by offering to surrender her crown and reside abroad, if she could but be restored to her personal freedom. But Elizabeth had injured the Queen of Scotland too deeply to venture the consequences of her resentment, and thought herself, perhaps, compelled to continue the course she had commenced, from the fear that, once at liberty, Mary might have pursued measures of revenge, and that she herself would find it impossible to devise

any mode of binding the Scottish Queen to perform, when at large, such articles as she might consent to when in bondage. Elizabeth had cause to regard the Queen of Scots with fear, as well as envy and hatred. The Catholic party in England were still very strong, and they considered the claim of Mary to the throne of England, as descended from the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII, to be preferable to that of the existing queen, who was, in their judgment, illegitimate, as being the heir of an illegal marriage betwixt Henry VIII and Anne Bullen, and various plots were entered into among the Papists for dethroning Elizabeth, and transferring the kingdom of England to Mary, a sovereign of their own religion, and in their eyes the lawful successor to the crown.

As fast as one of these conspiracies was discovered, another seemed to form itself, and, coming so closely the one after the other, produced one of the most extraordinary laws that was ever passed in England; declaring, that if any rebellion, or any attempt against Queen Elizabeth's person, should be meditated by, or for, any person pretending a right to the crown, the queen might grant a commission of twenty-five persons, who should have power to examine into, and pass sentence upon, such offences; and, after judgment given, a proclamation was to be issued, depriving the persons in whose behalf the plots or rebellion had been made, of all right to the throne; and it was enacted that they might be prosecuted to the death. The hardship of this enactment consisted in its rendering Mary, against whom it was levelled, responsible for the deeds of others, as well as for her own actions; so that if the Catholics arose in rebellion,

although without warrant from Mary, or even against her inclination, she was nevertheless rendered liable to lose her right of succession to the crown, and, indeed, to forfeit her life. Nothing short of the zeal of the English Government for the Reformed religion, and for the personal safety of Elizabeth, could have induced them to consent to a law so unjust and so oppressive.

This act was passed in 1585, and in the following year a pretext was found for making it the ground of proceedings against Mary. Anthony Babington, a young gentleman of fortune and of talents, but a zealous Catholic, and a fanatical enthusiast for the cause of the Scottish Queen, had associated with himself five resolute friends and adherents, all men of condition, in the desperate enterprise of assassinating Queen Elizabeth, and setting Mary at liberty. But their schemes were secretly betrayed to Walsingham, the celebrated Minister of the Queen of England. They were suffered to proceed as far as was thought safe, then seized, tried, and executed.

It was next resolved upon, that Mary should be brought to trial for her life, under pretence of her having encouraged Babington and his companions in their desperate purpose. She was removed to the castle of Fotheringay, and placed under two keepers, Sir Amias Paulet and Sir Drew Drury, whose well-known hatred of the Catholic religion was supposed to render them inclined to treat their unfortunate captive with the utmost rigour. Her private cabinet was broken open and stripped of its contents, her most sacred papers were seized upon and examined, her principal domestics were removed from her person, her money and her jewels were taken from her. Queen Elizabeth then proceeded

to name commissioners, in terms of the Act of Parliament which I have told you of. They were forty in number, of the most distinguished of her statesmen and nobility, and were directed to proceed to the trial of Mary for her alleged accession to Babington's conspiracy.

On the 14th October, 1586, these commissioners held their court in the great hall of Fotheringay Castle.

The evidence which was brought to convict the Queen of Scotland was such as would not now affect the life of the meanest criminal; yet the commission had the cruelty and meanness to declare Mary guilty of having been accessory to Babington's conspiracy, and of having contrived and endeavoured the death of Queen Elizabeth, contrary to the statute made for security of the queen's life. And the Parliament of England approved of and ratified this iniquitous sentence.

At any other period in the English history, it is probable that a sovereign attempting such an action as Elizabeth meditated, might have been interrupted by the generous and manly sense of justice and humanity peculiar to a free and high-minded people like those of England. But the despotic reign of Henry VIII had too much familiarized the English with the sight of blood of great persons, and even of queens, poured forth by the blow of the executioner, upon the slightest pretexts; and the idea that Elizabeth's life could not be in safety while Mary existed, was, in the deep sentiment of loyalty and affection which they entertained for their queen (and which the general tenor of her reign well deserved), strong enough to render them blind to the gross injustice exercised upon a stranger and a Catholic.

Yet, with all the prejudices of her subjects in her own

favour, Elizabeth would fain have had Mary's death take place in such a way as that she herself should not appear to have any hand in it. Her ministers were employed to write letters to Mary's keepers, insinuating what a good service they would do to Elizabeth and the Protestant religion if Mary could be privately assassinated. But these stern guardians, though strict and severe in their conduct towards the queen, would not listen to such persuasions; and well was it for them that they did not, for Elizabeth would certainly have thrown the whole blame of the deed upon their shoulders, and left them to answer it with their lives and fortunes. She was angry with them, nevertheless, for their refusal, and called Paulet a precise fellow, loud in boasting of his fidelity, but slack in giving proof of it.

As, however, it was necessary, from the scruples of Paulet and Drury, to proceed in all form, Elizabeth signed a warrant for the execution of the sentence pronounced on Queen Mary, and gave it to Davison, her Secretary of State, commanding that it should be sealed with the great seal of England.

Mary received the melancholy intelligence with the utmost firmness. "The soul," she said, "was undeserving of the joys of heaven which would shrink from the blow of an executioner. She had not," she added, "expected that her kinswoman would have consented to her death, but submitted not the less willingly to her fate." She earnestly requested the assistance of a priest; but this favour, which is granted to the worst criminals, and upon which Catholics lay particular weight, was cruelly refused. The queen then wrote her last will, and short and affectionate letters of farewell to her relations in

France. She distributed among her attendants such valuables as had been left her, and desired them to keep them for her sake. This occupied the evening before the day appointed for the fatal execution.

On the 8th February, 1587, the queen, still maintaining the same calm and undisturbed appearance which she had displayed at her pretended trial, was brought down to the great hall of the castle, where a scaffold was erected, on which were placed a block and a chair, the whole being covered with black cloth. The Master of her Household, Sir Andrew Melville, was permitted to take a last leave of the mistress whom he had served long and faithfully. He burst into loud lamentations, bewailing her fate, and deploring his own in being destined to carry such news to Scotland. "Weep not, my good Melville," said the queen, "but rather rejoice; for thou shalt this day see Mary Stuart relieved from all her sorrows." She obtained permission, with some difficulty, that her maids should be allowed to attend her on the scaffold. It was objected to, that the extravagance of their grief might disturb the proceedings; she engaged for them that they would be silent.

When the queen was seated in the fatal chair, she heard the death-warrant read by Beale, the clerk to the Privy Council, with an appearance of indifference; nor did she seem more attentive to the devotional exercises of the Dean of Peterborough, in which, as a Catholic, she could not conscientiously join. She implored the mercy of Heaven, after the form prescribed by her own Church. She then prepared herself for execution, taking off such parts of her dress as might interfere with the deadly blow. The executioners offered their assistance, but she

modestly refused it, saying, she had neither been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such grooms of the chamber. She quietly chid her maids, who were unable to withhold their cries of lamentation, and reminded them that she had engaged for their silence. Last of all, Mary laid her head on the block, which the executioner severed from her body with two strokes of his axe. The headsman held it up in his hand, and the Dean of Peterborough cried out, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies!" No voice, save that of the Earl of Kent, could answer "Amen": the rest were choked with sobs and tears.

Thus died Queen Mary, aged a little above forty-four years. She was eminent for beauty, for talents, and accomplishments, nor is there reason to doubt her natural goodness of heart, and courageous manliness of disposition. Yet she was, in every sense, one of the most unhappy princesses that ever lived, from the moment when she came into the world, in an hour of defeat and danger, to that in which a bloody and violent death closed a weary captivity of eighteen years.

IV
A CENTURY OF UNREST

HISTORICAL NOTE

WHEN the time of civil war between Charles I and the forces of Cromwell had come, the Scots as Presbyterians naturally united with the Parliament rather than the king; but when Charles II was restored to the throne, he set to work to establish episcopacy in Scotland. The Scotch Presbyterians, known as Covenanters, were savagely persecuted; but in 1690, under William and Mary, the Presbyterian Church became the State Church.

Scotland and England were in reality hardly better friends than they had been in the days of Bannockburn or Flodden Field; and laws passed in Scotland made it evident that on the death of Queen Anne, her successor would not be accepted as ruler of Scotland. In retaliation England passed laws that caused great commercial loss to the Scots. The only way to secure for each country what it most wanted was to unite the two under one Parliament. This was done in 1707. Since then, the history of Scotland has been a part of that of Great Britain.

By the terms of this Union, it was agreed that on the death of Queen Anne, she should be succeeded by Sophia, a niece of Charles I. As Sophia died before Anne, Sophia's son George was made king. The Jacobites (supporters of the House of Stuart) had hoped that the line of James II would be restored, and that his son James Edward (the Pretender) would be placed upon the throne. The Jacobites were chiefly in Scotland, as the Stuarts were a Scottish family. In 1715, there was an uprising of the Scotch Jacobites, but they were defeated at the battle of Sheriffmuir and the rebellion was easily suppressed. A second uprising in 1745 at first met with some success, but the rebels were finally dispersed by the defeat of Culloden. This was the last battle fought in Great Britain.

WHY JENNY GEDDES THREW HER STOOL AT THE DEAN

BY "GRACE GREENWOOD" (SARA J. LIPPINCOTT)

ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL, or the High Church, as it is now called, is not a very beautiful building, but it has a venerable look, and has many interesting historical associations. It was here that James VI took leave of his Scottish subjects as he was about to proceed to England, to succeed Elizabeth; and it is recorded that the people actually wept at losing him. But in St. Giles's Cathedral occurred a yet more important event than this royal farewell. Here, on the 13th of October, 1643, was sworn to and subscribed by the Committee of Estates in Parliament, the Commission of the Church, and the English Commission, the "Solemn League and Covenant" between the English Puritans and the Scottish Presbyterians. Another league, called the "National Covenant," had six years before been adopted by the Scottish people alone, as a defense against the encroachments of Prelacy, or Episcopacy.

The Reformation in Scotland was much more thorough and hearty than in England. Some of the reformers were too stern, hard, and uncharitable; but they had a stern, hard work to do, and so much persecution to endure, that it is little wonder they could not keep themselves in a very amiable frame of mind. Most of them were honest and earnest men, who had the good of their country and the glory of God at heart. The forms and

titles of the English Church were not very different from those of the Church of Rome, though the king was declared its head, instead of the Pope. But the Kirk of Scotland was as opposite as possible to the Church of Rome, in its forms and government. The Presbyterian system was simple and strictly republican. The affairs of the kirk were administered by representatives, meeting in assemblies, and elected by votes, and no great head of the Church was acknowledged, except Christ himself. The Scottish people went out in a great body from the Church of Rome, because their consciences condemned its corruptions, and their proud spirits rebelled against its tyranny. The English people were mostly *driven* out, by their hot-headed king, Henry VIII, who had taken a spite against the Pope; and for many years they secretly longed to get back, and clung for dear life to as many of the Romish forms and ceremonies as their pope-kings would allow them. So it could hardly be expected that there would be much sympathy between the English and Scotch Protestants, though there was really very little difference between the doctrines they professed. King James VI, who was never more than half a man, showed no affection or gratitude toward the Protestant clergy, through whose power he had been placed on his poor mother's throne. The stern old Presbyterian preachers were little to his taste. They refused to flatter him, but bolted out their disagreeable truths, and thundered forth their rough reproofs and admonitions to his face. On one occasion, when an uncommonly free-spoken divine was preaching before him, the storm of pious rebuke came so hot and heavy that the king, jumping to his feet, called out

angrily: "Speak sense, mon, or come down fra the pulpit!"

The minister grew very red in the face, but answered, with becoming spirit: "I tell thee, mon, I will neither speak sense nor come down fra the pulpit."

When, in 1603, James was called to the English throne, he determined to unite the religions as well as the governments of the two nations; and disliking Presbyterianism, he resolved that it should be made to yield to Episcopacy, and that Scotland should "conform" to England. His first tyrannical act was to punish by banishment, and in other ways, six clergymen, for holding a general assembly without his leave. He next caused measures to be passed by the Parliament at Perth, restoring the order of bishops, which the kirk had abolished. Then, by threats and bribery, he effected the passage of laws introducing the rites and ceremonies of the English service into the Scottish Church. The day when Parliament ratified these new laws, called the Five Articles of Perth, was long after spoken of as "the Black Saturday." Alas! Scotland had many such black days! The larger part of the clergy and laity refused to accept the new forms of worship, and were cruelly punished for nonconformity.

In 1625, James VI died, and was succeeded by his son, Charles I, who was put to death by Cromwell and his party, in 1649. He had some amiable, manly qualities, — he was a good husband and father, which is more than could be said of many of the Stuart family, — but he was not a good king, and he has been pitied more than he deserved, I think, — chiefly because he was an elegant, accomplished prince, — dignified, melancholy, handsome, and wore his hair in long, glossy curls

over his shoulders. It is very hard to lose one's head, even if it has never been anointed and worn a crown; but Charles put his to no good use, and by his foolish acts seemed bent on getting rid of it. He was rash, obstinate, unreliable, and despotic. One of his most foolish and fatal undertakings was to carry out his father's plan of making the Scots conform to Episcopacy. He ordered his English bishops to prepare a liturgy, or Book of Common Prayer, for the Scottish Church, and sent down his most royal commands that it should be universally adopted by the clergy and people.

Sunday, July 23, 1637, was the day appointed for the introduction of the new service-book into the churches of Edinburgh. A multitude of people, including all the great lords and magistrates of the city, assembled at the High Church of St. Giles. The Dean of Edinburgh was to officiate, and at the time set for the service, he came out of the vestry, dressed in his surplice, and trying to look solemn and priest-like, but evidently feeling not a little nervous and awkward. He passed to the reading-desk, and began reading the service, in a loud but rather unsteady voice, while the people looked on silently, — some curious and wondering as though at a show, but the greater part sullen and indignant. Among those who showed most horror and anger was an old woman by the name of Jenny Geddes. She was not learned, nor great, — she was only the keeper of a greengrocer's stall in High Street, — but she was a dame of spirit, and a stanch Presbyterian, who hated Episcopacy next to Romanism, and Romanism next to the Evil One himself. This morning she sat on a little stool, near the desk, — but sat very uneasily from the first, — boiling over

with indignation. When the dean came out in his robes, she tossed her nose in the air with disgust, and muttered something about "Popish rags." Then she drummed impatiently with her foot, fidgeted, and frowned, and took snuff, and glowered at him with her twinkling black eyes. At length, when he came to announce the collect for the day, it seemed she could control herself no longer, but springing to her feet, she caught up her stool and flung it at the poor dean's head, calling out at the top of her shrill voice: "Deil colick the wame o' thee, thou fause thief! dost thou say the mass at my lug?" which, translated into plain English, means, I am sorry to say, something very like this: "The Evil One give thee the colic, thou false thief! dost thou dare to say the mass in my ears?" A very kind and impolite wish, certainly; but those were rude times, and Dame Janet was very much excited. The throwing of her stool was the signal for a general uproar. All the women of the congregation rushed toward the desk, threatening to tear the surplice from the dean's shoulders; but he very prudently slipped it off, and while they were ripping and rending it to pieces, made his escape, and ran like a frightened hare till he reached his covert, the deanery. Then the Bishop of Edinburgh mounted the pulpit to call the people to order; but he soon dismounted, for he was not only saluted by cries of "A Pope! a Pope!" and other hard names, but by a regular storm of stools, and even stones! for the men, grown as courageous and excited as the women, were all up in arms, and chose rather to fight than to pray in the new way.

This riot was the beginning of a stout and universal resistance to the introduction of the service-book. The

king was as obstinate as his subjects, and sent commands to the magistrates to punish the rioters severely, and enforce the reading of the Liturgy. Then the people banded together, and drew up and signed the great "National Covenant," by which they bound themselves to oppose Episcopacy and defend Presbyterianism with their lives. Hundreds of thousands eagerly signed this covenant, though they knew it might expose them to persecution, and even to martyrdom. Some signed it with one hand raised to heaven and tears streaming down their cheeks, — and some drew blood from their arms and dipped their pens in it, to make their oaths more solemn. Such a people as this were a match for any tyrant, as King Charles found to his cost. After declaring war against his rebellious Scottish subjects, and fighting several battles with the Covenanters, he was obliged to abandon his purpose, and make to them some important concessions. It was to a Scottish army that he finally surrendered himself, and, I regret to say, it was a Scottish army that sold him to the English Parliament.

When Charles I was put to death, the Parliament of Scotland resolved to support his son, Charles II, provided he would sign the Covenant. This he did, though he hated Presbyterianism even more than his father and grandfather had done. He said it was "not the religion for a gentleman," — a singular objection for a prince to make, who, it seemed, did not think any folly or vice ungentlemanly.

Charles signed the Covenant for nothing; his Scottish army was not strong enough to contend with the English forces, and he was obliged to retire to the Continent,

and there remain till after the death of the great Protector, Cromwell. That old lion out of the way, he came back to England, and ascended the throne; and the people rejoiced as though this had been a happy event, and not, what it proved, a heavy misfortune.

GATHERING SONG OF DONALD THE BLACK

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

[THE division of the northern part of Scotland into valleys led to the formation of the inhabitants into small, isolated groups that had little to do with one another. Some man of wealth or of unusual ability became chief of each group, and the group received the name of "klaan" (clan) or "children." The marriages of each clan generally occurred within itself. Moreover, it was believed that both chief and followers were descended from some common ancestor. Thus the feeling of devotion to a leader was strengthened by the ties of relationship, and the clan followed its chief's banner as if it had been that of a father. The "plaid" was a piece of cloth two yards by four. Each clan had a plaid of a special arrangement of colors. This plaid was wrapped about the body in graceful folds, girded in at the waist, and fastened with a silver clasp upon the breast. The clan were sometimes called to warfare by the pibroch of the chief, a wild, irregular strain performed upon the bagpipe; sometimes by a messenger who bore the fiery cross, a cross of wood whose extremities were set on fire.

The Editor.]

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war-array,
Gentles and commons.

GATHERING SONG OF DONALD THE BLACK

Come from deep glen, and
  From mountains so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
  Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
  True heart that wears one.
Come every steel blade, and
  Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
  The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
  The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
  Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
  Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
  Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
  Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
  Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
  Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
  See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume
  Blended with heather.

SCOTLAND

Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
  Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
  Knell for the onset!

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE

[1650]

BY WILLIAM E. AYTOUN

[MONTROSE was a Scottish statesman who served first in the Presbyterian army and later in that of King Charles. In behalf of the king, he made a descent upon Scotland, was taken prisoner by the Presbyterians, and executed.

The Editor.]

HE is coming, he is coming!
  Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison
  To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
  There was luster in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
  More proudly than to die:
There was color in his visage,
  Though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marveled as they saw him pass,
  That great and goodly man!

He mounted up the scaffold,
  And he turned him to the crowd;
But they dared not trust the people,
  So he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens,
  And they were clear and blue,

And in the liquid ether
The eye of God shone through:
Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within —
All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign,
But alone he bent the knee;
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
Beneath the gallows-tree.
Then radiant and serene he rose,
And cast his cloak away;
For he had ta'en his latest look
Of earth, and sun, and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder
As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
And a stunning thunder roll,
And no man dared to look aloft,
For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
A hush and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky —
The work of death was done!

THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE

[1689]

BY WILLIAM E. AYTOUN

[DUNDEE, or Claverhouse, was a Scottish soldier noted for his cruel enforcement of the laws enacted against the Scottish Covenanters. In 1689, he stirred up some of the clans to fight against William III of England. They routed the English at Killiecrankie, but Dundee fell in the fight.

The Editor.]

ON the heights of Killiecrankie
  Yester-morn our army lay:
Slowly rose the mist in columns
  From the river's broken way;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
  And the pass was wrapped in gloom.
When the clansmen rose together
  From their lair amidst the broom.
Then we belted on our tartans,
  And our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadswords' edges,
  And we proved them to be true;
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
  And we cried the gathering cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
  And we swore to do or die!
Then our leader rode before us
  On his war-horse black as night —

Well the Cameronian rebels
  Knew that charger in the fight! —
And a cry of exultation
  From the bearded warriors rose;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
  And we thought of good Montrose.
And he raised his hand for silence —
"Soldiers I have sworn a vow:
Ere the evening-star shall glisten
  On Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
  Or another of the Graemes
Shall have died in battle-harness
  For his Country and King James!
Think upon the Royal Martyr —
  Think of what his race endure —
Think on him whom butchers murder'd
  On the field of Magus Muir: —
By his sacred blood I charge ye,
  By the ruin'd hearth and shrine —
By the blighted hopes of Scotland,
  By your injuries and mine —
Strike this day as if the anvil
  Lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they Covenanting traitors,
  Or the brood of false Argyle!
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
  Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
Let them tell their pale Convention
  How they fared within the North.
Let them tell that Highland honor
  Is not to be bought nor sold,

That we scorn their prince's anger,
  As we loathe his foreign gold.
Strike! and when the fight is over,
  If ye look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest,
  Search for him that was Dundee!"

. . . . . .

And the evening-star was shining
  On Schehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
  And returned to count the dead.
There we found him gashed and gory,
  Stretch'd upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him,
  In the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage,
  For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
  And the clansmen's clamorous cheer:
So, amidst the battle's thunder,
  Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
  Passed the spirit of the Graeme!
Open wide the vaults of Athol,
  Where the bones of heroes rest —
Open wide the hallowed portals
  To receive another guest!
Last of Scots, and last of freemen —
  Last of all that dauntless race
Who would rather die unsullied
  Than outlive the land's disgrace!

SCOTLAND

O thou lion-hearted warrior!
  Reck not of the after-time:
Honor may be deemed dishonor,
  Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
  Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never failed their country,
  Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep! — and till the latest trumpet
  Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
  Chieftain than our own Dundee!

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE

[1692]

BY P. HUME BROWN

THOUGH the Highlanders had been defeated at Dunkeld by the Cameronians, they were still in a very restless state, and it was feared that another rebellion might break out. It was in the West Highlands, and especially in Argyleshire, where it seemed most likely that the rebellion would take place. The reason of this was that almost all the clans in that part of the country hated the Earl of Argyle, and, as he was a supporter of William, this made the chiefs, who were his enemies, take the side of James. What the Government feared was that a French force would land in the Highlands, and then many of the clans would be certain to join it, and there would be another civil war. General Mackay, therefore, was sent to the West Highlands, with a body of soldiers, and, to overawe the chiefs, he built a fort at Inverlochy, which he called Fort William, after the name of the king.

But the Government was anxious to make sure that the chiefs would not again rise as they had done under Dundee. The first plan that was tried was one which had often been tried before. A sum of money, amounting to £12,000, was distributed among the chiefs, to bribe them to be loyal to William. This did very little good, however. Some of the chiefs refused to take the bribe, and others accepted it, but became no more loyal than before.

Then, in the year 1691, the Government took a step which was to lead to a frightful crime. It proclaimed that, if the chiefs did not take the oath of allegiance to William by the 1st of January, 1692, they would be treated as outlaws, and their lands would become the property of the king. By the appointed day all the chiefs had taken the oath except one — Alexander Macdonald, chief of the clan of Macdonald, that inhabited the valley of Glencoe, in the north of Argyleshire. He meant to take the oath, but he foolishly put it off till it was too late. On the appointed day he went to Fort William, but the officer there told him that he could not receive his oath, and that the nearest place where it could be taken was Inveraray. Inveraray was at the other end of Argyleshire; the roads were deep in snow; and Macdonald was an old man and unable to travel swiftly. When he arrived at Inveraray, it was five days after the appointed time. However, he did take the oath, and that should have saved him and his clan.

Now, the person who had most power in Scotland at this time was Sir John Dalrymple, the Secretary of State, and he was determined to teach the Highland chiefs such a lesson as would keep them quiet ever afterwards. He got William, therefore, to sign what were called "Letters of Fire and Sword" against the clan Macdonald, without telling him that the chief had taken the oath. These letters of "fire and sword" had been quite common in Scotland, and what they meant was that the persons against whom they were directed should be treated as rebels, and hunted down till they were either slain or taken prisoners.

One day, not a month after Macdonald had taken the

oath, a troop of one hundred and twenty soldiers appeared in the valley of Glencoe. Most of them were Highlanders, and they were commanded by two men, Major Duncanson and Captain Glenlyon, both of whom belonged to the clan of the Campbells, who were the deadly enemies of the Macdonalds. The soldiers were hospitably received by the Macdonalds, and for about a fortnight the strangers and their hosts lived in the friendliest way together. At last, when their plans were ready, the officers gave the orders which they had received from Dalrymple. One morning about five o'clock, the old chief was shot as he was getting out of bed, and his wife immediately met the same fate. The plan had been that every Macdonald should be massacred, but, as it was a dark winter morning, many escaped among the neighboring hills. Thirty-eight, however, were slain, and among them were two children, two women, and an old man of eighty. This was the "Massacre of Glencoe," one of the most frightful crimes in the history of Scotland. Instead of helping William, as Dalrymple had intended, it made his enemies still more bitter against him, though, of course, William had never thought that the letters of fire and sword would be carried out in such a cruel and treacherous way.

A RESCUE AT THE BATTLE OF PRESTONPANS

[1745]

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

[IN 1745, Charles Edward, "the Young Pretender," entered Scotland hoping to win the support of the Highland clans. In this he succeeded to some extent, and defeated a small English force at Prestonpans. The rescue of an English officer in the manner described really occurred in this engagement. The story was told to Scott when he was a boy of fifteen.

The Editor.]

WHEN Fergus Mac-Ivor and his friend had slept for a few hours, they were awakened, and summoned to attend the prince. The distant village clock was heard to toll three as they hastened to the place where he lay. He was already surrounded by his principal officers and the chiefs of clans. A bundle of pease-straw, which had been lately his couch, now served for his seat. Just as Fergus reached the circle, the consultation had broken up. "Courage, my brave friends!" said the Chevalier, "and each one put himself instantly at the head of his command; a faithful friend has offered to guide us by a practicable, though narrow and circuitous route, which, sweeping to our right, traverses the broken ground and morass, and enables us to gain the firm and open plain, upon which the enemy are lying. This difficulty sur-

mounted, Heaven and your good swords must do the rest."

The proposal spread unanimous joy, and each leader hastened to get his men into order with as little noise as possible. The army, moving by its right from off the ground on which they had rested, soon entered the path through the morass, conducting their march with astonishing silence and great rapidity. The mist had not risen to the higher grounds, so that for some time they had the advantage of starlight. But this was lost as the stars faded before approaching day, and the head of the marching column, continuing its descent, plunged as it were into the heavy ocean of fog, which rolled its white waves over the whole plain, and over the sea by which it was bounded. Some difficulties were now to be encountered, inseparable from darkness, — a narrow, broken, and marshy path, and the necessity of preserving union in the march. These, however, were less inconvenient to Highlanders, from their habits of life, than they would have been to any other troops, and they continued a steady and swift movement.

As the clan of Ivor approached the firm ground, following the track of those who preceded them, the challenge of a patrol was heard through the mist, though they could not see the dragoon by whom it was made — "Who goes there?"

"Hush!" cried Fergus, "hush! — Let none answer, as he values his life. — Press forward!" And they continued their march with silence and rapidity.

The patrol fired his carabine upon the body, and the report was instantly followed by the clang of his horse's feet as he galloped off. "*Hylax in limine latrat,*" said

the Baron of Bradwardine, who heard the shot; "that loon will give the alarm."

The clan of Fergus had now gained the firm plain, which had lately borne a large crop of corn. But the harvest was gathered in, and the expanse was unbroken by tree, bush, or interruption of any kind. The rest of the army were following fast, when they heard the drums of the enemy beat the *general*. Surprise, however, had made no part of their plan, so they were not disconcerted by this intimation that the foe was upon his guard and prepared to receive them. It only hastened their dispositions for the combat, which were very simple.

The Highland army, which now occupied the eastern end of the wide plain, or stubble-field, so often referred to, was drawn up in two lines, extending from the morass towards the sea. The first was destined to charge the enemy, the second to act as a reserve. The few horse, whom the prince headed in person, remained between the two lines. The Adventurer had intimated a resolution to charge in person at the head of his first line; but his purpose was deprecated by all around him, and he was with difficulty induced to abandon it.

Both lines were now moving forward, the first prepared for instant combat. The clans of which it was composed, formed each a sort of separate phalanx, narrow in front, and in depth ten, twelve, or fifteen files, according to the strength of the following. The best-armed and best-born, for the words were synonymous, were placed in front of each of these irregular subdivisions. The others in the rear shouldered forward the front, and by their pressure added both physical im-

pulse, and additional ardour and confidence, to those who were first to encounter the danger.

"Down with your plaid, Waverley," cried Fergus, throwing off his own; "we'll win silks for our tartans before the sun is above the sea."

The clansmen on every side stript their plaids, prepared their arms, and there was an awful pause of about three minutes, during which the men, pulling off their bonnets, raised their faces to heaven, and uttered a short prayer; then pulled their bonnets over their brows, and began to move forward at first slowly. Waverley felt his heart at that moment throb as it would have burst from his bosom. It was not fear, it was not ardour, —it was a compound of both, a new and deeply energetic impulse, that with its first emotion chilled and astounded, then fevered and maddened his mind. The sounds around him combined to exalt his enthusiasm; the pipes played, and the clans rushed forward, each in its own dark column. As they advanced they mended their pace, and the muttering sounds of the men to each other began to swell into a wild cry.

At this moment the sun, which was now risen above the horizon, dispelled the mist. The vapours rose like a curtain, and showed the two armies in the act of closing. The line of the regulars was formed directly fronting the attack of the Highlanders; it glittered with the appointments of a complete army, and was flanked by cavalry and artillery. But the sight impressed no terror on the assailants.

"Forward, sons of Ivor," cried their chief, "or the Camerons will draw the first blood!" — They rushed on with a tremendous yell.

The rest is well known. The horse, who were commanded to charge the advancing Highlanders in the flank, received an irregular fire from their fusees as they ran on, and, seized with a disgraceful panic, wavered, halted, disbanded, and galloped from the field. The artillerymen, deserted by the cavalry, fled after discharging their pieces, and the Highlanders, who dropped their guns when fired, and drew their broadswords, rushed with headlong fury against the infantry.

It was at this moment of confusion and terror, that Waverley remarked an English officer, apparently of high rank, standing alone and unsupported by a field-piece, which, after the flight of the men by whom it was wrought, he had himself levelled and discharged against the clan of Mac-Ivor, the nearest group of Highlanders within his aim. Struck with his tall, martial figure, and eager to save him from inevitable destruction, Waverley outstripped for an instant even the speediest of the warriors, and, reaching the spot first, called to him to surrender. The officer replied by a thrust with his sword, which Waverley received in his target, and in turning it aside the Englishman's weapon broke. At the same time the battle-axe of Dugald Mahony was in the act of descending upon the officer's head. Waverley intercepted and prevented the blow, and the officer, perceiving further resistance unavailing, and struck with Edward's generous anxiety for his safety, resigned the fragment of his sword, and was committed by Waverley to Dugald, with strict charge to use him well, and not to pillage his person, promising him, at the same time, full indemnification for the spoil.

On Edward's right, the battle for a few minutes raged

fierce and thick. The English infantry, trained in the wars in Flanders, stood their ground with great courage. But their extended files were pierced and broken in many places by the close masses of the clans; and in the personal struggle which ensued, the nature of the Highlanders' weapons, and their extraordinary fierceness and activity, gave them a decided superiority over those who had been accustomed to trust much to their array and discipline, and felt that the one was broken and the other useless. Waverley, as he cast his eyes towards the scene of smoke and slaughter, observed Colonel Gardiner, deserted by his own soldiers in spite of all his attempts to rally them, yet spurring his horse through the field to take the command of a small body of infantry, who, with their backs arranged against the wall of his own park, (for his house was close by the field of battle,) continued a desperate and unavailing resistance. Waverley could perceive that he had already received many wounds, his clothes and saddle being marked with blood. To save this good and brave man, became the instant object of his most anxious exertions. But he could only witness his fall. Ere Edward could make his way among the Highlanders, who, furious and eager for spoil, now thronged upon each other, he saw his former commander brought from his horse by the blow of a scythe, and beheld him receive, while on the ground, more wounds than would have let out twenty lives. When Waverley came up, however, perception had not entirely fled. The dying warrior seemed to recognise Edward, for he fixed his eye upon him with an upbraiding, yet sorrowful look, and appeared to struggle for utterance. But he felt that death was dealing closely with him, and resigning his

purpose, and folding his hands as if in devotion, he gave up his soul to his Creator. The look with which he regarded Waverley in his dying moments did not strike him so deeply at that crisis of hurry and confusion, as when it recurred to his imagination at the distance of some time.

Loud shouts of triumph now echoed over the whole field. The battle was fought and won, and the whole baggage, artillery, and military stores of the regular army remained in possession of the victors. Never was a victory more complete. Scarce any escaped from the battle, excepting the cavalry, who had left it at the very onset, and even these were broken into different parties, and scattered all over the country.



THE ORDER OF RELEASE

BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

(*English painter*, 1829–1896)

In 1745, Charles Edward Stuart, the Young Pretender, grandson of James II, the deposed king of England, landed in the Highlands of Scotland. The clans rallied about him and at Prestonpans he met and defeated a small English army. After besieging Edinburgh in vain, he set out at the head of a motley force of six thousand men on an invasion of England. When within two days' march of London the coldness of his reception and the desertion of his soldiers forced him to turn back, and soon after his army was destroyed at the battle of Culloden. A price of thirty thousand pounds was placed by the English Government on the head of the Young Pretender, but after hiding for five months among the Scottish islands he managed to escape to France.

The picture shows a Highlander, who has been wounded and imprisoned in this rebellion, delivered by an order of release brought by his wife. Carrying her baby on her left arm, she presents the order to the jailer, who with keys in his hand narrowly scans the paper. The prisoner's collie dog jumps up and fawns on him, as, overcome with emotion at his unexpected release, he lets his head fall on his wife's shoulder.

HOW FLORA MACDONALD SAVED PRINCE CHARLIE

[1745]

BY CHARLES SANFORD TERRY

THE moment was instinct with the need of action prompt and decisive. O'Neil bluntly formulated his plan, that Flora should somehow convey the prince to her mother's home in Skye. The scheme was hazardous, but Flora thought rather of the suspicion which would fall upon her chief, Sir Alexander Macdonald, then attending Cumberland. O'Neil persisted, and dwelt upon "the honor and immortality that would redound to her." Charles also assured her of his undying gratitude, and at length the brave girl consented. They parted in the early morning, she to Nunton (Clanranald's home) to make preparations, Charles and O'Neil to their old haunt in Coradale.

In what imminent danger her prince stood was apparent to Flora from an incident on her way to Nunton. She and her attendant, Neil Maceachain, had not proceeded far when they were challenged by a party of militia, and, having no passport, were detained in custody. By good fortune, her stepfather was captain of the company, and when he arrived next day (June 22) she told him the dangerous scheme to which she had committed herself. Details of it had no doubt been discussed already near Milton: Charles was to go under the disguise of "Betty Burke" — in one of his narratives O'Neil

seems to suggest that it was Charles's own idea — and Betty, "a good spinster," was to accompany Flora to Armadale, where Mrs. Macdonald had "much lint to spin." The scheme was a bold one, but plausible. Passports, however, were needed, and Flora begged her stepfather to grant them. He complied readily, for at heart he was a Jacobite, and set her at liberty. So with passports for herself, Betty Burke, and Neil Maceachain, and a letter from Captain Macdonald to his wife recommending the virtues of that paragon among spinsters, Betty Burke, Flora continued her journey to Nunton.

Meanwhile, Charles and O'Neil had reached the shelter of Coradale. On the 22d they received a message from Flora that all was well. Neil no doubt was the bearer, and he would report the good news of the passports. But the hours passed, and no signal came from Flora. Charles became irritable and anxious, as Neil has left on record. O'Neil even declares that he had made up his mind to surrender. That his buoyant nature should have bowed before a position seemingly hopeless may be forgiven him. Action was the blood of him, suspense a weariness. For a moment the scheme agreed upon was in danger of breaking down entirely. An alternative — that Hugh Macdonald of Balshair should pilot the prince northward — was proposed from Nunton and abandoned. Betty Burke perforce donned her petticoats. On the 23d Neil managed to transport Charles and O'Neil to Wiay. Next day found them on Benbecula scouting cautiously towards Rossinish, the rendezvous. They reached it at midnight. Three more days of heart-eating anxiety passed slowly. At length all was ready, and on the 27th, Flora, Lady Clanranald, and a Mrs.

Macdonald, escorted by O'Neil, proceeded to Rossinish. They found Charles, the prey of myriad midges, in a tiny hut cooking his dinner, "the heart, liver, kidneys, etc., of a bullock or sheep," upon a wooden spit. The fare was not regal, but with Flora on his right hand and Lady Clanranald on his left, "all dined very heartily." Dinner ended, there was some "jocose drollery," regarding Betty Burke and her clothing. Lady Clanranald begged Charles to try on his unaccustomed gear, and "with some tears for the occasion," dressed him in his new habit, a coarse calico gown, quilted petticoat of light color, a dun-colored woolen cloak, with a hood made (Irish fashion) to cover the "lang, odd hussie's" boyish face and bristly chin. A note of warning broke up the feast. Captain John Fergusson and an advanced section of Campbell's men were already at Nunton. The party scattered, Lady Clanranald to Nunton to explain her absence, the rest to Loch Uskavagh. Fresh alarms disturbed them there. "Very wet and wearied," they had made a fire upon a rock to warm them until nightfall. But the blaze was observed, and soon four armed wherries were making for the shore. Extinguishing the fire, Charles and his party made for the heather, and lay concealed there until the evening. By eight o'clock (June 28) the coast was clear, and the moment of departure at hand. O'Neil begged to be allowed to accompany his master. Flora refused. She had no pass for him, and objected that he knew no Gaelic, and had a "foreign air" likely to compromise them. Sadly he saw them depart, for Flora, one gathers, took some of his heart with her. He was made prisoner soon after, and so remained until February, 1747.

It was a clear summer evening when Charles set sail from Loch Uskavagh "over the sea to Skye." But the fair promise was not fulfilled. About a league from shore the sea became rough and the wind blew half a gale. With Benbecula and its dangers behind him, Charles "seemed to be in good spirits," and watched over the sleeping Flora while he sang songs to hearten his crew. With the morning the sea grew calm, and the Point of Vaternish rose before them. Their ubiquitous enemy was awaiting them. Three boats lay moored near the shore. A shot whistled over them, a summons to bring to. Bending to their oars, the boatmen drove their boat into a friendly creek. There they rested and breakfasted, and, no pursuer being in sight, brought their charge in safety to Kilbride.

The first stage of the adventure was over, but other help was needed for its accomplishment. Not far northward of Kilbride lay Monkstat, or Mugstot, Lady Margaret Macdonald's home. Thither Flora went with Neil, leaving Charles upon the shore. Her arrival was sadly ill-timed. The militia were not far distant, and their commander, Lieutenant Macleod, was in the house. Leaving Flora to hold him in conversation, Lady Margaret left the room. Her husband was with Cumberland, somewhat under suspicion already, and Cumberland's elusive quarry was on the threshold of her house. The situation was unnerving. By good fortune her husband's factor, Macdonald of Kingsburgh, happened to be with her. Captain Donald Roy Macdonald also came at a hasty summons. Walking to and fro in the garden, under the eye of the unsuspecting lieutenant, they concocted their plan. Charles must be smuggled to

Raasa. Kingsburgh undertook to see him to Portree, and Donald Roy went off to find young Macleod of Raasa and to procure a boat. That arranged, Lady Margaret returned to her visitors. The comedy was not yet played out. She pressed Flora to stay with her, she had so often promised herself, and so forth. Flora, ignorant of the garden plot, declined; the "troublesome times" called her to her mother at Armadale, and she must travel thither without delay. So after dinner she went, and with her Neil, Mrs. John Macdonald of Kirkibost, and her maid, an embarrassing addition to the party.

Meanwhile Charles had been told of the new plan for his safety. Kingsburgh had sent a message by Neil, bidding him conduct the prince to a hill on the road at the back of Monkstat. Kingsburgh joined him there later and brought refreshment, a little wine and a few biscuits. An hour before sunset they started, taking the road towards Kingsburgh's house. Flora and her companions came up soon after. Stalking along the road Betty Burke presented a strange figure. Mrs. Macdonald's maid observed her with some contempt. Never had she seen, she declared, such an "impudent-looked woman"! And how awkwardly she managed her skirts! Flora was in an agony of fear, and hastily drew her companion and her inquisitive maid to the front. Soon they left her, and trudging on through the rain and darkness midnight brought the fugitive to the shelter of Kingsburgh's home.

Mrs. Macdonald was already in her *robe de nuit*, when a message from Kingsburgh told her that "Milton's daughter" was her guest. "Give my service to

her," she answered from her room, "and tell her to make free with anything in the house; for I am very sleepy, and cannot see her this night." Soon her daughter, wide-eyed and wondering, burst in upon her. "Mother," she panted, "father has brought in a very odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife as ever I saw! I never saw the like of her, and he has gone into the hall with her." On the heels of his daughter came Kingsburgh himself, clamoring for supper. "Pray, goodman," said his wife, "what company is this you have brought with you?" "That you shall know in good time," answered Kingsburgh, "only make haste and get some supper." Mrs. Macdonald, suspicious but compliant, sent her daughter to the hall for her keys. But "the muckle woman" was striding up and down the hall in a manner terrifying to behold. The girl saw her and fled. Presently Mrs. Macdonald appeared. As she told Bishop Forbes in afterdays, "I saw such an odd muckle trollup of a carlin making lang wide steps through the hall, that I could not like her appearance at all." "What a lang, odd hussie is this?" she whispered to Kingsburgh aside. He would not satisfy her curiosity, and demanded supper. Charles, in fact, betrayed himself. As she returned to the hall from her larder he came forward and saluted his hostess with a bristly kiss. At once she divined half the mystery; "the lang hussie" was a man in disguise. "My dear," said Kingsburgh, "it is the prince." Fear for her goodman and their home, and anxiety over the meagerness of her larder, tore her equally. But she refused to sit down with royalty. "I know not how to behave before majesty," she objected. Again Kingsburgh reassured her, and at length, the comic prelude over, all

fell-to to supper. No need had Mrs. Macdonald to apologize for her fare. Betty Burke ate heartily. Roasted eggs, collops, bread and butter, and a comprehensive "etc.," lingered in Mrs. Macdonald's memory as the successive courses of that memorable repast. As to drink, "the deel a drap did he want in's weam of twa bottles of sma' beer," she recalled. "God do him good o't," she added piously, "for well I wat he had my blessing to gae down wi 't." After supper Charles called for brandy, and pledged his host and hostess. Then he asked for tobacco, taking a broken pipe from his pouch. Kingsburgh found a clean pipe and tobacco to fill it. The hour was towards daylight when they went to bed . . . .

Meanwhile at Portree, Roy Macdonald had been making arrangements for the voyage to Raasa. The day was far advanced when Charles and his party marched thither. He left Kingsburgh's house in his female gear, but with the resolution to abandon it at the first opportunity. The disguise, in fact, rather drew attention to its wearer than screened him from it; for, as Kingsburgh remarked, Charles's feminine airs were "all so manlike." In a wood, not far from Kingsburgh, Betty Burke shed her "bucklings." At Portree, Roy Macdonald, Young Raasa, and Captain Malcolm Macleod were waiting for the prince at the inn. He was wet to the skin when he arrived, "having on a plaid without breeches, trews, or even philibeg." Roy Macdonald offered his kilt. Then he "fell heartily to the meat," and after his meal called for tobacco, a quarter of a pound at fourpence halfpenny, and smoked a pipe before his departure. The moment of farewell had come. Charles

bade good-bye to Kingsburgh and Neil Maceachain. Then turning to Flora he said: "For all that has happened, I hope, madam, we shall meet in St. James's yet." So he and his new guardians made their way to the boat. At his belt on one side he carried a bottle of Portree whiskey, on the other, a bottle of Kingsburgh's brandy and four shirts. In a napkin he took with him a "cold hen," also from Kingsburgh's larder. In his pocket was a lump of sugar. On his way to the boat he took the sugar from his pocket and gave it to Roy Macdonald for Flora, "for I am afraid," he said, "she will get no sugar where she is going" — "Our Lady," he called her. Roy handed the sugar to Malcolm Macleod, for the prince's need was likely to be greater than Flora's, though he was to win through to freedom and she to captivity. His last thought was of Flora. "Tell nobody, no, not our lady, which way I am gone," he directed Roy Macdonald. At the dawning of the day (July 1) he sailed from Skye.

[Flora Macdonald was arrested and kept as a prisoner for several months; but was then set free under the Indemnity Act of 1747. In 1774, she and her husband came to North Carolina, but returned to Scotland at the time of the American Revolution.

The Editor.]

IRELAND

I

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ERIN

HISTORICAL NOTE

IRELAND was invaded by race after race, and last of all, about the year 1000 B.C., by the Milesians, or Gaels, who are thought to have come from Gaul or Spain. At the time of their coming Ireland was held by a race of hunters known in legend as the Dedannans. The Milesians introduced agriculture and an elaborate legal system known as the Brehon Laws. Even in those earliest days poetry and music were cultivated in Ireland and beauty of scenery was appreciated. The five kingdoms into which Ireland was divided were almost constantly at war with one another, but about the second century A.D. the central kingdom of Meath became predominant, and under the semi-legendary King Cormac, who is said to have held high court at Tara in the third century A.D., pagan Ireland reached its highest glory.

At some time during the fifth century, St. Patrick preached Christianity in the land and founded churches and schools. St. Columba established a school at Iona in 563, and thence missionaries bore their message through the Scottish Lowlands and the north of England. For at least two centuries, Ireland led all western Europe in learning, and was justly called "the Island of Saints and Scholars."

The progress of Ireland was broken in upon by the savage attacks of the Northmen, which began at the end of the eighth century. Unfortunately there was too much rivalry among the Irish chiefs for them to unite readily against even so dangerous a foe; but at length, by the efforts of the three kings, Niall, Malachi, and Brian Boru, the power of the invaders was weakened; and finally, in 1014, Brian Boru met them at Clontarf, and defeated them so thoroughly that never again did they attempt a raid upon the country. After the defeat of the Northmen, warfare between the Irish chiefs was so constant that a chronicler described the island as a "trembling sod." In the twelfth century, one Dermod, king of Leinster, was driven from his throne. By permission of Henry II of England, the Norman Earl of Pembroke, known as Strongbow, came to his aid, married his daughter Eva, and later claimed the crown of Leinster. Thus it was that the Normans first entered the land.

OISIN IN TIR NA N-OG [1]

AN IRISH FOLK-STORY

[THE following is a good example of the folk-story of Ireland. It is a fascinating commingling of the real and fictitious. Fin MacCumhail, St. Patrick, the Jews, and the Druids abide together in the utmost harmony. Whether their home is pictured as in the fabled country of youth, or on the very substantial hill called Knock an Ar, is entirely immaterial. There is unrestrained fancy and a wild luxuriance of imagination. The narrative roams on from one incident to another with little attempt at definite construction. The "ending" may be the climax of some episode of the story, but often it provides nothing by way of climax to the tale as a whole.

This tale of Oisin (Ossian) is one of the folk-tales collected by Jeremiah Curtin in Ireland in 1887, taken from the lips of Gaelic-speaking persons.

The Editor.]

THERE was a king in Tir na n-Og (the Land of Youth) who held the throne and crown for many a year against all comers; and the law of the kingdom was that every seventh year the champions and best men of the country should run for the office of king.

Once in seven years they all met at the front of the palace and ran to the top of a hill two miles distant. On the top of the hill was a chair, and the man that sat first in the chair was king of Tir na n-Og for the next seven years. After he had ruled for ages, the king became anxious; he was afraid that some one might sit in the

[1] From *Myths and Folklore of Ireland*. Copyright (U. S. A.), 1889, by Jeremiah Curtin.

chair before him, and take the crown off his head. So he called up his druid one day and asked: "How long shall I keep the chair to rule this land, and will any man sit in it before me and take the crown off my head?"

"You will keep the chair and the crown forever," said the druid, "unless your own son-in-law takes them from you."

The king had no sons and but one daughter, the finest woman in Tir na n-Og; and the like of her could not be found in Erin or any kingdom in the world. When the king heard the words of the druid, he said: "I'll have no son-in-law, for I'll put the daughter in a way no man will marry her."

Then he took a rod of druidic spells, and calling the daughter up before him, he struck her with the rod, and put a pig's head on her in place of her own.

Then he sent the daughter away to her own place in the castle, and turning to the druid said: "There is no man that will marry her now."

When the druid saw the face that was on the princess with the pig's head that the father gave her, he was very sorry that he had given such information to the king: and sometime after he went to see the princess.

"Must I be this way forever?" asked she of the druid.

"You must," said he, "till you marry one of the sons of Fin MacCumhail in Erin. If you marry one of Fin's sons, you'll be freed from the blot that is on you now, and get back your own head and countenance."

When she heard this she was impatient in her mind, and could never rest till she left Tir na n-Og and came

to Erin. When she had inquired, she heard that Fin and the Fenians of Erin were at that time living on Knock an Ar, and she made her way to the place without delay and lived there a while; and then she saw Oisin, he pleased her; and when she found out that he was a son of Fin MacCumhail, she was always making up to him and coming towards him. And it was usual for the Fenians in those days to go out hunting on the hills and mountains and in the woods of Erin; and when one of them went, he always took five or six men with him to bring home the game.

On a day Oisin set out with his men and dogs to the woods; and he went so far and killed so much game that when it was brought together, the men were so tired, weak, and hungry that they could n't carry it, but went away home and left him with the three dogs, Bran, Sciolán, and Buglén, to shift for himself.

Now, the daughter of the King of Tir na n-Og, who was herself the Queen of Youth, followed closely in the hunt all that day, and when the men left Oisin she came up to him; and as he stood looking at the great pile of game and said, "I am very sorry to leave behind anything that I've had the trouble of killing," she looked at him and said, "Tie up a bundle for me, and I'll carry it to lighten the load off you."

Oisin gave her a bundle of the game to carry, and took the remainder himself. The evening was very warm and the game heavy, and after they had gone some distance, Oisin said, "Let us rest a while." Both threw down their burdens, and put their backs against a great stone that was by the roadside. The woman was heated and out of breath, and opened her dress to cool herself.

Then Oisin looked at her and saw her beautiful form and her white bosom.

"Oh, then," said he, "it's a pity you have the pig's head on you; for I have never seen such an appearance on a woman in all my life before."

"Well," said she, "my father is the King of Tir na n-Og, and I was the finest woman in his kingdom and the most beautiful of all, till he put me under a druidic spell and gave me the pig's head that's on me now in place of my own. And the druid of Tir na n-Og came to me afterwards, and told me that if one of the sons of Fin MacCumhail would marry me, the pig's head would vanish, and I should get back my face in the same form as it was before my father struck me with the druid's wand. When I heard this, I never stopped till I came to Erin, where I found your father and picked you out among the sons of Fin MacCumhail, and followed you to see would you marry me and set me free."

"If that is the state you are in, and if marriage with me will free you from the spell, I'll not leave the pig's head on you long."

So they got married without delay, not waiting to take home the game or to lift it from the ground. That moment the pig's head was gone, and the king's daughter had the same face and beauty that she had before her father struck her with the druidic wand.

"Now," said the Queen of Youth to Oisin, "I cannot stay here long, and unless you come with me to Tir na n-Og we must part."

"Oh," said Oisin, "wherever you go I'll go, and wherever you turn I'll follow."

Then she turned and Oisin went with her, not going

back to Knock an Ar to see his father or his son. That very day they set out for Tir na n-Og and never stopped till they came to her father's castle; and when they came, there was a welcome before them, for the king thought his daughter was lost. That same year there was to be a choice of a king; and when the appointed day came at the end of the seventh year, all the great men and the champions, and the king himself, met together at the front of the castle to run and see who should be first in the chair on the hill; but before a man of them was halfway to the hill, Oisin was sitting above in the chair before them. After that time no one stood up to run for the office against Oisin, and he spent many a happy year as king in Tir na n-Og. At last he said to his wife, "I wish I could be in Erin to-day to see my father and his men."

"If you go," said his wife, "and set foot on the land of Erin, you'll never come back here to me, and you'll become a blind old man. How long do you think it is since you came here?"

"About three years," said Oisin.

"It is three hundred years," said she, "since you came to this kingdom with me. If you must go to Erin, I'll give you this white-faced steed to carry you; but if you come down from the steed or touch the soil of Erin with your foot, the steed will come back that minute, and you'll be where he left you, a poor old man."

"I'll come back, never fear," said Oisin. "Have I not good reason to come back? But I must see my father and my son and my friends in Erin once more; I must have even one look at them."

She prepared the steed for Oisin and said, "This steed will carry you wherever you wish to go."

Oisin never stopped till the steed touched the soil of Erin; and he went on till he came to Knock Patrick in Munster, where he saw a man herding cows. In the field, where the cows were grazing, there was a broad flat stone.

"Will you come here," said Oisin to the herdsman, "and turn over this stone?"

"Indeed, then, I will not," said the herdsman; "for I could not lift it, nor twenty men more like me."

Oisin rode up to the stone, and, reaching down, caught it with his hand and turned it over. Underneath the stone was the great horn of the Fenians (*borabu*), which circled round like a seashell, and it was the rule that when any of the Fenians of Erin blew the *borabu*, the others would assemble at once from whatever part of the country they might be in at the time.

"Will you bring this horn to me?" asked Oisin of the herdsman.

"I will not," said the herdsman; "for neither I nor many more like me could raise it from the ground."

With that Oisin moved near the horn, and reaching down took it in his hand; but so eager was he to blow it, that he forgot everything, and slipped in reaching till one foot touched the earth. In an instant the steed was gone, and Oisin lay on the ground a blind old man. The herdsman went to St. Patrick, who lived near by, and told him what had happened.

St. Patrick sent a man and a horse for Oisin, brought him to his own house, gave him a room by himself, and sent a boy to stay with him to serve and take care of

him. And St. Patrick commanded his cook to send Oisin plenty of meat and drink, to give him bread and beef and butter every day.

Now Oisin lived a while in this way. The cook sent him provisions each day, and St. Patrick himself asked him all kinds of questions about the old times of the Fenians of Erin. Oisin told him about his father, Fin MacCumhail, about himself, his son Osgar, Goll MacMorna, Conan Maol, Diarmuid, and all the Fenian heroes; how they fought, feasted, and hunted, how they came under druidic spells, and how they were freed from them.

At the same time St. Patrick was putting up a great building; but what his men used to put up in the daytime was leveled at night, and St. Patrick lamented over his losses in the hearing of Oisin. Then Oisin said in the hearing of St. Patrick, "If I had my strength and my sight, I'd put a stop to the power that is leveling your work."

"Do you think you'd be able to do that," said St. Patrick, "and let my building go on?"

"I do, indeed," said Oisin.

So St. Patrick prayed to the Lord, and the sight and strength came back to Oisin. He went to the woods and got a great club and stood at the building on guard.

What should come in the night but a great beast in the form of a bull, which began to uproot and destroy the work. But if he did Oisin faced him, and the battle began hot and heavy between the two; but in the course of the night Oisin got the upper hand of the bull and left him dead before the building. Then he stretched out on the ground himself and fell asleep.

Now, St. Patrick was waiting at home to know how would the battle come out, and thinking Oisin too long away he sent a messenger to the building; and when the messenger came he saw the ground torn up, a hill in one place and a hollow in the next. The bull was dead and Oisin sleeping after the desperate battle. He went back and told what he saw.

"Oh," said St. Patrick, "it's better to knock the strength out of him again; for he'll kill us all if he gets vexed."

St. Patrick took the strength out of him, and when Oisin woke up he was a blind man and the messenger went out and brought him home.

Oisin lived on for a time as before. The cook sent him his food, the boy served him, and St. Patrick listened to the stories of the Fenians of Erin.

St. Patrick had a neighbor, a Jew, a very rich man, but the greatest miser in the kingdom, and he had the finest haggart (hay-yard) of corn in Erin. Well, the Jew and St. Patrick got very intimate with one another, and so great became the friendship of the Jew for St. Patrick at last, that he said he'd give him, for the support of his house, as much corn as one man could thrash out of the haggart in a day.

When St. Patrick went home after getting the promise of the corn, he told in the hearing of Oisin about what the Jew had said.

"Oh, then," said Oisin, "if I had my sight and strength, I'd thrash as much corn in one day as would do your whole house for a twelvemonth and more."

"Will you do that for me?" said St. Patrick.

"I will," said Oisin.

St. Patrick prayed again to the Lord, and the sight and strength came back to Oisin. He went to the woods next morning at daybreak, Oisin did, pulled up two fine ash trees and made a flail of them. After eating his breakfast he left the house and never stopped till he faced the haggart of the Jew. Standing before one of the stacks of wheat he hit it a wallop of his flail and broke it asunder. He kept on in this way till he slashed the whole haggart to and fro, — and the Jew running like mad up and down the highroad in front of the haggart, tearing the hair from his head when he saw what was doing to his wheat, and the face gone from him entirely, he was so in dread of Oisin.

When the haggart was thrashed clean, Oisin went to St. Patrick and told him to send his men for the wheat; for he had thrashed out the whole haggart. When St. Patrick saw the countenance that was on Oisin, and heard what he had done, he was greatly in dread of him, and knocked the strength out of him again, and Oisin became an old blind man as before.

St. Patrick's men went to the haggart and there was so much wheat they did n't bring the half of it away with them and they did n't want it.

Oisin again lived for a while as before, and then he was vexed because the cook did n't give him what he wanted. He told St. Patrick that he was n't getting enough to eat. Then St. Patrick called up the cook before himself and Oisin and asked her what she was giving Oisin to eat. She said: "I give him at every meal what bread is baked on a large griddle and all the butter I make in one churn and a quarter of beef besides."

"That ought to be enough for you," said St. Patrick.

"Oh, then," said Oisin, turning to the cook, "I have often seen the leg of a blackbird bigger than the quarter of beef you give me, I have often seen an ivy leaf bigger than the griddle on which you bake the bread for me, and I have often seen a single rowan (mountain ash) berry bigger than the bit of butter you give me to eat."

"You lie!" said the cook, "you never did."

Oisin said not a word in answer.

Now, there was a hound in the place that was going to have her first whelps, and Oisin said to the boy who was tending him: "Do you mind and get the first whelp she 'll have and drown the others."

Next morning the boy found three whelps, and coming back to Oisin, said: "There are three whelps and 't is unknown which of them is the first."

At St. Patrick's house they had slaughtered an ox the day before, and Oisin said: "Go now and bring the hide of the ox and hang it up in this room." When the hide was hung up, Oisin said, "Bring here the three whelps and throw them up against the hide." The boy threw up one of the whelps against the oxhide. "What did he do?" asked Oisin.

"What did he do," said the boy, "but fall to the ground."

"Throw up another," said Oisin. The boy threw another. "What did he do?" asked Oisin.

"What did he do but fall the same as the first."

The third whelp was thrown and he held fast to the hide, — did n't fall. "What did he do?" asked Oisin.

"Oh," said the boy, "he kept his hold."

"Take him down," said Oisin; "give him to the

mother: bring both in here; feed the mother well and drown the other two."

The boy did as he was commanded, and fed the two well, and when the whelp grew up the mother was banished, the whelp chained up and fed for a year and a day, And when the year and a day were spent, Oisin said, "We'll go hunting to-morrow, and we'll take the dog with us."

They went next day, the boy guiding Oisin, holding the dog by a chain. They went first to the place where Oisin had touched earth and lost the magic steed from Tir na n-Og. The *borabu* of the Fenians of Erin was lying on the ground there still. Oisin took it up and they went on to Glen na Smuil (Thrushes' Glen). When at the edge of the glen Oisin began to sound the *borabu*. Birds and beasts of every kind came hurrying forward. He blew the horn till the glen was full of them from end to end.

"What do you see now?" asked he of the boy.

"The glen is full of living things."

"What is the dog doing?"

"He is looking ahead and his hair is on end."

"Do you see anything else?"

"I see a great bird all black settling down on the north side of the glen."

"That's what I want," said Oisin; "what is the dog doing now?"

"Oh, the eyes are coming out of his head, and there is n't a rib of hair on his body that is n't standing up."

"Let him go now," said Oisin. The boy let slip the chain and the dog rushed through the glen killing everything before him. When all the others were dead, he turned to the great blackbird and killed that. Then he

faced Oisin and the boy and came bounding toward them with venom and fierceness. Oisin drew out of his bosom a brass ball and said: "If you don't throw this into the dog's mouth, he'll destroy us both; knock the dog with the ball or he'll tear us to pieces."

"Oh," said the boy, "I'll never be able to throw the ball, I'm so in dread of the dog."

"Cǫme here at my back, then," said Oisin, "and straighten my hand towards the dog." The boy directed the hand and Oisin threw the ball into the dog's mouth and killed him on the spot.

"What have we done?" asked Oisin.

"Oh, the dog is knocked," said the boy.

"We are all right, then," said Oisin, "and do you lead me now to the blackbird of the carn, I don't care for the others."

They went to the great bird, kindled a fire and cooked all except one of its legs. Then Oisin ate as much as he wanted and said; "I've had a good meal of my own hunting, and it's many and many a day since I have had one. Now let us go on farther."

They went into the woods, and soon Oisin asked the boy: "Do you see anything wonderful?"

"I see an ivy with the largest leaves I have ever set eyes on."

"Take one leaf of that ivy," said Oisin.

The boy took the leaf. Near the ivy they found a rowan berry, and then went home taking the three things with them, — the blackbird's leg, the ivy leaf, and the rowan berry. When they reached the house Oisin called for the cook, and St. Patrick made her come to the fore. When she came Oisin pointed to the black-

bird's leg and asked, "Which is larger, that leg or the quarter of beef you give me?"

"Oh, that is a deal larger," said the cook.

"You were right in that case," said St. Patrick to Oisin.

Then Oisin drew out the ivy leaf and asked, "Which is larger, this or the griddle on which you made bread for me?"

"That is larger than the griddle and the bread together," said the cook.

"Right again," said St. Patrick.

Oisin now took out the rowan berry and asked: "Which is larger, this berry or the butter of one churning which you give me?"

"Oh, that is bigger," said the cook, "than both the churn and the butter."

"Right, every time," said St. Patrick.

Then Oisin raised his arm and swept the head off the cook with a stroke from the edge of his hand, saying, "You'll never give the lie to an honest man again."

THE CHASE OF SLIEVE CULLINN

AN OLD IRISH LEGEND

[THE Feni were a sort of militia who were in their glory in the third century. Their most famous commander was Fin, and Fin's son was Oisin, or Ossian, the poet. According to tradition, Ossian lived till the times of St. Patrick, and related to him the following tale together with many others. Even to-day the belief lingers that the waters of the little lake Slieve Cullinn have the power to turn the hair gray. In the Irish legends, the Dedannans are magicians.

The Editor.]

CULAND, the smith of the Dedannans, who lived at Slieve Cullinn, had two beautiful daughters, Milucra and Aina. They both loved Fin, and each sought him for her husband.

As they walked together one evening near Allen, they fell to talking of many things; and their conversation turning at last on their future husbands, Aina said she would never marry a man with gray hair.

When Milucra heard this, she resolved with herself that if she could not get Fin, she would plan so that he should not marry her sister Aina. So she departed immediately, and turning her steps northwards, she summoned the Dedannans to meet her at Slieve Cullinn. Having brought them all together, she caused them to make her a lake near the top of the mountain; and she breathed a druidical virtue on its waters, that all who bathed in it should become gray.

On a morning not long after this, Fin happened to be

walking alone on the lawn before the palace of Allen, when a doe sprang out from a thicket, and passing quite close to him, bounded past like the wind. Without a moment's delay, he signaled for his companions and dogs; but none heard except his two hounds, Bran and Skolan. He instantly gave chase, with no other arms than his sword, Man-an-Lona, and accompanied only by his two dogs; and before the Feni knew of his absence, he had left Allen of the green slopes far behind.

The chase turned northwards; and though the hounds kept close to the doe, the chief kept quite as close to the hounds the whole way. And so they continued without rest or pause, till they reached Slieve Cullinn, far in the north.

Here the doe made a sudden turn and disappeared; and what direction she took, whether east or west, Fin knew not, for he never caught sight of her after. And he marveled much that any doe in the world should be able to lead Bran and Skolan so long a chase, and escape from them in the end. Meantime they kept on searching, Fin taking one side of the hill and the dogs another, so that he was at last left quite alone.

While he was wandering about the hill and whistling for his hounds, he heard the plaintive cry of a woman at no great distance; and, turning his steps towards the place, he saw a lady sitting on the brink of a little lake, weeping as if her heart would break. Never before did the chieftain see a maiden so lovely. The rose color of her cheeks was heightened by her grief; her lips were like ruddy quicken berries; the delicate blossom of the apple tree was not more white than her neck; her hair fell in heavy golden ringlets on her shoulders; and as she

looked up at the chief, her eyes beamed like stars on a frosty night.

Finn accosted her, and, seeing that she ceased her weeping for a moment, he asked her had she seen his two hounds pass that way.

"I have not seen thy hounds," she replied, "nor have I been at all concerned in the chase; for, alas, there is something that troubles me more nearly, a misadventure that has caused me great sorrow!"

And as she spoke these words, she burst out weeping and sobbing more bitterly than before.

Fin was greatly moved at this, so much so, that he quite forgot all about his hounds and his own troubles; and he asked her —

"What is the cause of this great grief, gentle lady? Has death robbed you of your husband or your child, or what other evil has befallen you? I am much concerned to see a lady in such distress; and I wish you to tell me if anything can be done to lighten your sorrow, or to remove the cause of it."

She replied, "I had a precious gold ring on my finger, which I prized beyond anything in the world; and it has fallen from me into the water. I saw it roll down the steep slope at the bottom, till it went quite out of my sight. This is the cause of my sorrow, and thou canst remedy the mishap if thou wilt. The Feni are sworn never to refuse help to a woman in distress; and I now put on thee those *gesa* (i.e., I solemnly adjure thee) that true heroes dare not break through, to search for the ring and cease not till thou find it and restore it to me."

Though the chief had at the moment no inclination to swim, he could not refuse a prayer urged in this manner.

So he plunged in without a moment's hesitation, and examined the lake on all sides, diving and searching into every nook and cranny at the bottom.

After swimming in this manner three times round and round the lake, he found the ring at last; and, approaching the lady, he handed it to her from the water. The moment she got it she sprang into the lake before his eyes, and, diving down, disappeared in an instant.

The chief, wondering greatly at this strange behavior, stepped forth from the water; but as soon as his feet had touched the dry land, he lost all his strength, and fell on the brink, a withered, gray old man, shrunken up and trembling all over with weakness.

He sat him down in woeful plight; and soon his hounds came up. They looked at him wistfully and sniffed and whined around him; but they knew him not, and passing on, they ran round the lake, searching in vain for their master.

On that day the Feni were assembled in the banquet hall of the palace of Allen; some feasting and drinking, some playing chess, and others listening to the sweet music of the harpers. While all were in this wise pleasantly engaged, Kylta MacRonan stood up in the midst, and said in the hearing of all, —

"I have observed, friends, that our master and king, Fin the son of Cumhail, has not been amongst us to-day, as is his wont; and I wish to know whither he has gone."

This speech caused a sudden alarm amongst us; for no one knew aught of the chief, or was aware till that moment that he was absent at all; and we knew not wherefore he had disappeared or whither he had gone.

In the midst of our anxious tumult, the envious and foul-mouthed Conan Maol stood up, and said, —

"I have never heard sweeter music than your words, Kylta! The Feni are now about to seek for their king; and my only wish is that their quest may last for a whole year, and that it may prove a vain search in the end! Be not cast down, however, O Feni; if you should fail to find the son of Cumhail, you will not be so ill off as you think; for I will undertake to be your king from this time forth!"

Though we were at the time more inclined to be sad than mirthful, being weighed down with much anxiety, we could not help laughing when we heard the loud, foolish talk of Conan Maol; but we took no further notice of him.

Inquiring now from the lesser people about the palace, we found that the chief and his two dogs had followed a doe northwards. So, having mustered a strong party of the Feni, we started in pursuit. Kylta and I took the lead, the rest keeping close behind; and in this order we followed the track, never taking rest or slackening speed till we reached Slieve Cullinn.

We began to search round the hill, hoping to find either the chief himself or some person who might give us tidings of him. After wandering among brakes and rough, rocky places, we at last espied a gray-headed old man sitting on the brink of a lake. I went up to him to ask a question, followed by the rest of the Feni. At first I thought he might be a fisherman who had come up from the plains to fish; but when we came near him, he seemed so wretched an old creature, all shriveled up, with the skin hanging in wrinkles over the bare points of his bones, that I felt quite sure he was not a fisherman,

and that he was reduced to that state more by sickness and want than by old age.

I asked the poor old man if he had seen a noble-looking hero pass that way, with two hounds, chasing a doe. He never answered a word, neither did he stir from where he sat, or even look up; but at the question, his head sank on his breast, and his limbs shook all over as with palsy. Then he fell into a sudden fit of grief, wringing his hands and uttering feeble cries of woe.

We soothed him and used him gently for a time, hoping he might speak at last; but to no purpose, for he still kept silent. Then at last growing impatient, and thinking that this might be a mere headstrong humor, we drew our swords, and threatened him with instant death if he did not at once tell us all he knew of the chief and his hounds — for we felt sure he had seen them. But he only lamented the more, and still answered nothing.

At last, after this had gone on for some time, and when we were about to leave him, he beckoned to Kylta MacRonan; and when Kylta had come near, the old man whispered into his ear the dreadful secret. And then we all came to know the truth. When we found that the withered old man was no other than our beloved king, Fin, himself, we uttered three shouts of lamentation and anger, so loud and prolonged that the foxes and badgers rushed affrighted from their dens in the hollows of the mountain.

Conan now stepped forward, looking very fierce; and, unsheathing his sword with mighty bluster, he began in a loud voice to revile Fin and the Feni with the foulest language he could think of. And he ended by saying that he meant to slay the king that moment —

"Now, O Fin MacCumhail, I will certainly strike off your head; for you are the man that never gave me credit for valor, or praised my noble deeds in battle. Ever since your father, Cumhail of the Hosts, was slain on the field of Knocka by the clan Morna of the Golden Shields, you have been our bitter foe; and it is against your will that any of us are now alive. I am very glad to see you, Fin MacCumhail, brought down to what you now are; and I only wish that the rest of the clan Baskin were like you. Then should I very soon make short work of them all; and joyful to me would be the task of raising a great carn to their memory!"

To which Osgar replied with great scorn, "It is not worth while drawing a sword to punish thee, Conan Maol, vain and foolish boaster as thou art; and besides, we have at present something else to think of. But if it were not for the trouble that now lies heavy on us on account of our king, I would of a certainty chastise thee by breaking all the bones of thy mouth with my fist!"

"Cease, Osgar," returned Conan, in a voice still louder than before; "cease your foolish talk! It is actions and not words that prove a man; and as to the noble warlike deeds done in past times by the Feni, it was by the clan Morna they were performed, and not by the chicken-hearted clan Baskin!"

The fiery Osgar could bear this no longer. He rushed towards Conan Maol; but Conan, terrified at his vengeful look, ran in amongst the Feni with great outcry, beseeching them to save him from the rage of Osgar. We straightway confronted the young hero, and checked him in his headlong career; and after much ado, we soothed his anger and made peace between him and Conan.

When quietness was restored, Kylta asked Fin how this dread evil had befallen him, who was the enchanter, and whether there was any hope of restoring him to his own shape. Fin told him that it was the daughter of Culand the smith who had transformed him by her spells. And then he recounted how she had lured him to swim in the lake, and how, when he came forth, he was turned into a withered old man.

We now made a framework litter of slender poles, and, placing our king on it, we lifted him tenderly on our shoulders. And, turning from the lake, we marched slowly uphill, till we came to the fairy palace of Slieve Cullinn, where we knew the daughter of Culand had her dwelling deep under ground. Here we set him down, and the whole troop began at once to dig, determined to find the enchantress in her cave-palace, and to take vengeance on her if she did not restore our chief.

For three days and three nights we dug, without a moment's rest or pause, till at length we reached her hollow dwelling; when she, affrighted at the tumult and at the vengeful look of the heroes, suddenly started forth from the cave and stood before us. She held in her hand a drinking-horn of red gold, which was meant for the king. Yet she appeared unwilling, and held it back, notwithstanding the threatening looks of the Feni. But, happening to cast her eyes on the graceful and manly youth, Osgar, she was moved with such admiration and love for him that she wavered no longer, but placed the fairy drinking-horn in the hands of the king. No sooner had he drunk from it, than his own shape and features returned, save only that his hair remained of a silvery gray.

When we gazed on our chief in his own graceful and manly form, we were all pleased with the soft, silvery hue of the gray hairs. And, though the enchantress appeared ready to restore this also, Fin himself told her that it pleased him as it pleased others, and that he chose to remain gray for the rest of his life.

When the king had drunk from the horn, he passed it to MacReth, who drank from it in like manner and gave it to Dering. Dering, after drinking, was about to hand it to the rest, when it gave a sudden twist out of his hand, and darted into the loose earth at our feet, where it sank out of sight. We ran at once to recover it; but, though we turned up the earth deeply all round, we were not able to find the drinking-horn. This was a disappointment that vexed us exceedingly, for if we had all drunk from it, we should have been gifted with a foreknowledge of future events.

A growth of slender twigs grew up afterwards over the spot where it sank into the ground. And this little thicket is still gifted with a part of the virtue of the golden drinking-horn; for any one who looks on it in the morning fasting, will know in a moment all things that are to happen that day.

So ended the Chase of Slieve Cullinn; and in this wise it came to pass that Fin's hair was turned in one day from golden yellow to silvery gray.

THE STORY OF ST. PATRICK

[Fifth century]

BY PATRICK WESTON JOYCE

WHEN Patrick was a boy of sixteen, he was, as we are told by himself in his writings, taken captive and brought to Ireland. This was about the year 403. He was sold as a slave to a certain rich man named Milcho, who employed him to herd sheep and swine on the slopes of Slemish mountain in the present County Antrim. Here he spent six years of his life. If he felt at first heartbroken and miserably lonely, as no doubt he did, he soon recovered himself, and made nothing of the hardships he endured on the bleak hillside; for in his solitude his mind was turned to God, and every spare moment was given up to devotions. He tells us in his own earnest and beautiful words: "I was daily employed tending flocks; and I prayed frequently during the day, and the love of God was more and more enkindled in my heart, my fear and faith were increased, and my spirit was stirred; so much so that in a single day I poured out my prayers a hundred times, and nearly as often in the night. Nay, even in the woods and mountains I remained, and rose before the dawn to my prayer, in frost and snow and rain; neither did I suffer any injury from it, nor did I yield to any slothfulness, such I now experience; for the spirit of the Lord was fervent within me." But he stood alone in the little world of light and holiness; for his master was a pagan; and though the people

he mixed with were bright and lovable, they too were all pagans, grossly superstitious, but beyond that, with little idea of religion of any kind.

At the end of six years of slavery Patrick escaped and made his way through many hardships and dangers to his home and family. During his residence in Ireland he had become familiar with the language of the people; and the memory of the pagan darkness in which they lived haunted him day and night, so that he formed the resolution to devote his life to their conversion. His steadfast will was shown even at this early period by the manner in which he set about preparing himself for his noble work. He first studied with great diligence for about four years in the great monastic school of St. Martin of Tours; and subsequently under St. Germain of Auxerre for about the same length of time; after which he continued his preparations in an island near the Italian coast, and elsewhere, till he was ready to begin his mission. During all this time his thoughts were ever turning lovingly to Ireland; and he had dreams and visions about it. Once he dreamed, as he tells us, that a man from Ireland came to him and gave him a letter, which began with the words, "The Voice of the Irish." "Whilst I was reading the letter," he goes on to say, "I imagined at the moment that I heard the voices of many, who were near the wood of Foclut which is beside the Western Ocean: crying out as if with one voice, 'We entreat thee, O holy youth, to come and still walk amongst us.' And I was exceedingly afflicted in my heart and could read no more, but quickly awoke."

Having received authority and benediction from Pope Celestine, he set out for Ireland. On his way through

Gaul news came of the death of Palladius; and as this left Ireland without a bishop, Patrick was consecrated bishop in Gaul by a certain holy prelate named Amator. Embarking for Ireland, he landed on the Wicklow coast; but having been expelled, like his predecessor, he sailed northwards, and finally disembarked with his companions at Lecale in the present County Down. Dicho, the chief of the district, thinking they were pirates, hastily armed his followers and sallied forth to expel them: but when they appeared in view, he was so struck by their calm and dignified demeanor, that instead of attacking, he saluted them respectfully and invited them to his house. Here Patrick announced his mission and explained his doctrine; and Dicho and his whole family became Christians and were baptized, the first of the Irish converted by St. Patrick. As there was no church, the chief presented him with a sabhall or barn for divine service, on the site of which a monastery was subsequently erected in honor of the saint, which for many ages was held in great veneration. And the memory of the happy event is preserved to this day in the name of the little village of Saul, near Downpatrick. He remained in this neighborhood for some time; and the people, following the example of the chief, listened to his preaching, and were baptized in great numbers.

St. Patrick adopted, from the very beginning, a bold and courageous plan of preaching the Gospel in Ireland: he always made straight for the palaces and other great houses, and began by attempting to convert the kings and chiefs. He was well aware of the veneration of the clansmen for their ruling families; and he knew that once the king had become a Christian the people would

soon follow. He had experienced the success of this plan in Saul; and now he came to the bold resolution to go to Tara and present himself before King Laegaire and his court. Bidding farewell to his friend Dicho, he sailed southward to the mouth of the Boyne; whence he set out on foot for Tara with his companions. Soon after leaving the boat, night fell on them; and they were hospitably entertained at the house of a chief, whom the saint converted, with his whole family. One of the children, a youth to whom Patrick gave the name of Benen or Benignus from his gentle disposition, became so attached to him that he insisted on going along with him next morning. Thenceforward Benen was Patrick's constant companion and beloved disciple; and after the death of his master he succeeded him as Archbishop of Armagh.

The saint and his little company arrived at the hill of Slane on Easter Eve, A.D. 433. Here he prepared to celebrate the festival; and towards nightfall, as was then the custom, he lighted the Paschal fire on the top of the hill. It so happened that at this very time the king and his nobles were celebrating a festival of some kind at Tara; and the attendants were about to light a great fire on the hill, which was part of the ceremonial. Now there was a law that while this fire was burning no other should be kindled in the country all round on pain of death; and accordingly, when the king and his courtiers saw the fire ablaze on the hill of Slane, nine miles off, they were much astonished at such an open violation of the law. The monarch instantly called his druids and questioned them about it; and they said: "If that fire which we now see be not extinguished to-night, it will

never be extinguished, but will overtop all our fires: and he that has kindled it will overturn thy kingdom." Whereupon the king, in great wrath, instantly set out in his chariot with a small retinue, nine chariots in all; and having arrived near Slane, he summoned the strangers to his presence. He had commanded that none should rise up to show them respect; but when they presented themselves, one of the courtiers, Erc, the son of Dego, struck with the saint's commanding appearance, rose from his seat and saluted him. This Erc was converted, and became afterwards Bishop of Slane; and to this day there is, on the bank of the Boyne near Slane, a little ruined oratory called from him St. Erc's Hermitage. The result of this interview was what St. Patrick most earnestly desired: he was directed to appear next day at Tara and give an account of his proceedings before the assembled court. On the summit of the hill of Slane, at the spot where Patrick lighted his Paschal fire, there are still the ruins of a monastery erected in commemoration of the event.

The next day was Easter Sunday. Early in the morning Patrick and his companions set out for the palace, and on their way they chanted a hymn in the native tongue — an invocation for protection against the dangers and treachery by which they were beset; for they had heard that persons were lying in wait to slay them. This noble and beautiful hymn was long held in great veneration by the people of this country, and we still possess copies of it in a very old dialect of the Irish language. In the history of the spread of Christianity, it would be difficult to find a more singular and impressive scene than was presented at the court of King

Laegaire on that memorable Easter morning. Patrick was robed in white, as were also his companions; he wore his miter, and carried his crosier in his hand; and when he presented himself before the assembly, Dubthach, Laegaire's chief poet, rose to welcome him, contrary to the express commands of the king. The saint, all aflame with zeal and unawed by the presence of king and court, explained to the assembly the leading points of the Christian doctrine, and silenced the king's druids in argument. Dubthach became a convert, and thenceforward devoted his poetical talents to the service of God; and Laegaire gave permission to the strange missionaries to preach their doctrines throughout his dominions. The king himself, however, was not converted; and for the remaining thirty years of his life he remained an unbeliever, while the paganism of the whole country was rapidly going down before the fiery energy of the great missionary.

Patrick next proceeded to Tailltenn where, during the celebration of the national games, he preached for a week to the assembled multitudes, making many converts, among whom was Conall Gulban, brother to King Laegaire, the ancestor of the O'Donnells of Tirconnell. We find him soon afterwards making for the plain where stood the great national idol Crom Cruach with the twelve lesser idols, all of which he destroyed.

About the year 438, with the concurrence of King Laegaire, he undertook the task of revising the Brehon Law. He was aided by eight others, among them King Laegaire himself, and at the end of three years this Committee of Nine produced a new code, free from all pagan customs and ordinances, which was ever after

known as "Cain Patrick" or Patrick's Law. This Law Book, which is also called "Senchus Mor," has been lately translated and published.

In his journey through Connaught he met the two daughters of King Laegaire — Ethnea the Fair and Fedelma the Ruddy — near the palace of Croghan, where they lived at that time in fosterage with their two druid tutors. They had come out one morning at sunrise to wash their hands in a certain spring well, as was their custom, and were greatly astonished to find Patrick and his companions at the well with books in their hands, chanting a hymn. Having never seen persons in that garb before, the virgins thought at first that they were beings from the *shee* or fairy hills; but when the first surprise was over they fell into conversation with them, and inquired whence they had come. And Patrick gently replied: "It were better for you to confess to our true God than to inquire concerning our race." They eagerly asked many questions about God, his dwelling-place; — whether in the sea, in rivers, in mountainous places, or in valleys; — how knowledge of him was to be obtained, how he was to be found, seen, and loved, with other inquiries of a like nature. The saint answered all their questions, and explained the leading points of the faith; and the virgins were immediately baptized and consecrated to the service of religion.

On the approach of Lent he retired to the mountain which has ever since borne his name — Croagh Patrick or Patrick's hill — where he spent some time in fasting and prayer. About this time, A.D. 449, the seven sons of Amalgaid, King of Connaught, were holding a meeting in Tirawley, to which Patrick repaired. He expounded

his doctrines to the wondering assembly; and the seven princes with twelve thousand persons were baptized. After spending seven years in Connaught, he visited successively Ulster, Leinster, and Munster, in each of which he preached for several years. Soon after entering Leinster, he converted, at the palace beside Naas, where the Leinster kings then resided, the two princes Illann and Olioll, sons of King Dunlang, who both afterwards succeeded to the throne of their father. And at Cashel, the seat of the Kings of Munster, he was met by the king, Ængus, the son of Natfree, who conducted him into the palace on the rock with the greatest reverence, and was at once baptized.

Wherever St. Patrick went he founded churches, and left them in charge of his disciples. In his various journeys, he encountered many dangers and met with numerous temporary repulses; but his courage and resolution never wavered, and success attended his efforts in almost every part of his wonderful career. He founded the see of Armagh about the year 455, and made it the head see of all Ireland. The greater part of the country was now filled with Christians and with churches; and the mission of the venerable apostle was drawing to a close. "He was seized with his death-illness in Saul, the scene of his first triumph; and he breathed his last, on the 17th of March, in or about the year 465, in the seventy-eighth year of his age."

The news of his death was the signal for universal mourning. From the remotest districts of the island, clergy and laity turned their steps towards the little village of Saul, to pay the last tribute of love and respect to their great master. They celebrated the obsequies for

twelve days and nights without interruption, joining in the ceremonies as they arrived in succession; and in the language of one of his biographers, the blaze of myriads of torches made the whole time appear like one continuous day. He was buried with great solemnity at Dun-da-lethglas, the old residence of the princes of Ulidia; and the name, in the altered form of Downpatrick, commemorates to all time the saint's place of interment.

THE "ISLAND OF SAINTS AND SCHOLARS"

[Seventh and eighth centuries]

BY PATRICK WESTON JOYCE

In ancient Ireland, religion and education went hand in hand, so that in tracing their history it is impossible to separate them. By far the greatest part of the education of the country was carried on by, or under the direction of, priests and monks, who always combined religious with secular teaching.

From the middle of the sixth century, schools rapidly arose all over the country, most of them in connection with monasteries. Some had very large numbers of students; for instance we are told that there were three thousand under St. Finnen at Clonard; and some other schools, such as Bangor, had as many. A few of the students resided in the college, such as sons of kings and chiefs, and those who were literary foster children of the professors; but the most usual arrangement was that each student lived in a little hut of wood and sods, built by himself; or perhaps two or more joined and built a more commodious house for common use. Whole streets of these little houses surrounded the monastery; the huts of the scholars of St. Movi of Glasnevin, near Dublin, extended along the banks of the river Tolka near the present bridge. At stated times the students came forth in crowds to hear the lectures of the professors, which were often given in the open air.

In all the more important schools there were students

from foreign lands. The majority were from Great Britain, from which they came in *fleetloads*, as Aldhelm, an English bishop of the year 705, expresses it. Numbers also came from the Continent, among whom were some princes: Aldfrid, King of Northumbria, and Dagobert II, King of France, both, when in exile in the seventh century, found an asylum and were educated in Ireland: and others of like rank might be named. We get some idea of the numbers of foreigners from the words of Ængus the Culdee, an Irish writer of the ninth century, who mentions by name many of the Romans, Gauls, Germans, Britons, and even Egyptians, all of whom died in Ireland. Venerable Bede, describing the ravages of the yellow plague in 664, says: "This pestilence did no less harm in the island of Ireland. Many of the nobility and of the lower ranks of the English nation were there at that time: and some of them devoted themselves to a monastic life: others chose to apply themselves to study. The Scots willingly received them all, and took care to supply them with food, as also to furnish them with books to read, and their teaching, all gratis."

In the course of three or four centuries from the time of St. Patrick, Ireland became the most learned country in Europe: and it came to be known by the name now so familiar to us — *Insula sanctorum et doctorum*, the island of saints and scholars.

In these great seminaries all branches of knowledge then known were taught: they were, in fact, the models of our present universities; and besides those persons preparing for a religious life, great numbers of young men, both native and foreign, the sons of kings, chiefs,

and others, attended them to get a good general education. Laymen who distinguished themselves as scholars were often employed as professors in the monastic schools. One of the most eminent of the professors in the college of Monasterboice was "Flann of the Monastery," a layman of the eleventh century, several of whose poems, as well as his Book of Annals, are preserved. But some few schools were purely lay and professional, — for law, medicine, poetry, or literature; and these were taught generally by laymen.

At these colleges, whether clerical or lay, they had various degrees, as there are in modern universities. The highest was that of "ollave," or "doctor"; and there were ollaves of the several professions; so that a man might be an ollave poet, an ollave historian, an ollave builder, etc.; just as we have now doctors of law, medicine, literature, and music. The full course for an ollave was twelve years: the lower degrees had shorter periods. Men of learning were held in great estimation and much honored. They had many valuable allowances and privileges: and an ollave sat at table next to the king or chief.

Great numbers of Irishmen went to teach and to preach the Gospel in Great Britain, Wales, and Scotland. The Picts of Scotland, who then occupied the greatest part of the country, were converted by St. Columba and his monks from Iona; and the whole western coasts of England and Wales abound in memorials of Irish missionaries. The monastery of Lindisfarne, in Northumbria, which became so illustrious in after ages, was founded in 634 by Aidan, an Irish monk from Iona; and for thirty years after its foundation it

was governed by him and by two other Irish bishops, Finan and Colman, in succession. So we see that Mr. Lecky had good reason for his statement that "England owed a great part of her Christianity to Irish monks who labored among her people before the arrival of Augustine."

Whole crowds of ardent and learned Irishmen traveled to the Continent, spreading Christianity and general knowledge among people ten times more rude and dangerous in those ages than the inhabitants of these islands. "What," says Eric, a well-known French writer of the ninth century, — "what shall I say of Ireland, who, despising the dangers of the deep, is migrating with almost her whole train of philosophers to our coasts?" Irish professors and teachers were in those times held in such estimation that they were employed in most of the schools and colleges of Great Britain and the Continent. And Irish teachers of music were quite as eminent and as much sought after as those of literature and philosophy. We know that Charlemagne, who was crowned Emperor of the West, A.D. 800, held the learned men from Ireland in great respect, and often invited them as guests to his table; and half a century later, Johannes Scotus Erigena, i.e., John the Irish Scot, the greatest scholar of his day, was on terms of affectionate intimacy with Charles the Bald, King of France. To this day, in many towns of France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, Irishmen are venerated as patron saints. Nay, they found their way even to Iceland, for we have the best authority for the statement that when the Norwegians first arrived at that island, they found there Irish books, bells, crosiers, and other traces of Irish missionaries.

For four or five hundred years after the time of St. Patrick, the monasteries were unmolested; and learning was cultivated within their walls. In the ninth and tenth and the beginning of the eleventh century, science and art, the Gaelic language, and learning of every kind, were brought to their highest state of perfection. But a change for the worse had set in. The Danish inroads broke up most of the schools and threw everything into disorder. Then the monasteries were no longer the quiet and safe asylums they had been, — they became, indeed, rather more dangerous than other places, so much did the Danes hate them, — and learning and art gradually declined in Ireland. There was a revival in the time of Brian Boru; but this, too, was arrested by the troubles of the Anglo-Norman Invasion.



O'ROURKE'S TOWER AND GREAT CROSS, CLONMACNOISE

MANY different theories have been advanced to account for the famous Round Towers that are scattered through Ireland, but the generally accepted explanation is that they were built during the ninth and tenth centuries as places of refuge from marauding bands of viking pirates.

The one shown in the illustration is known as O'Rourke's Tower and is thought to have been built early in the tenth century. It has lost its roof, but is even now sixty-two feet high, the walls being nearly four feet thick. It was finely located as a watch-tower, for it commanded long stretches of the river in both directions, and also an ancient causeway that led across the bog on the Connaught side. As has been said, "It was large and roomy enough to contain all the officiating priests of Clonmacnoise, with their pyxes, vestments, and books, and though the pagan Dane or the wild Munsterman might rush on in rapid inroad, yet the solitary watcher on the tower was ready to give warning, and collect within the protecting pillar all holy men and things until the tyranny was overpast."

The Great Cross is made of a single stone. On it are the following inscriptions: —

"A prayer for Flam, son of Maelsechlainn"

and,

"A prayer for Colman, who made this Cross on the King Flam"

There are also sculptures. In one of them, St. Kieran stands with a hammer in one hand and a mallet in the other, to indicate that he was the founder of Clonmacnoise. Other sculptures represent scenes in the Passion of our Saviour.

THE BOOK OF KELLS

[Seventh century]

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON AND CARITA SPENCER

IN the beginning, it was almost impossible to get a sufficient supply of books for the new monasteries, as the copying of manuscripts was a slow matter. Such Continental monasteries as those founded by Columbanus at Luxeuil, Fontaines, and Bobbio got their supply of books from the Irish schools, and up to the tenth century it was the custom of the Irish teachers to carry books from their island home to their schools on the Continent. There are numerous instances of donations of manuscripts made by Irish scholars to foreign schools. Thus, in 823, a learned Irishman gave a number of books to the monastery of Bobbio. Two of these may still be seen in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. Not long after, in 841, Marcus, an Irish bishop, who was returning with his nephew from a pilgrimage to Rome, visited the monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland. He was so charmed with the view that he remained there for the rest of his life, and, out of gratitude for the hospitality he received, willed his books to the monastery.

As all books at this time were written by hand, penmanship was one of the most cultivated arts, and was carried to a wonderful degree of perfection. The scribes, who were generally, but not invariably, monks, were held in great respect by the people. The Irish books were not only finely written, but also ornamented in a

fashion which was early perfected in Ireland. First the initial letters were made larger, more elaborate, and more beautiful. Then they were surrounded with dots of color, and finally with delicately interlaced scroll-work, which was sometimes continued along the margin of the page. Decorated head-pieces and tail-pieces were added, in which leaves, the figures of animals and serpents, and sometimes even portraits of saints, were mingled with the interlaced scroll-work. Many colors were used. Red, green, pink, blue, and yellow, for instance, are employed in the illumination of the Book of Kells. So well were these colors made that after twelve centuries they have lost none of their original brilliancy. The Book of Kells was finished before the end of the seventh century, and is, without doubt, the most perfect and most beautiful manuscript in the world. It is a Latin manuscript of the Gospels. The Book of Armagh, finished in 807, contains the Confession of St. Patrick, the Epistle to Coroticus, and a Life of the apostle of Ireland. The Book of Durrow, written about the same time as the Book of Kells, and the Book of MacDurnan, written shortly after the Book of Armagh, show the same admirable workmanship.

HOW BRIAN BORU HELD THE FORD OF TRIBUTE

[941]

BY E. S. BROOKS

INTO that picturesque and legend-filled section of Ireland now known as the County Clare, where over rocks and boulders the Shannon, "noblest of Irish rivers," rushes down past Killaloe and Castle Connell to Limerick and the sea, there rode one fair summer morning, many, many years ago, a young Irish lad. The skirt of his parti-colored *lenn*, or kilt, was richly embroidered and fringed with gold; his *inar*, or jacket, close-fitting and silver-trimmed, was open at the throat, displaying the embroidered *lenn* and the *torc*, or twisted collar of gold about his sturdy neck, while a purple scarf held the jacket at the waist. A gleaming golden brooch secured the long plaid *brat*, or shawl, that dropped from his left shoulder; broad bracelets encircled his bare and curiously tattooed arms, and from an odd-looking golden spiral at the back of his head his thick and dark-red hair fell in flowing ringlets upon his broad shoulders. Rawhide shoes covered his feet, and his bronze shield and short war-axe hung conveniently from his saddle of skins. A strong guard of pikemen and gallowglasses, or heavy-armed footmen, followed at his pony's heels, and seemed an escort worthy a king's son.

A strong-limbed, cleanly built lad of fifteen was this sturdy young horseman, who now rode down to the Ath

na Borumma, or Ford of Tribute, just above the rapids of the Shannon, near the town of Killaloe. And as he reined in his pony, he turned and bade his herald, Cogoran, sound the trumpet-blast that should announce to the clan of Cas the return, from his years of fosterage, of the young *flaith*, or chieftain, Brian, the son of Kennedy, King of Thomond.

But ere the strong-lunged Cogoran could wind his horn, the hearts of all the company grew numb with fear as across the water the low, clear strains of a warning-song sounded from the haunted gray stone, — the mystic rock of Carrick-lee, that overhung the tumbling rapids: —

"Never yet for fear or foe,
By the ford of Killaloe,
Stooped the crests of heroes free —
Sons of Cas by Carrick-lee.

"Falls the arm that smites the foe,
By the ford of Killaloe;
Chilled the heart that boundeth free,
By the rock of Carrick-lee.

"He who knows not fear of foe,
Fears the ford of Killaloe;
Fears the voice that chants his dree,
From the rock of Carrick-lee."

Young Brian was full of the superstition of his day, — superstition that even yet lives amid the simple peasantry of Ireland, and peoples rocks and woods and streams with good and evil spirits, fairies, sprites, and banshees; and no real, native Irish lad could fail to tremble before the mysterious song. Sorely troubled, he turned to Cogoran inquiringly, and that faithful retainer said in a rather shaky voice: —

"'T is your warning-song, O noble young chief! 'T is the voice of the banshee of our clan — *A-oib-hinn*, the wraith of Carrick-lee."

Just then from behind the haunted gray rock a fair young girl appeared, tripping lightly across the large stepping-stones that furnished the only means of crossing the ford of Killaloe.

"See — see!" said Cogoran, grasping his young lord's arm; "she comes for thee. 'T is thy doom, O Master, — the fiend of Carrick-lee!"

"So fair a fiend should bring me naught of grief," said young Brian, stoutly enough, though it must be confessed his heart beat fast and loud. "O Spirit of the Waters!" he exclaimed; "O banshee of Clan Cas! why thus early in his life dost thou come to summon the son of Kennedy the king?"

The young girl turned startled eyes upon the group of armed and warlike men, and grasping the skirt of her white and purple *lenn*, turned as if to flee, — when Cogoran, with a loud laugh, cried out: —

"Now, fool and double fool am I, — fit brother to Sitric the blind, the black King of Dublin! Why, 't is no banshee, O noble young chief, 't is but thy foster-sister, Eimer, the daughter of Conor, Eimer the golden-haired!"

"Nay, is it so? St. Senanus be praised!" said Brian, greatly relieved. "Cross to us, maiden, cross to us," he said. "Fear nothing; 't is but Brian, thy foster-brother, returning to his father's home."

The girl swiftly crossed the ford and bowed her golden head in a vassal's welcome to the young lord.

"Welcome home, O brother," she said. "Even now,

my lord, thy father awaits the sound of thy horn as he sits in the great seat beneath his kingly shield. And I —"

"And thou, maiden," said Brian gayly, "thou must needs lurk behind the haunted rock of Carrick-lee, to freeze the heart of young Brian at his home-coming, with thy banshee song."

Eimer of the golden hair laughed a ringing laugh. "Say'st thou so, brother?" she said. "Does the 'Scourge of the Danes' shrink thus at a maiden's voice?"

"Who calls me the 'Scourge of the Danes'?" asked Brian.

"So across the border do they say that the maidens of King Callaghan's court call the boy Brian, the son of Kennedy," the girl made answer.

"Who faces the Danes, my sister, faces no tender foe," said Brian, "and the court of the King of Cashel is no ladies' hall in these hard-striking times. But wind thy horn, Cogoran, and cross we the ford to greet the king, my father."

Loud and clear the herald's call rose above the rush of the rapids, and as the boy and his followers crossed the ford, the gates of the palace, or *dun*, of King Kennedy of Thomond were flung open, and the band of welcomers, headed by Mahon, Brian's eldest brother, rode out to greet the lad.

Nine hundred years ago the tribe of Cas was one of the most powerful of the many Irish clans. The whole of Thomond, or North Munster, was under their sway, and from them, say the old records, "it was never lawful to levy rent, or tribute, or pledge, or hostage, or fostership

fees," so strong and free were they. When the clans of Munster gathered for battle, it was the right of the clan of Cas to lead in the attack, and to guard the rear when returning from any invasion. It gave kings to the throne of Munster, and valiant leaders in warfare with the Danes, who, in the tenth century, poured their hosts into Ireland, conquering and destroying. In the year 948, in which our sketch opens, the head of this powerful clan was Cennedigh, or Kennedy, King of Thomond. His son Brian had, in accordance with an old Irish custom, passed his boyhood in "fosterage" at the court of Callaghan, King of Cashel, in East Munster. Brought up amid warlike scenes, where battles with the Danish invaders were of frequent occurrence, young Brian had now, at fifteen, completed the years of his fostership, and was a lad of strong and dauntless courage, cool and clear-headed, and a firm foe of Ireland's scourge — the fierce "Dub-Gaile," or "Black Gentiles," as the Danes were called.

The feast of welcome was over, the bards had sung their heroic songs to the accompaniment of the *cruot*, or harp; the fool had played his pranks, and the juggler his tricks, and the chief bard, who was expected to be familiar with "more than seven times fifty stories, great and small," had given the best from his list; and as they sat thus in the *cuirmtech*, or great hall, of the long, low-roofed house of hewn oak that scarcely rose above the stout earthen ramparts that defended it, swift messengers came bearing news of a great gathering of Danes for the ravaging of Munster, and the especial plundering of the clan of Cas.

"Thou hast come in right fitting time, O son!" said

Kennedy the king. "Here is need of strong arms and stout hearts. How say ye, noble lords and worthy chieftains? Dare we face in fight this so great a host?"

But as chiefs and counselors were discussing the king's question, advising fight or flight as they deemed wisest, young Brian sprung into the assembly, war-axe in hand.

"What, fathers of Clan Cas," he cried, all aflame with excitement, "will ye stoop to parley with hard-hearted pirates — ye, who never brooked injustice or tyranny from any king of all the kings of Erin — ye, who never yielded even the leveret of a hare in tribute to Leinsterman or Dane? 'T is for the clan of Cas to demand tribute — not to pay it! Summon our vassals to war. Place me, O King, my father, here at the Ford of the Tribute and bid me make test of the lessons of my fostership. Know ye not how the boy champion, Cuchullin of Ulster, held the ford for five long days against all the hosts of Connaught? What boy hath done, boy may do. Death can come but once!"

The lad's impetuous words fired the whole assembly, the gillies and retainers caught up the cry, and, with the wild enthusiasm that has marked the quick-hearted Irishman from Brian's day to this, "they all," so says the record, "kissed the ground and gave a terrible shout." Beacon fires blazed from cairn and hill-top, and from "the four points" — from north and south and east and west, came the men of Thomond rallying around their chieftains on the banks of Shannon.

With terrible ferocity the Danish hosts fell upon Ireland. From Dublin to Cork the coast swarmed with

swordsmen. Across the fair fields of Meath and Tipperary, "the smooth-plained grassy land of Erin," from Shannon to the sea, the kings and chieftains of Ireland gathered to withstand the shock of the invaders. Their chief blow was struck at "Broccan's Brake" in the County Meath, and "on that field," says the old Irish record, "fell the kings and chieftains, the heirs to the crown, and the royal princes of Erin." There fell Kennedy the king and two of his stalwart sons. But at the Ford of Tribute, Brian, the boy chieftain, kept his post and hurled back again and again the Danes of Limerick as they swarmed up the valley of the Shannon to support their countrymen on the plains of Meath.

The haunted gray stone of Carrick-lee, from which Brian had heard the song of the supposed banshee, rose sharp and bold above the rushing waters; and against it and around it Brian and his followers stood at bay, battling against the Danish hosts, "Ill-luck was it for the foreigner," says the record, "when that youth was born — Brian, the son of Kennedy." In the very midst of the stubborn fight at the ford, and around from a jutting point of the rock of Carrick-lee, a light shallop came speeding down the rapids. In the prow stood a female figure, all in white, from the gleaming golden *lann*, or crescent, that held her flowing veil, to the hem of her gracefully falling robe. And above the din of the strife a clear voice sang: —

"First to face the foreign foe,
First to strike the battle blow;
Last to turn from triumph back,
Last to leave the battle's wrack;
Clan of Cas shall victors be
When they fight at Carrick-lee."

It was, of course, only brave young Eimer of the golden hair bringing fresh arms in her shallop to Brian and his fighting-men; but as the sun, bursting through the clouds, flashed full upon the shining war-axe which she held aloft, the superstitious Danes saw in the floating figure the "White Lady of the Rapids," the banshee, *A-oib-hinn*, the fairy guardian of the clan of Cas. Believing, therefore, that they could not prevail against her powerful aid, they turned and fled in dismay from the flowing river and the haunted rock.

But fast upon young Brian's victory came the tearful news of the battle of Broccan's Brake and the defeat of the Irish kings. Of all the brave lad's family only his eldest brother Mahon escaped from that fatal field; and now he reigned in place of Kennedy, his father, as King of Thomond. But the victorious Danes overran all southern Ireland, and the brothers Mahon and Brian found that they could not successfully face in open field the hosts of their invaders. So these two "stout, able, valiant pillars," these two "fierce, lacerating, magnificent heroes," as the brothers are called in the curious and wordy old Irish record, left their mud-walled fortress-palace by the Shannon, and with "all their people and all their chattels" went deep into the forests of Cratloe and the rocky fastnesses of the County Clare; and there they lived the life of robber chieftains, harassing and plundering the Danes of Limerick and their recreant Irish allies, and guarding against frequent surprise and attack. But so hazardous and unsettled a life was terribly exhausting, and "at length each party of them became tired of the other," and finally King Mahon made peace with the Danes of Limerick.

But "Brian the brave" would make no truce with a hated foe. "Tell my brother," he said, when messengers brought him wǒrd of Mahon's treaty, "that Brian, the son of Kennedy, knows no peace with foreign invaders. Though all others yield and are silent, yet will I never!"

And with this defiance the boy chieftain and "the young champions of the tribe of Cas" went deeper into the woods and fastnesses of the County Clare, and for months kept up a fierce guerrilla warfare. The Danish tyrants knew neither peace nor rest from his swift and sudden attacks. Much booty of "satins and silken cloths, both scarlet and green, pleasing jewels and saddles beautiful and foreign," did they lose to this active young chieftain, and much tribute of cows and hogs and other possessions did he force from them. So dauntless an outlaw did he become that his name struck terror from Galway Bay to the banks of Shannon, and from Lough Derg to the Burren of Clare. "When he inflicted not evil on the foreigners in the day," the quaint old record asserts, "he was sure to do it in the next night; and when he did it not in the night, he was sure to do it in the following day."

One chill April day, as Brian sat alone before the gloomy cave that had given him a winter shelter in the depths of the forests of Clare, his quick ear, well trained in woodcraft, caught the sound of a light step in the thicket. Snatching his ever-ready spear, he stood on guard and demanded: —

"Who is there?"

No answer followed his summons. But as he waited and listened, he heard the notes of a song, low and gentle, as if for his ear alone: —

"Chieftain of the stainless shield,
Prince who brooks no tribute fee;
Ne'er shall he to pagan yield
Who prevailed at Carrick-lee.
Rouse thee, arm thee, hark and heed,
Erin's strength in Erin's need."

"'T is the banshee," was the youth's first thought. "The guardian of our clan urgeth me to speedier action." And then he called aloud: "Who sings of triumph to Brian the heavy-hearted?"

"Be no longer Brian the heavy-hearted; be, as thou ever art, Brian the brave!" came the reply, and through the parting thicket appeared, not the dreaded vision of *A-oib-hinn*, the banshee, but the fair young face of his foster-sister, Eimer of the golden hair.

"Better days await thee, Brian, my brother," she said. "Mahon the king bids thee meet him at Holy Isle. None dared bring his message for fear of the death-dealing Danes who have circled thee with their earth-lines. But what dare not I do for so gallant a foster-brother?"

With the courtesy that marked the men of even those savage times, the boy chieftain knelt and kissed the hem of the daring little maiden's purple robe.

"And what wishes my brother, the king, O Eimer of the golden hair?" he said. "Knows he not that Brian has sworn never to bend his neck to the foreigner?"

"That does he know right well," replied the girl. "But his only words to me were: 'Bid Brian my brother take heart and keep this tryst with me, and the sons of Kennedy may still stand, unfettered, kings of Erin.'"

So Brian kept the tryst; and where, near the southern shores of Lough Derg, the Holy Isle still lies all strewn

with the ruins of the seven churches that gave it this name, the outlawed young chieftain met the king. Braving the dangers of Danish capture and death, he had come unattended to meet his brother.

"Where, O Brian, are thy followers?" King Mahon inquired.

"Save the fifteen faithful men that remain to me in the caves of Uim-Bloit," said the lad, "the bones of my followers rest on many a field from the mountains of Connaught to the gates of Limerick; for their chieftain, O my brother, maketh no truce with the foe."

"Thou art but a boy, O Brian, and like a boy thou dost talk," said the king reprovingly. "Thy pride doth make thee imprudent. For what hast thou gained, since, spite of all, thy followers lie dead!"

"Gained!" exclaimed the young chieftain, impetuously, as he faced Mahon the king; "I have gained the right to be called true son of the clan of Cas — of ancestors who would brook no insult, who would pay no tribute fee to invaders, who would give no hostage; and as to my trusty liegemen who have fallen — is it not the inheritance of the clan of Cas to die for their honor and their homes?" demanded Brian. "So surely it is no honor in valorous men, my brother, to abandon without battle or conflict their father's inheritance to Danes and traitorous kings!"

The unyielding courage of the lad roused the elder brother to action, and, secretly but swiftly, he gathered the chiefs of the clan for council in the *dun* of King Mahon by the ford of Killaloe. "Freedom for Erin and death to the Danes!" cried they — "as the voice of one man," says the record. Again the warning beacons

flamed from cairn and hill-top. In the shadow of the "Rock of Cashel," the royal sun-burst, the banner of the ancient kings, was flung to the breeze, and clansmen and vassals and allies rallied beneath its folds to strike one mighty blow for the redemption of Ireland.

In the County of Tipperary, in the midst of what is called "the golden valley," this remarkable "Rock of Cashel" looms up three hundred feet above the surrounding plain, its top, even now, crowned with the ruins of what were in Brian's day palace and chapel, turret and battlement and ancient tower. Beneath the rough archway of the triple ramparts at the foot of the rock, and up the sharp ascent, there rode one day the herald of Ivar, the Danish King of Limerick. Through the gateway of the palace he passed, and striding into the audience-hall, spoke thus to Mahon the king: —

"Hear, now, O king! Ivar, the son of Sitric, King of Limerick and sole Overlord of Munster, doth summon thee, his vassal, to give up to him this fortress of Cashel, to disperse thy followers, to send to him at Limerick, bounden with chains, the body of Brian the outlaw, and to render unto him tribute and hostage."

King Mahon glanced proudly out to where upon the ramparts fluttered the flag of Ireland.

"Say to Ivar, the son of Sitric," he said, "that Mahon, King of Thomond, spurns his summons, and will pay no tribute for his own inheritance."

"And say thou, too," cried his impetuous younger brother, "that Brian, the son of Kennedy, and all the men of the clan of Cas prefer destruction and death rather than submit to the tyranny of pirates and the overlordship of foreigners and Danes!"

"Hear, then, Mahon, King of Thomond; hear thou and all thy clan, the words of Ivar, the son of Sitric," came the stern warning of the Danish herald. "Thus says the king: 'I will gather against thee a greater muster and hosting, and I will so ravage and destroy the clan of Cas that there shall not be left of ye one man to guide a horse's head across a ford, an abbot or a venerable person within the four corners of Munster who shall not be utterly destroyed or brought under subjection to me, Ivar the king!' "

"Tell thy master," said Mahon the king, unmoved by this terrible threat, "that the clan of Cas defy his boastful words, and will show in battle which are lords of Erin."

"And tell thy master," said his brother, "that Brian the outlaw will come to Limerick not bound with chains, but to bind them."

The Danish power was strong and terrible, but the action of the two valiant brothers was swift and their example was inspiriting. Clansmen and vassals flocked to their standard, and a great and warlike host gathered in old Cashel. Brian led them to battle, and near a willow forest, close to the present town of Tipperary, the opposing forces met in a battle that lasted "from sunrise to midday." And the sun-burst banner of the ancient kings streamed victorious over a conquered field, and the hosts of the Danes were routed. From Tipperary to Limerick, Brian pursued the flying enemy; and capturing Limerick, took therefrom great stores of booty and many prisoners; and the queer old Irish record thus briefly tells the terrible story of young Brian's vengeance — a story that fittingly shows us the cruel customs of

those savage days of old, days now fortunately gone forever: "The fort and the good town he reduced to a cloud of smoke, and to red fire afterward. The whole of the captives were collected on the hills of Saingel, and every one that was fit for war was killed, and every one that was fit for a slave was enslaved."

And from the day of Limerick's downfall the star of Ireland brightened, as in battle after battle, Brian Boru,[1] the wise and valiant young chieftain, was hailed as victor and deliverer from sea to sea.

Upon the death of his brother Mahon, in the year 976, Brian became King of Thomond, of Munster, and of Cashel. Then uniting the rival clans and tribes under his sovereign rule, he was crowned at Tara, in the year 1000, "Ard-righ," or "High King of Erin." The reign of this great king of Ireland was peaceful and prosperous. He built churches, fostered learning, made bridges and causeways, and constructed a road around the coast of the whole kingdom. In his palace at Kincora, near the old *dun* of his father, King Kennedy, by the ford of Killaloe, he "dispensed a royal hospitality, administered a rigid and impartial justice, and so continued in prosperity for the rest of his reign, having been at his death thirty-eight years King of Munster and fifteen years Sovereign of all Ireland."

So the boy chieftain came to be King of Ireland, and the story of his death is as full of interest and glory as the record of his boyish deeds. For Brian grew to be an old, old man, and the Danes and some of the restless Irishmen whom he had brought under his sway revolted against his rule. So the "grand old man of ninety years"

[1] Brian of the Tribute.

led his armies out from the tree-shaded ramparts of royal Kincora, and meeting the enemy on the plains of Dublin, fought on Friday, April 23, 1014, near the little fishing-station of Clontarf, the "last and most terrible struggle of Northmen and Gael, of Pagan and Christian, on Irish soil." It was a bloody day for Ireland; but though the aged king and four of his six sons, with eleven thousand of his followers, were slain on that fatal field, the Danes were utterly routed, and the battle of Clontarf freed Ireland forever from their invasions and tyrannies.

II
SIX CENTURIES OF OPPRESSION

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE Norman barons who invaded Ireland in the twelfth century were only looking for plunder, but soon the discipline of their soldiers and the strong castles they built made them a power in the land. Throughout the thirteenth century Ireland was torn by the incessant struggle of Norman barons and Irish chiefs, but gradually the later comers mingled and intermarried with the natives until they became almost as Irish as the Irish themselves.

The Tudor monarchs reasserted England's authority over Ireland and placed the country under English law. Irish chiefs were evicted from their estates and the land was given to English settlers; Roman Catholics were excluded from all public offices and threatened with fine and imprisonment if they did not attend the Protestant church. The result of these and other tyrannical measures was a series of rebellions that were put down with the greatest cruelty. In 1641, the Irish seized the opportunity of the conflict in England between King and Parliament to take a bloody vengeance for their woes, and thousands of the English settlers were killed or driven from the country. Eight years later Cromwell landed in Ireland with eighteen thousand veteran soldiers, and subdued the country as it had never been subdued before.

Under James II, the Catholics were given a share in the government. As a result, he found warm support in Ireland after he was driven from the English throne by William of Orange. In 1690, King William followed James to Ireland, and by his victory at the Boyne that country was once more subdued. Severe laws were again enacted against Catholics, and the commerce and industry of the unhappy country were deliberately destroyed by a series of laws prohibiting exports and foreign trade. By the end of the eighteenth century the limit of endurance was again reached and another revolt ensued that was put down with difficulty. The only result of this uprising was the suppression of the Parliament at Dublin and the formation of "The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

THE HOUSE OF THE GERALDINES

BY JUSTIN H. McCARTHY

[By the beginning of the fourteenth century the Normans of England had blended with the English, and the Normans of Ireland had blended with the Irish. England's only real authority in Ireland was over the district about Dublin, known as the "Pale." In the effort to increase this authority and to prevent the Normans and Irish from becoming one race, England passed the "Statute of Kilkenny." By this statute Normans were forbidden to speak the Irish language; and if a Norman followed any Irish custom or even wore the Irish dress, he was to forfeit his lands, and suffer imprisonment. If he ventured to marry an Irishwoman, the statute bade that his property should be forfeited and that he himself should be hanged, cut down, and disemboweled while yet alive. The most powerful of the Norman Irish families were the Geraldines, or Fitzgeralds, of Kildare (East Munster), the Butlers of Ormond (West Munster), and the Burkes of Connaught.

The Editor.]

THE story of the House of Geraldine is one of the most romantic in all Irish history. The Geraldines were descended from the two brothers Maurice and William Fitzgerald, who came to Ireland at the heels of Strongbow. Through varying fortunes — at one time the whole house was nearly exterminated by MacCarthy More — they had risen to a proud position of rule in Ireland. They owned all the broad lands from Maynooth to Lixnaw; their followers swarmed everywhere, bearing a "G" on their breast in token that they owed their hearts to the Geraldines.

IRELAND

After Bosworth battle had placed Henry VII on the throne of Richard of Gloucester, the new king was too busy with his new kingdom to give much thought to Ireland. The English colony was in a bad way there. It was reduced to the County of Dublin and parts of Meath, Louth, and Kildare. The greater part of the island was entirely in the hands of Irish chieftains, who exacted tribute from the English, and scornfully set at naught the continued and meaningless renewals of the Statutes of Kilkenny. Henry at first left Ireland alone. He was ever content to leave the Geraldine control of the country unquestioned, although the Geraldines had been so defiantly Yorkist, and though not a few followers of the house had painted their own white roses red with their own blood on many an English field. They were Yorkist still. When Lambert Simnel came over to Ireland, pretending to be the son of false, fleeting, perjured Clarence, the Geraldines rallied round him with warm support and sympathy. When this image of a king was swept from the throne to the kitchen, Perkin Warbeck took his place, claimed to be the Duke of York whom Gloucester had murdered in the Tower, and he, too, found Geraldine aid and maintenance. Henry had now learned something of the strength of Irish disaffection in the hands of the Irish chiefs, and prepared to crush it out more subtly than by the sword. We have seen what the Irish Parliament was like: a poor thing enough in itself, but at worst containing the principles of a representative system. This system Henry resolved to destroy. Three centuries had passed since the Norman banners had first floated over the Irish fields, and in all that time no attempt had been made to force the

English laws upon the Irish Septs, or to interfere with the self-government of the Norman settlers. Now, in 1494, Henry sent over Sir Edward Poynings, as Lord Deputy, with an army at his back, to change altogether the relationship between the two islands. Poynings summoned a Parliament at Drogheda, at which the famous measure known as "Poynings's Act" was passed. This act established that all English laws should operate in Ireland, and that the consent of the Privy Council of England was necessary for all acts of the Irish Parliament. These measures at once deprived Ireland of all claim to independent government. Henceforward she was to be the helpless dependent of the conquering country. But the loss of liberty did not destroy the Irish desire for freedom; it rather gave it an additional incentive to action.

Ireland being thus soldered close to England, Henry was content to leave the government of the country in the hands of its most powerful man. "All Ireland," men said, "was not a match for the Earl of Kildare." "Then let the Earl of Kildare govern all Ireland," said Henry VII, and gave the rule of Ireland into his hands. He had been the most potent spirit in Ireland under the old system; to confirm his power under the new seemed to the astute Henry the surest means of securing his allegiance and the quiet dependence of Ireland.

His successor, the Eighth Henry, looked on the Geraldine power with grave jealousy. The control of the island was practically in the hands of the Earls of Kildare and their followers, and was drifting day by day farther from the control and supremacy of England. What use were Statutes of Kilkenny and Poynings's

Acts if the country was under the command of an Anglo-Irish house who defied the authority of England? His jealousy of the Geraldines was fostered by Wolsey, who was considerably under the influence of the House of Ormonde, bitter enemies of the Geraldines. Gerald, the ninth earl, son of Henry VII's deputy, was summoned to England. He was at once thrown into the Tower, and false news of his execution was sent to Dublin. His son, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, "Silken Thomas," as he was commonly called by his people, from the splendor of his dress, displayed no silken spirit. He raised at once a desperate revolt against the king, but his forces were shattered by the English artillery, brought thus into Irish warfare for the first time. He and his five uncles were compelled to surrender. They were sent to London, to the Tower, where the Earl of Kildare had died of a broken heart, and they were all hanged at Tyburn. Only one of their kin, a boy of twelve, a son of the Earl of Kildare by his second wife, escaped from the slaughter of his race to Rome, to found again the fortunes of his house.

THE GERALDINES

BY THOMAS DAVIS

THE Geraldines — the Geraldines! 't is full a thousand years
Since, 'mid the Tuscan vineyards, bright flashed their battle-spears;
When Capet seized the crown of France, their iron shields were known
And their saber-dint struck terror on the banks of the Garonne;
Across the downs of Hastings they spurred hard by William's side,
And the gray sands of Palestine with Moslem blood they dyed;
But never then, nor thence, till now, had falsehood or disgrace
Been seen to soil Fitzgerald's plume, or mantle in his face.

The Geraldines — the Geraldines! 't is true in Strongbow's van,
By lawless force, as conquerors, their Irish reign began;
And, oh! through many a dark campaign they proved their prowess stern,
In Leinster's plains, and Munster's vales, on king, and chief, and kerne;
But noble was the cheer within the halls so rudely won,

And gen'rous was the steel-gloved hand that had such slaughter done;
How gay their laugh, how proud their mien, you'd ask no herald's sign —
Among a thousand you had known the princely Geraldine.

These Geraldines — these Geraldines! not long our air they breath'd;
Not long they fed on venison, in Irish water seethed;
Not often had their children been by Irish mothers nursed,
When from their full and genial hearts an Irish feeling burst!
The English monarchs strove in vain, by law, by force, and bribe,
To win from Irish thoughts and ways this "more than Irish" tribe;
For still they clung to fosterage, to brehon, cloak, and bard;
What king dare say to Geraldine: "Your Irish wife discard?"

Ye Geraldines — ye Geraldines! — how royally ye reigned
O'er Desmond broad, and rich Kildare, and English arts disdained;
Your sword made knights, your banner waved, free was your bugle call
By Glyn's green slopes, and Dingle's tide, from Barrow's banks to Youghal.

THE GERALDINES

What gorgeous shrines, what brehon lore, what minstrel feats there were
In and around Maynooth's gray keep, and palace-filled Adare!
But not for rite or feast ye stay'd, when friend or kin were press'd;
And foemen fled, when "*Crom abá*" bespoke your lance in rest.

Ye Geraldines — ye Geraldines! — since Silken Thomas flung
King Henry's sword on council board, the English thanes among,
Ye never ceased to battle brave against the English sway,
Though axe and brand and treachery your proudest cut away.
Of Desmond's blood, through woman's veins passed on th' exhausted tide;
His title lives — a Saxon churl usurps the lion's hide;
And, though Kildare tower haughtily, there's ruin at the root,
Else why, since Edward fell to earth, had such a tree no fruit?

True Geraldine! brave Geraldine! — as torrents mould the earth,
You channeled deep old Ireland's heart by constancy and worth;
When Ginckle 'leaguered Limerick, the Irish soldiers gazed

To see if in the setting sun dead Desmond's banner blazed!
And still it is the peasant's hope upon the Curragh's mere,
"They live, who'll see ten thousand men with good Lord Edward here" —
So let them dream till brighter days, when, not by Edward's shade,
But by some leader true as he, their lines shall be arrayed!

These Geraldines — these Geraldines! — rain wears away the rock,
And time may wear away the tribe that stood the battle's shock;
But ever, sure, while one is left of all that honored race,
In front of Ireland's chivalry is that Fitzgerald's place.
And, though the last were dead and gone, how many a field and town,
From Thomas Court to Abbeyfeale, would cherish their renown,
And men would say of valor's rise, or ancient power's decline,
"'T will never soar, it never shone, as did the Geraldine."

The Geraldines — the Geraldines! — and are there any fears
Within the sons of conquerors for full a thousand years?
Can treason spring from out a soil bedewed with martyr's blood?

Or has that grown a purling brook, which long rushed
down a flood? —
By Desmond swept with sword and fire, — by clan and
keep laid low, —
By Silken Thomas and his kin, — by Sainted Edward!
No!
The forms of centuries rise up, and in the Irish line
Command their son to take the post that fits the
Geraldine!

THE VENGEANCE OF CROMWELL

[1649]

BY OLIVER CROMWELL

[AFTER the execution of Charles I, in 1649, Cromwell set out to subdue Ireland. One of the first of his operations was the attack upon Drogheda, or Tredah. The following is part of his own account of what happened after his forces had made their way into the city. The men who were shipped to the Barbadoes were sold as slaves, — a far worse fate than death.

The Editor.]

DIVERS of the enemy retreated into the Mill-Mount, a place very strong and of difficult access; being exceedingly high, having a good graft, and strongly palisadoed. The Governor, Sir Arthur Ashton, and divers considerable Officers being there, our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the Town: and, I think, that night they put to the sword about 2000 men; — divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the Bridge into the other part of the Town, where about 100 of them possessed St. Peter's Church-steeple, some the west Gate, and others a strong Round Tower next the Gate called St. Sunday's. These being summoned to yield to mercy, refused. Whereupon I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's Church to be fired.

The next day the other two Towers were summoned; in one of which was about six or seven score; but they

refused to yield themselves; and we, knowing that hunger must compel them, set only good guards to secure them from running away until their stomachs were come down. From one of the said Towers, notwithstanding their condition, they killed and wounded some of our men. When they submitted, their officers were knocked on the head; and every tenth man of the soldiers killed; and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes. The soldiers in the other Tower were all spared, as to their lives only; and shipped likewise for the Barbadoes.

I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood; and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future. Which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret. The officers and soldiers of this Garrison were the flower of their Army. And their great expectation was, that our attempting this place would put fair to ruin us; they being confident of the resolution of their men, and the advantage of the place.

AFTER THE REBELLION OF 1641

[1653]

BY MRS. E. M. FIELD

THIS morning's sun rose very brightly. There was not a cloud in all the sky, and I was very glad, for at all times I love sunshine, and on Sunday it seems only right to see it.

I dressed quickly, and went down into the great hall, singing as I went. The great wolf dogs rose up from where they lay by the fire, — our turf fire that burns almost all the year round, for we love the cheerfulness of it, — and came barking and fawning upon me. Dogs have a wonderful power of sympathy; if one is sad they see it, and are gentle in their demonstrations of affection, but when one is glad they are glad, too, and show it with all their might, as these good beasts did now.

"Ah, Bran! ah, Rory!" I said. "But you must not forget your master! Pierce! where is Pierce, good dogs?"

At the mention of that name the dogs suddenly ceased their delighted capers, turned their eyes from corner to corner of the room, and whined piteously.

"He is not here, dear dogs," I said; "and I know not how we have the heart to be glad when he is hiding, and Cromwell holds the land." But I think it is just because everything has been so dark that I have the heart to be glad now, because sad times always do give place to better in the end, and so I think it must be soon with us. The terrible avenger Cromwell has ravaged to his

heart's content. It was 1649 when he landed; in 1650 our soldiers laid down their arms, and last year of 1652 the Parliament issued an act banishing those who had taken a leading part in Sir Phelim's revolt, and with them, strange companions in misfortune! all the Protestant hierarchy, and dividing their lands among soldiers and others at their pleasure.

My father bore no arms in that rising, because for many years he has been afflicted with partial numbness on one side of his body, making him incapable of warfare, strong man though he is yet.

We have little to fear, I think, therefore, although indeed I think we have as little to hope.

Thus I mused this morning in the great hall until my mother came in, and my father followed her. After them came servants bringing breakfast; as many dishes and as heavy as in the days when the great hall was ever filled with guests and retainers, as I trust it may be again. But many a familiar face will never more be seen here; the King of Spain has a great army of Irish swordsmen now, and France and Poland too are rich in those brave and fearless hearts.

"What! up with the birds, my Ethne?" said my father. "The long day is never long enough for the child." And, as I bent to kiss his hand, he kissed my forehead, and graciously gave me leave to sit down at once. So soon as the meal was finished, the servants brought mantles, and we went down together to the church, which we see from the windows of the great hall, Derraheen, our island church.

Outside the house is a broad terrace; beyond the terrace long slopes of emerald-green grass, descending to

the lake that nestles among its wooded shores, and bears on its breast a wooded islet or two. On the right hand a long promontory juts out into the calm waters, and on this the church is built. Blue hills close the view; they might be the end of the world for all I care; nothing is so dear to me as the lake and the woods, and the fertile fields that stretch away left and right where the trees end.

The shore of the lake is a gay scene on Sunday morning, when the little bell rings for mass, and the people come from far and near afoot, or more commonly in their boats. They are amphibious like the beavers, and learn to swim as soon as they learn to run. Rowing, moreover, is very early learned; our flat-bottomed cots are not easily overturned; and even if a youngster should contrive to fall into the water, he can swim like any fish, and his clothing of homespun can easily be wrung out and dried.

Up the lake came the boats as I stood waiting. For oars, the first thing that comes to hand will do — a fire-shovel, a spade, a narrow log for cutting turf, a piece of board. Never were there such people as the Irish for contrivance. My father declares *something* is sure to be ready to hand, and *vogue la galère!* [1]

I watched the crowd assembling — some of the men in the old quilted jerkin, which keeps the body warm at home and defends it in battle; others in the wide and long mantles which cover many deficiencies; some with bare feet; others with thick brogues, and in blue hose, made from beginning to end by their wives, who comb the wool and card it, spin it on their cheerful whirling

[1] Come what may.

wheels, and knit it afterwards into those comfortable garments.

For the women, their gowns were blue, or else scarlet, woven in the village loom. They mostly carried their brogues and stockings; if they came on foot they certainly did so, pausing before they turned the last corner to put them on, and so appear in full dress at the church door. The husbands of the married women carried the brogues for their wives as well as their own, being courteous at heart, though lowly born.

Some of the very well-to-do came on their cars, with the two solid wooden wheels and the flat planking nailed above the axles, — the most elementary vehicle, I suppose, that ever was made. One here and there had a wicker creel attached to it, for use on market days; another would have a rough wooden bench to form a seat for the passengers; a few had bits of wood nailed along to form low sides, a great convenience on weekdays when sand or gravel forms the load.

The women who came by boat sat in easy dignity upon low wooden "creepies" set in the stern of the flat-bottomed cots, while the men-folk rowed or punted with long poles. Some few solitary individuals came along in coracles of wickerwork covered with hide. From far and near they came as they might, none stayed away except those who by very grievous infirmity were compelled. Even old age was not a hindrance, for Terence MacSweeny, stout, sturdy young fellow that he is, carried his old grandmother on his back, — Judy MacSweeny, whose age no one accurately knows, but who had the great honor of being foster-mother to my father, which proud post gives great dignity to the MacSweeny family,

and was bought by them as I believe for a great number of cows, fifty at the least, contributed by brothers and cousins, all the members of Judy's family, as was the custom of that day.

It was one of those strangely still days which come in early autumn, when nature seems to rest, exhausted like a new-made mother. All she could do has been done — her harvests are golden, her fruit is ripe, her roses have blown, her young birds are strong on the wing. In perfect silence, neither triumphant nor disappointed, she seems to rest awhile.

The first yellow leaves were dropping into the perfectly unruffled lake, like fairy gold thrown to the care of the water sprites. The sun was hot, but the air had a pleasant crisp freshness: commend me to happy September for a truly pleasant day!

Many a kindly greeting passed between us and our people, as my father sat on the chair that is always set for him outside the church door till the hour of nine strikes, and he enters the well-filled house of God.

In their melodious Gaelic the people wished us many more happy Sundays and saints' days, and all other good things in this world and the next. And ever a vein of poetry ran through their greetings.

"I am growing old, Teague; I cannot expect much more sunshine," said my father, to whom Teague Rafferty had wished that many years of such sun as was shining now might be his.

"But if the yellow sunbeams were gone from his lord's head," protested Teague, "the moon of his silver hair had only begun to shine."

At which my father laughed, and said that it was

strange that on *my* head there was no gold. What wish could Teague give to raven-haired Ethne?

"That every hair on her head may be a candle to light her to glory, the pulse of our hearts!" said Teague. And the hour of nine struck, and we went into the chapel, where Father Ambrose stood at the altar and celebrated the mass. Our people's warm hearts were deeply moved by the sacred rites. They are eager alike in love and in hate; in devotion they are vehement. They sobbed oftentimes and beat their breasts, and tears flowed down many an old and wrinkled face. Not one word of the Latin is understood by them; it seemed to me almost strange that they should be so moved. But as the emotion rose, so it died away when the mass was ended. With the scent of the incense and the sound of the chanting it passed away; and a merry throng they were that streamed out into the sunshine again.

At the corner of the broad terrace in front of the castle windows is a great beech, whose branches spread very widely, and its top shoots far up into the sky. A splendid tree it is, and of great age, and under the shelter of its spreading branches my father's great oaken arm-chair was set after mass.

Then the people, repairing to their boats and cars, or fetching bundles which they had laid under the trees, brought the offerings due from them as tenants.

A basket of fat, cackling geese from one; from another a tub of rich golden butter; from the poorest, eggs and honeycombs, hares and pigeons, or plump young ducks and chickens. From the better-to-do, a heifer or two, or a few sheep, which were driven up that the Knight of

Lara might see that they were noble beasts and worthy of his acceptance.

Pigs there were, too, in plenty, the faithful friends of our cottagers, cheaply fed as they are, and easily tended.

"You have brought me a fair offering, friends," said my father, when all was spread before him. "Only Brian Lynch has nothing. How is that?"

Brian Lynch stood with downcast face in the background; he now came forward sadly. Long illness had sorely hindered him, he said. Nevertheless, he had brought some honeycomb, if the knight would be pleased to take so poor an offering. And he would gladly give labor over and above that which was required of him, if only his lord would be pleased to forgive his shortcomings this time.

"Take the honeycomb back to your children, Brian," said my father; "it may well be that they are hungry. And come daily to the castle for a loaf, Brian. Ethne," he added, turning to me, "it may be that you can help Brian Lynch's children with some of the work of your busy needle — is it so?"

I could, and I had promised so to do. Tears rushed to Brian Lynch's eyes; he threw himself on the ground and kissed the hem of my father's mantle, declaring that but for so good and patient a master he could not live, or survive his misfortunes; but now hope filled his heart again, like sunshine that comes back in spring.

"Murtough Fogarty," said my father, when Brian had gone away joyful, "you are hiding yourself in the crowd, and you also have brought me no offering. How is this?"

But when Murtough would have sheltered himself

under the same excuse which had so well profited Brian Lynch, my father shook his head and frowned.

"That is not true in your case, and the excuse will not serve your turn, Murtough. Strong drink is the root of all your misfortunes — that, and idleness. Have I said truly?"

The man, hanging his head, confessed that nothing could ever be concealed from the master, so wise and discerning was he.

"I give you three months' grace, Murtough," said the knight sternly. "If at the end of that time you bring me a due offering, well; if not, you and your family must come and serve me without any wage but your food, till all is worked for."

The sentence was meekly accepted, and the men came again one by one to ask what free labor they should give until Christmas. My father's harvest had been brought in, each man helping as he could; for our hired servants were but few, and this was customary. Now the turf for the great winter fires in the castle had to be drawn home, and each man was required to give the use of his car and of his own hands for a greater or less number of days, according to his ability. This matter also was settled for each one with due care.

"My friends," said then my father, "is all just and right?"

"It is all just and right," they answered. And again he asked, thinking of the changing times —

"Shall I do away with free labor and offerings in kind, and bid you pay me rent as they do in England?"

There was little doubt of the mind of the people, as with one voice they entreated that he would never

change the old customs. "Spend me, but defend me," has ever been their motto.

"Nor have I any mind to do so. But the times are changing, and the newly come English ever demand their rent," my father answered sadly. And then he desired that all who had any case to bring before him should at once proceed. At this several men stepped forward, for the people will not, if they can help it, — that is, unless summoned to appear, — go before any of the English courts. They come to my father with any dispute, and abide gladly and willingly by his decisions.

"Have you the roll?" my father asked; and a servant brought to him upon a velvet cushion, the ancient roll of the Brehon Law, which for so many and many a long year has been kept in our family, and was formerly expounded by the chief's own brehon in presence of as many of the sept as could gather upon a hill-top above our shining lake.

With much vehemence each side in the first cause argued before my father, the complainant accusing the other of a theft, which was eventually brought home to him; and he was commanded to pay an eric of two pounds ten shillings in English money, or an ox, a fine beast being valued at that sum; to restore besides the valuables which he had taken, certain ancient jewels and ornaments of gold and silver, which had been preserved with almost religious care by the complainant. The sentence was the heavier because the theft had been committed on the Feast of Assumption, a serious aggravation, according to our ancient law, of the offense. In England, so I have heard, they take a man's life for stealing a sheep. Such a law seems horrible to our peo-

ple, especially as the administering of it here has little comfort for them, since here, if the defendant be English, it is ever reckoned answer enough to say that the plaintiff is *a mere Irishman.*

On the next case there was conflict of evidence. That very morning, so the miller of Ardee declared, Lawrence Reilly had crept into his mill and had abstracted a sack of flour. In answer, Lawrence declared that he had not been there, but far away. Could he prove it?

Aye, that he could; he could call witnesses by the score to show that he had been in another place, or in several other places, if the Knight of Lara so desired.

Nor was he one whit abashed when it was pointed out by the laughter that arose that his last answer had not been for his advantage.

My father turned to the miller.

"You say you did not hear the thief?"

The miller had heard no sound. It was strange, for he was certainly in the mill.

My father beckoned to one standing by.

"Take off his brogues."

It was done. A pair of clean and neat blue hose appeared.

"The hose next."

And Lawrence's bare feet showed unmistakable traces of the miller's white dusty floor. Strong evidence truly for the plaintiff.

Great was the triumph of the adversary; great was the respect paid to the wisdom of the Knight of Lara. Lawrence himself, though compelled to pay an eric, seemed as much pleased as anybody. It was a fine story to tell again, and to be sure *some one* must pay the piper.

"And now," said my father, having by a wave of the hand dismissed the attendant pleaders, and returned the roll to its cushion, on which it was at once carried into the castle, "we have done a good day's work; let us have some play. Where is the cake, and Rory the piper?"

Rory, with his pipes under his arm, was to the fore in a moment. Girls in scarlet or blue skirts, with kerchiefs neatly tied over their shoulders, and perhaps another over their hair, or a gay ribbon to tie it, stepped forward readily enough, and the young men no less readily. Mantles were even thrown aside by many of the elders, and the piper's elbow was soon at work filling his pipes with a will. Meantime Larry Oge came forth from the castle with a pike ten feet long in his hands, carrying high above his head on the point of it a round board, on which was the cake, a right good cake, as I know well, who helped to make it. Round the board was a thick wreath of Michaelmas daisies and red berries, and such field flowers as could still be found, while on pegs at the very edge the rosiest apples of the year were fixed, set close to each other in a bright circle, red cheek to red cheek.

Then, every lad choosing for himself a lass, they danced in a ring round about the cake, which Larry Oge held upright on its pike handle; and a merry scene it was, for Rory piped, and those who stood round encouraged the dancers to do their best for the cake, seeing that the couple that held up longest would win it as a prize. So the mirth grew greater and greater, as one couple and another gave in with faces crimson as the apples, till at last no one was left but Teague O'Ruark, my brother Pierce's foster-brother, and pretty Nora ny Houlahan, who duly received the cake and the apples.

The cake they cut up, and it vanished wonderfully fast; then Nora threw the apples, and the young men scrambled for them, and each one who was fortunate enough to get an apple presented it to some girl and got in return a kiss *if he could*, but as often as not he only received a clout, which was not an unmixed pleasure, I should imagine, as the arms of these fair ones were strengthened by haymaking and milking, and other tasks, that make firm muscles.

Ah! it was a merry day! A comfortable meal was laid out upon the short grass in a green glade, and there the people rested, and ate, and were glad, and sang out old songs, that have mostly a wail in them, even if the words are gay. And last of all, Teague O'Ruark sang a song of his own making, or more probably of Malachy, our old harper's, which made a silence fall upon the merry gathering, as if a shadow passed over it.

For he sang of the Drinan Dhun, the sloe tree, and by that name they call my brother Pierce, because his eyes are dark as the sloes, and his hair is raven black as it clusters over his forehead in the ancient Irish fashion of the Coolun, which we love, and which the English hate, and have long striven to abolish.

They were rude rhymes enough that Teague sang, but they went to our hearts as the finest melodies and most inspired words could hardly have done. And this was his song —

"My Drinan Dhun's fairer than a soft summer day!
My Drinan Dhun's breath is like the newmown hay;
And his smile, *maghile m'hor!* [1] like the ray of the sun;
And the name they call him is the Drinan Dhun.

[1] My brightness (of my heart).

"*Cushla machree!* [1] is the rain falling dreary
Where thou art keeping guard, toil-worn and weary?
Youth of the strong arm, oh! where art thou gone?
Dwelling in the shade of the Drinan Dhun.

"Curse upon the Sassenach! [2] Joy bless them never!
The hearthstone of hell be their pillow forever!
God's red wrath shall leave them no rest 'neath the sun,
For all our hearts are breaking for my Drinan Dhun."

"Teague!" cried my father, "I will not have that song sung. I have said it before. If you have a mind to sing, sing songs that will give us the hearts of men, and not a Phillalu only fit for a woman. And you," he turned to the harper, "add at once a cheerful strain to the song, since I doubt not that it is of your making, and henceforth whoso sings it must sing the whole under pain of my anger. Aye, but he can sing the curses twice over if he list!" he added, under his breath.

Thus adjured, the old blind harper, who sat shrouded in his long mantle a little apart from the gay crowd, struck the chords of his harp and sang to the same melody, but in a major key — Teague having passed after his first verse into a wild minor strain —

"Hark how the blackbird sings, *Shule shule aroon!* [3]
Slantha [4] *mavourneen!* My darling comes soon.
For the snow melts away, and the summer 's begun
When we see the first blossoms of the Drinan Dhun!"

"There is hope here, but you might have promised him to us a little sooner than the spring, Malachy," said my father, between sighing and smiling; and he called upon any who were willing to come forth and dance again.

[1] Vein of my heart. [2] English.
[3] Come, come, my dear. [4] A health.

"And you, Ethne, my child, take part in the sport and lead the handkerchief dance. The Knight of Lara's daughter need bate no jot of her dignity, but will add to her empire over the hearts of her father's people by joining in pleasure as in worship with them."

I needed no such argument. To move to music is always a boundless pleasure to me. Do not all young and strong creatures find it so? Certainly a horse springs under the rider at the sound of cheerful music, as if to live and move had all at once become a doubled pleasure.

But I linger too long over the story of this day. We have lived through many a merrier after all — rent day, and patron day, and St. Patrick's happy feast; but this was the very last, and I think I shall never forget anything that happened from morning till the night of it. For as I was winding in and out with the best dancers present, holding a silken kerchief, and passing under it and back again in the various figures of the dance, there was suddenly a stir among the crowd and Rory stopped piping, for half a dozen young gentlemen of the neighborhood rode up and dismounted, casting their reins to some of the lads standing by, and themselves at once approaching my parents.

"Who comes here?" asked my father. "O'Loghlen! you are welcome; and Fitzgerald! your father's son has always a *cead mille failthe* [1] here. And the rest of you," — those that remained were not of family equal to his own, — "I am pleased to see you; be seated where you will on the grass beside me. Ho, Teague! cushions for the O'Loghlen, and the son of Hugh Fitzgerald."

Young Fitzgerald was evidently too much disturbed

[1] Hundred thousand welcomes.

in mind to answer this welcome as readily as he ought. He stood upright, holding a sheet of paper, and seemed uncertain how to utter what he had to say.

"What, bashful!" cried my father, whose patience, to say truth, is not so long as that of Job. "Why, man, thou hadst ever the gift of the gab like a true Irishman! What is there in that half-ounce of paper to turn thee as white as itself? Here, give me!"

There was silence while he read the paper which he had impatiently seized. It was a slow business that reading, or so it seemed to me, for the perturbed faces of the young men led me to fear that evil news was contained on that plain white sheet, a foot wide, perhaps, by two feet long, printed on in fair black type, with the official seal of Ireland drawn above. It was no wonder that my father rose without a word when he had finished, and went straight indoors, followed with eager anxiety by my mother — while we all stood and looked after them, dismayed. For the paper was a proclamation of Oliver Cromwell, declaring that from henceforth all estates and farms in the three provinces should belong to the English soldiers and adventurers; and that the Irish nation must go bodily — children, cattle, and all — across the Shannon into the wilds of Connaught, before the first of March of the next year, under penalty of death if found out of that province or the County of Clare after that date.

Alas, alas! for us there is no blossoming of the Drinan Dhun to check our sadness; no spring following our long winter; no dawn to end our dark night; but only sorrow and sorrow, and yet again sorrow!

THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY

[1689]

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

[WHEN the English finally lost all patience with King James II, they invited his daughter and her husband, William of Orange, to become their sovereigns. James fled; but he did not give up hope of regaining his crown, and a year later he landed in Ireland with troops and money supplied by the King of France. All Ireland except Ulster was on his side; but Ulster — which had been taken from the Irish Catholic owners and given to English and Scotch Protestants — declared for William. Derry, or Londonderry, was its most strongly fortified town, and thither fled large numbers of the Protestants. To this town James with his French and Irish forces now laid siege.

The Editor.]

MAY passed away; June arrived; and still Londonderry held out. There had been many sallies and skirmishes with various success; but, on the whole, the advantage had been with the garrison. Several officers of note had been carried prisoners into the city; and the two French banners, torn after hard fighting from the besiegers, had been hung as trophies in the chancel of the cathedral. It seemed that the siege must be turned into a blockade. But before the hope of reducing the town by main force was relinquished, it was determined to make a great effort. The point selected for assault was an outwork called Windmill Hill, which was not far from the southern gate. Religious stimulants were employed to ani-

mate the courage of the forlorn hope. Many volunteers bound themselves by oath to make their way into the works or to perish in the attempt. Captain Butler, son of the Lord Mountgarret, undertook to lead the sworn men to the attack. On the walls the colonists were drawn up in three ranks. The office of those who were behind was to load the muskets of those who were in front. The Irish came on boldly and with a fearful uproar, but after long and hard fighting were driven back. The women of Londonderry were seen amidst the thickest fire serving out water and ammunition to their husbands and brothers. In one place, where the wall was only seven feet high, Butler and some of his sworn men succeeded in reaching the top; but they were all killed or made prisoners. At length, after four hundred of the Irish had fallen, their chiefs ordered a retreat to be sounded.

Nothing was left but to try the effect of hunger. It was known that the stock of food in the city was but slender. Indeed, it was thought strange that the supplies should have held out so long. Every precaution was now taken against the introduction of provisions. All the avenues leading to the city by land were closely guarded. On the south were encamped along the left bank of the Foyle, the horsemen who had followed Lord Galmoy from the valley of the Barrow. Their chief was of all the Irish captains the most dreaded and the most abhorred by the Protestants. For he had disciplined his men with rare skill and care; and many frightful stories were told of his barbarity and perfidy. Long lines of tents, occupied by the infantry of Butler and O'Neil, of Lord Slane and Lord Germanstown, by Nugent's Westmeath men,

by Eustace's Kildare men, and by Cavanagh's Kerry men, extended northward till they again approached the waterside. The river was fringed with forts and batteries which no vessel could pass without great peril. After some time it was determined to make the security still more complete by throwing a barricade across the stream, about a mile and a half below the city. Several boats full of stones were sunk. A row of stakes was driven into the bottom of the river. Large pieces of firwood, strongly bound together, formed a boom which was more than a quarter of a mile in length, and which was firmly fastened to both shores, by cables a foot thick. . . .

There could be no doubt that, if Londonderry fell, the whole Irish army would instantly march in irresistible force upon Lough Erne. Yet what could be done? Some brave men were for making a desperate attempt to relieve the besieged city; but the odds were too great. Detachments, however, were sent which infested the rear of the blockading army, cut off supplies, and, on one occasion, carried away the horses of three entire troops of cavalry. Still, the line of posts which surrounded Londonderry by land remained unbroken. The river was still strictly closed and guarded. Within the walls the distress had become extreme. So early as the 8th of June horseflesh was almost the only meat which could be purchased; and of horseflesh the supply was scanty. It was necessary to make up the deficiency with tallow; and even tallow was doled out with a parsimonious hand.

On the 15th of June a gleam of hope appeared. The sentinels on the top of the cathedral saw sails nine miles

off in the bay of Lough Foyle. Thirty vessels of different sizes were counted. Signals were made from the steeples and returned from the mastheads, but were imperfectly understood on both sides. At last a messenger from the fleet eluded the Irish sentinels, dived under the boom, and informed the garrison that Kirke had arrived from England with troops, arms, ammunition, and provisions, to relieve the city.

In Londonderry expectation was at the height; but a few hours of feverish joy were followed by weeks of misery. Kirke thought it unsafe to make any attempt, either by land or by water, on the lines of the besiegers, and retired to the entrance of Lough Foyle, where during several weeks he lay inactive.

And now the pressure of famine became every day more severe. A strict search was made in all the recesses of all the houses of the city; and some provisions, which had been concealed in cellars by people who had since died or made their escape, were discovered and carried to the magazines. The stock of cannon balls was almost exhausted; and their place was supplied by brickbats coated with lead. Pestilence began, as usual, to make its appearance in the train of hunger. Fifteen officers died of fever in one day. The Governor, Baker, was among those who sank under the disease. His place was supplied by Colonel John Mitchelburne.

Meanwhile it was known at Dublin that Kirke and his squadron were on the coast of Ulster. The alarm was great at the castle. Even before this news arrived, Avaux had given it as his opinion that Richard Hamilton was unequal to the difficulties of the situation. It had therefore been resolved that Rosen should take

the chief command. He was now sent down with all speed.

On the 19th of June he arrived at the headquarters of the besieging army. At first he attempted to undermine the walls, but his plan was discovered; and he was compelled to abandon it after a sharp fight, in which more than a hundred of his men were slain. Then his fury rose to a strange pitch. He, an old soldier, a marshal of France in expectancy, trained in the school of the greatest generals, accustomed, during many years, to scientific war, to be baffled by a mob of country gentlemen, farmers, shopkeepers, who were protected only by a wall which any good engineer would at once have pronounced untenable! He raved, he blasphemed, in a language of his own, made up of all the dialects spoken from the Baltic to the Atlantic. He would raze the city to the ground; he would spare no living thing; no, not the young girls; not the babies at the breast. As to the leaders, death was too light a punishment for them; he would rack them; he would roast them alive. In his rage he ordered a shell to be flung into the town with a letter containing a horrible menace. He would, he said, gather into one body all the Protestants who had remained at their homes between Charlemont and the sea, old men, women, children, many of them near in blood and affection to the defenders of Londonderry. No protection, whatever might be the authority by which it had been given, should be respected. The multitude thus brought together should be driven under the walls of Londonderry, and should there be starved to death in the sight of their countrymen, their friends, their kinsmen. This was no idle threat. Parties were instantly

sent out in all directions to collect victims. At dawn, on the morning of the 2d of July, hundreds of Protestants, who were charged with no crime, who were incapable of bearing arms, and many of whom had protections granted by James, were dragged to the gates of the city. It was imagined that the piteous sight would quell the spirit of the colonists. But the only effect was to rouse that spirit to still greater energy. An order was immediately put forth that no man should utter the word "surrender" on pain of death; and no man uttered that word. Several prisoners of high rank were in the town. Hitherto they had been well treated, and had received as good rations as were measured out to the garrison. They were now closely confined. A gallows was erected on one of the bastions; and a message was conveyed to Rosen, requesting him to send a confessor instantly to prepare his friends for death. The prisoners in great dismay wrote to the savage Livonian, but received no answer. They then addressed themselves to their countryman, Richard Hamilton. They were willing, they said, to shed their blood for their king; but they thought it hard to die the ignominious death of thieves in consequence of the barbarity of their own companions in arms. Hamilton, though a man of lax principles, was not cruel. He had been disgusted by the inhumanity of Rosen, but, being only second in command, could not venture to express publicly all that he thought. He, however, remonstrated strongly. Some Irish officers felt on this occasion as it was natural that brave men should feel, and declared, weeping with pity and indignation, that they should never cease to have in their ears the cries of the poor women and children who had been

driven at the point of the pike to die of famine between the camp and the city. Rosen persisted during forty-eight hours. In that time many unhappy creatures perished; but Londonderry held out as resolutely as ever; and he saw that his crime was likely to produce nothing but hatred and obloquy. He at length gave way, and suffered the survivors to withdraw. The garrison then took down the gallows which had been erected on the bastion.

When the tidings of these events reached Dublin, James, though by no means prone to compassion, was startled by an atrocity of which the civil wars of England had furnished no example, and was displeased by learning that protections, given by his authority, and guaranteed by his honor, had been publicly declared to be nullities. He complained to the French ambassadors and said, with a warmth which the occasion fully justified, that Rosen was a barbarous Muscovite. Melfort could not refrain from adding that, if Rosen had been an Englishman, he would have been hanged. Avaux was utterly unable to understand this effeminate sensibility. In his opinion, nothing had been done that was at all reprehensible; and he had some difficulty in commanding himself when he heard the king and the secretary blame, in strong language, an act of "wholesome severity." In truth, the French ambassador and the French general were well paired. There was a great difference, doubtless, in appearance and manner, between the handsome, graceful, and refined diplomatist, whose dexterity and suavity had been renowned at the most polite courts of Europe, and the military adventurer, whose look and voice reminded all who came near him

that he had been born in a half-savage country, that he had risen from the ranks, and that he had once been sentenced to death for marauding. But the heart of the courtier was even more callous than that of the soldier.

Rosen was recalled to Dublin; and Richard Hamilton was again left in the chief command. He tried gentler means than those which had brought so much reproach on his predecessor. No trick, no lie, which was thought likely to discourage the starving garrison was spared. One day a great shout was raised by the whole Irish camp. The defenders of Londonderry were soon informed that the army of James was rejoicing on account of the fall of Enniskillen. They were told that they had now no chance of being relieved, and were exhorted to save their lives by capitulating. They consented to negotiate. But what they asked was, that they should be permitted to depart armed and in military array, by land or by water at their choice. They demanded hostages for the exact fulfillment of these conditions, and insisted that the hostages should be sent on board of the fleet which lay in Lough Foyle. Such terms Hamilton durst not grant; the governors would abate nothing; the treaty was broken off; and the conflict recommenced.

By this time July was far advanced; and the state of the city was, hour by hour, becoming more frightful. The number of the inhabitants had been thinned more by famine and disease than by the fire of the enemy. Yet that fire was sharper and more constant than ever. One of the gates was beaten in; one of the bastions was laid in ruins; but the breaches made by day were repaired by night with indefatigable activity. Every attack was still repelled. But the fighting men of the

garrison were so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their legs. Several of them, in the act of striking at the enemy, fell down from mere weakness. A very small quantity of grain remained, and was doled out by mouthfuls. The stock of salted hides was considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeased the rage of hunger. Dogs, fattened on the blood of the slain who lay unburied round the town, were luxuries which few could afford to purchase. The price of a whelp's paw was five shillings and sixpence. Nine horses were still alive, and but barely alive. They were so lean that little meat was likely to be found upon them. It was, however, determined to slaughter them for food. The people perished so fast that it was impossible for the survivors to perform the rites of sepulture. There was scarcely a cellar in which some corpse was not decaying. Such was the extremity of distress that the rats who came to feast in those hideous dens were eagerly hunted and greedily devoured. A small fish, caught in the river, was not to be purchased with money. The only price for which such a treasure could be obtained was some handfuls of oatmeal. Leprosies, such as strange and unwholesome diet engenders, made existence a constant torment. The whole city was poisoned by the stench exhaled from the bodies of the dead and of the half-dead. That there should be fits of discontent and insubordination among men enduring such misery was inevitable. At one moment it was suspected that Walker had laid up somewhere a secret store of food, and was reveling in private, while he exhorted others to suffer resolutely for the good cause. His house was strictly examined; his innocence was fully proved; he regained his popularity;

and the garrison, with death in near prospect, thronged to the cathedral to hear him preach, drank in his earnest eloquence with delight, and went forth from the house of God with haggard faces and tottering steps, but with spirit still unsubdued. There were, indeed, some secret plottings. A very few obscure traitors opened communications with the enemy. But it was necessary that all such dealings should be carefully concealed. None dared to utter publicly any words save words of defiance and stubborn resolution. Even in that extremity the general cry was "No surrender." And there were not wanting voices which, in low tones, added, "First the horses and hides; and then the prisoners; and then each other." It was afterwards related, half in jest, yet not without a horrible mixture of earnest, that a corpulent citizen, whose bulk presented a strange contrast to the skeletons which surrounded him, thought it expedient to conceal himself from the numerous eyes which followed him with cannibal looks whenever he appeared in the streets.

It was no slight aggravation of the sufferings of the garrison that all this time the English ships were seen far off in Lough Foyle. Communication between the fleet and the city was almost impossible. One diver who had attempted to pass the boom was drowned. Another was hanged. The language of signals was hardly intelligible. On the 13th of July, however, a piece of paper sewed up in a cloth button came to Walker's hands. It was a letter from Kirke, and contained assurances of speedy relief. But more than a fortnight of intense misery had since elapsed; and the hearts of the most sanguine were sick with deferred hope. By no art could

the provisions which were left be made to hold out two days more.

Just at this time Kirke received a dispatch from England, which contained positive orders that Londonderry should be relieved. He accordingly determined to make an attempt which, as far as appears, he might have made, with at least an equally fair prospect of success, six weeks earlier.

Among the merchant ships which had come to Lough Foyle under his convoy was one called the Mountjoy. The master, Micajah Browning, a native of Londonderry, had brought from England a large cargo of provisions. He had, it is said, repeatedly remonstrated against the inaction of the armament. He now eagerly volunteered to take the risk of succoring his fellow citizens; and his offer was accepted. Andrew Douglas, master of the Phœnix, who had on board a great quantity of meal from Scotland, was willing to share the danger and the honor. The two merchantmen were to be escorted by the Dartmouth frigate of thirty-six guns, commanded by Captain John Leake, afterwards an admiral of great fame.

It was the 30th of July. The sun had just set; the evening sermon in the cathedral was over; and the heart-broken congregation had separated, when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril; for the river was low, and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the headquarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy

of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the Mountjoy took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way; but the shock was such that the Mountjoy rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks; the Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board; but the Dartmouth poured on them a well-directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the Phœnix dashed at the breach which the Mountjoy had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The Mountjoy began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more; a shot from one of the batteries had struck him; and he died by the most enviable of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birthplace, which was his home, and which had just been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began; but the flash of the guns was seen, and the noise heard, by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the Mountjoy grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half-hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome

them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing-place from the batteries on the other side of the river; and then the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, flitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuit, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of pease. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night; and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance. Through the whole of the 31st of July the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But, soon after the sun had again gone down, flames were seen arising from the camp; and when the 1st of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers; and the citizens saw far off the long column of pikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle toward Strabane. So ended this great siege, the most memorable in the annals of the British Isles. It had lasted a hundred and five days. The garrison had been reduced from about seven thousand effective men to about three thousand. The loss of the besiegers cannot be precisely ascertained. Walker estimated it at eight thousand men.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE

[1690]

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

[A YEAR after the siege of Londonderry King William landed in Ireland, and at the river Boyne his veteran soldiers met the untrained Irish peasants in a battle that sealed the fate of Ireland.

The Editor.]

IT was still early in the day. The king rode slowly along the northern bank of the river, and closely examined the position of the Irish, from whom he was sometimes separated by an interval of little more than two hundred feet. He was accompanied by Schomberg, Ormond, Sidney, Solmes, Prince George of Hesse, Coningsby, and others. "Their army is but small," said one of the Dutch officers. Indeed, it did not appear to consist of more than sixteen thousand men. But it was well known, from the reports brought by deserters, that many regiments were concealed from view by the undulations of the ground. "They may be stronger than they look," said William; "but, weak or strong, I will soon know all about them."

At length he alighted at a spot nearly opposite to Oldbridge, sat down on the turf to rest himself, and called for breakfast. The sumpter horses were unloaded: the canteens were opened; and a tablecloth was spread on the grass. The place is marked by an obelisk, built while

many veterans who could well remember the events of that day were still living.

While William was at his repast, a group of horsemen appeared close to the water on the opposite shore. Among them his attendants could discern some who had once been conspicuous at reviews in Hyde Park and at balls in the gallery of Whitehall, the youthful Berwick, the small, fair-haired Lauzun, Tyrconnel, once admired by maids of honor as the model of manly vigor and beauty, but now bent down by years and crippled by gout, and, overtopping all, the stately head of Sarsfield.

The chiefs of the Irish army soon discovered that the person who, surrounded by a splendid circle, was breakfasting on the opposite bank, was the Prince of Orange. They sent for artillery. Two fieldpieces, screened from view by a troop of cavalry, were brought down almost to the brink of the river, and placed behind a hedge. William, who had just risen from his meal, and was again in the saddle, was the mark of both guns. The first shot struck one of the holsters of Prince George of Hesse, and brought his horse to the ground. "Ah!" cried the king; "the poor prince is killed." As the words passed his lips, he was himself hit by a second ball, a six-pounder. It merely tore his coat, grazed his shoulder, and drew two or three ounces of blood. Both armies saw that the shot had taken effect; for the king sank down for a moment on his horse's neck. A yell of exultation rose from the Irish camp. The English and their allies were in dismay. Solmes flung himself prostrate on the earth, and burst into tears. But William's deportment soon reassured his friends. "There is no harm done," he said; "but the bullet came quite near

enough." Coningsby put his handkerchief to the wound: a surgeon was sent for: a plaster was applied; and the king, as soon as the dressing was finished, rode round all the posts of his army amidst loud acclamations. Such was the energy of his spirit that, in spite of his feeble health, in spite of his recent hurt, he was that day nineteen hours on horseback.

A cannonade was kept up on both sides till the evening. William observed with especial attention the effect produced by the Irish shots on the English regiments which had never been in action, and declared himself satisfied with the result. "All is right," he said; "they stand fire well." Long after sunset he made a final inspection of his forces by torchlight, and gave orders that everything should be ready for forcing a passage across the river on the morrow. Every soldier was to put a green bough in his hat. The baggage and greatcoats were to be left under a guard. The word was Westminster.

The king's resolution to attack the Irish was not approved by all his lieutenants. Schomberg, in particular, pronounced the experiment too hazardous, and, when his opinion was overruled, retired to his tent in no very good humor. When the order of battle was delivered to him, he muttered that he had been more used to give such orders than to receive them. For this little fit of sullenness, very pardonable in a general who had won great victories when his master was still a child, the brave veteran made, on the following morning, a noble atonement.

The 1st of July dawned, a day which has never since returned without exciting strong emotions of very differ-

ent kinds in the two populations which divide Ireland. The sun rose bright and cloudless. Soon after four both armies were in motion. William ordered his right wing, under the command of Meinhart Schomberg, one of the duke's sons, to march to the bridge of Slane, some miles up the river, to cross there, and to turn the left flank of the Irish army. Meinhart Schomberg was assisted by Portland and Douglas. James, anticipating some such design, had already sent to the bridge a regiment of dragoons, commanded by Sir Neil O'Neil. O'Neil behaved himself like a brave gentleman; but he soon received a mortal wound; his men fled; and the English right wing passed the river.

This move made Lauzun uneasy. What if the English right wing should get into the rear of the army of James? About four miles south of the Boyne was a place called Duleek, where the road to Dublin was so narrow that two cars could not pass each other, and where on both sides of the road lay a morass which afforded no firm footing. If Meinhart Schomberg should occupy this spot, it would be impossible for the Irish to retreat. They must either conquer or be cut off to a man. Disturbed by this apprehension, the French general marched with his countrymen and with Sarsfield's horse in the direction of Slane Bridge. Thus the fords near Oldbridge were left to be defended by the Irish alone.

It was now near ten o'clock. William put himself at the head of his left wing, which was composed exclusively of cavalry, and prepared to pass the river not far above Drogheda. The center of his army, which consisted almost exclusively of foot, was entrusted to the command of Schomberg, and was marshaled opposite

to Oldbridge. At Oldbridge had been collected the whole Irish army, foot, dragoons, and horse, Sarsfield's regiment alone excepted. The Meath bank bristled with pikes and bayonets. A fortification had been made by French engineers out of the hedges and buildings; and a breastwork had been thrown up close to the water side. Tyrconnel was there; and under him were Richard Hamilton and Antrim.

Schomberg gave the word. Solmes's Blues were the first to move. They marched gallantly, with drums beating, to the brink of the Boyne. Then the drums stopped; and the men, ten abreast, descended into the water. Next plunged Londonderry and Enniskillen. A little to the left of Londonderry and Enniskillen, Caillemot crossed, at the head of a long column of French refugees. A little to the left of Caillemot and his refugees, the main body of the English infantry struggled through the river, up to their armpits in water. Still farther down the stream the Danes found another ford. In a few minutes the Boyne, for a quarter of a mile, was alive with muskets and green boughs.

It was not till the assailants had reached the middle of the channel that they became aware of the whole difficulty and danger of the service in which they were engaged. They had as yet seen little more than half the hostile army. Now whole regiments of foot and horse seemed to start out of the earth. A wild shout of defiance rose from the whole shore: during one moment the event seemed doubtful: but the Protestants pressed resolutely forward; and in another moment the whole Irish line gave way. Tyrconnel looked on in helpless despair. He did not want personal courage: but his military skill

was so small that he hardly ever reviewed his regiment in the Phœnix Park without committing some blunder; and to rally the ranks which were breaking all round him was no task for a general who had survived the energy of his body and of his mind, and yet had still the rudiments of his profession to learn. Several of his best officers fell while vainly endeavoring to prevail on their soldiers to look the Dutch Blues in the face. Richard Hamilton ordered a body of foot to fall on the French refugees, who were still deep in water. He led the way, and, accompanied by some courageous gentlemen, advanced, sword in hand, into the river. But neither his commands nor his example could infuse valor into that mob of cow-stealers. He was left almost alone, and retired from the bank in despair. Farther down the river, Antrim's division ran like sheep at the approach of the English column. Whole regiments flung away arms, colors, and cloaks, and scampered off to the hills without striking a blow or firing a shot.

It required many years and many heroic exploits to take away the reproach which that ignominious rout left on the Irish name. Yet, even before the day closed, it was abundantly proved that the reproach was unjust. Richard Hamilton put himself at the head of the cavalry, and under his command they made a gallant, though an unsuccessful, attempt to retrieve the day. They maintained a desperate fight in the bed of the river with Solmes's Blues. They drove the Danish brigade back into the stream. They fell impetuously on the Huguenot regiments, which, not being provided with pikes, then ordinarily used by foot to repel horse, began to give ground. Caillemot, while encouraging his fellow

exiles, received a mortal wound in the thigh. Four of his men carried him back across the ford to his tent. As he passed, he continued to urge forward the rear ranks which were still up to the breast in the water. "On; on; my lads! To glory! To glory." Schomberg, who had remained on the northern bank, and who had thence watched the progress of his troops with the eye of a general, now thought that the emergency required from him the personal exertion of a soldier. Those who stood about him besought him in vain to put on his cuirass. Without defensive armor he rode through the river, and rallied the refugees whom the fall of Caillemot had dismayed. "Come on," he cried in French, pointing to the popish squadrons; "come on, gentlemen; there are your persecutors." Those were his last words. As he spoke, a band of Irish horsemen rushed upon him and encircled him for a moment. When they retired, he was on the ground. His friends raised him; but he was already a corpse. Two saber wounds were on his head; and a bullet from a carbine was lodged in his neck. Almost at the same moment Walker, while exhorting the colonists of Ulster to play the men, was shot dead. During near half an hour the battle continued to rage along the southern shore of the river. All was smoke, dust, and din. Old soldiers were heard to say that they had seldom seen sharper work in the Low Countries. But, just at this conjuncture, William came up with the left wing. He had found much difficulty in crossing. The tide was running fast. His charger had been forced to swim, and had been almost lost in the mud. As soon as the king was on firm ground, he took his sword in his left hand,— for his right arm was stiff with his wound and his band-

age, — and led his men to the place where the fight was the hottest. His arrival decided the fate of the day. Yet the Irish horse retired fighting obstinately. It was long remembered among the Protestants of Ulster that, in the midst of the tumult, William rode to the head of the Enniskilleners. "What will you do for me?" he cried. He was not immediately recognized; and one trooper, taking him for an enemy, was about to fire. William gently put aside the carbine. "What," said he, "do you not know your friends?" "It is His Majesty," said the colonel. The ranks of sturdy Protestant yeomen set up a shout of joy. "Gentlemen," said William, "you shall be my guards to-day. I have heard much of you. Let me see something of you." One of the most remarkable peculiarities of this man, ordinarily so saturnine and reserved, was that danger acted on him like wine, opened his heart, loosened his tongue, and took away all appearance of constraint from his manner. On this memorable day he was seen wherever the peril was greatest. One ball struck the cap of his pistol: another carried off the heel of his jackboot: but his lieutenants in vain implored him to retire to some station from which he could give his orders without exposing a life so valuable to Europe. His troops, animated by his example, gained ground fast. The Irish cavalry made their last stand at a house called Plottin Castle, about a mile and a half south of Oldbridge. There the Enniskilleners were repelled with the loss of fifty men, and were hotly pursued, till William rallied them and turned the chase back. In this encounter Richard Hamilton, who had done all that could be done by valor to retrieve a reputation forfeited by perfidy, was severely

wounded, taken prisoner, and instantly brought, through the smoke and over the carnage, before the prince whom he had foully wronged. On no occasion did the character of William show itself in a more striking manner. "Is this business over?" he said; "or will your horse make more fight?" "On my honor, sir," answered Hamilton, "I believe that they will." "Your honor!" muttered William; "your honor!" That half-suppressed exclamation was the only revenge which he condescended to take for an injury for which many sovereigns, far more affable and gracious in their ordinary deportment, would have exacted a terrible retribution. Then, restraining himself, he ordered his own surgeon to look to the hurts of the captive.

And now the battle was over. Hamilton was mistaken in thinking that his horse would continue to fight. Whole troops had been cut to pieces. One fine regiment had only thirty unwounded men left. It was enough that these gallant soldiers had disputed the field till they were left without support, or hope, or guidance, till their bravest leader was a captive, and till their king had fled.

THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN

[1798]

[DURING the rebellion of 1798 the famous "Wearin' o' the Green" began to be sung. Stopford A. Brooke says that it is "probably the finest street ballad ever written."

The Editor.]

OH, Paddy dear! an' did ye hear the news that's goin' round?
The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground!
No more St. Patrick's Day we'll keep, his color can't be seen,
For there's a cruel law agin the wearin' o' the green!
I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor Ould Ireland, and how does she stand?"
She's the most disthressful country that iver yet was seen,
For they're hangin' men and women there for wearin' o' the green.

An' if the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed;
Then pull the shamrock from your hat, and throw it on the sod, —
And never fear, 't will take root there, tho' under foot 't is trod!
When law can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they grow,

And when the leaves in summer-time their color dare not
show,
Then I will change the color, too, I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to wearin' o' the
green.

EMMET'S GRAVE

BY JUSTIN F. McCARTHY

[ROBERT EMMET was a leader of the "United Irishmen," an organization which was formed to bring about parliamentary reforms. Becoming revolutionary, it aided in causing the Irish rebellion of 1798. Five years later, an uprising was led by Emmet, who was captured and put to death.

The Editor.]

THERE is a grave in Dublin, whose sad and silent stone
No name of him who sleeps beneath, no eulogy makes known;
No prayer for the departed soul, no monumental bust
Adorns the voiceless sepulcher that shrouds a martyr's dust.

'T is the grave of Robert Emmet; it obeys the latest breath
Of his bidding to the country on the day he met his death;
"My epitaph," he ordered, "let no living finger trace,
Till with the nations once again my country takes her place."

But all who love their country love that melancholy grave,
Where the gallant body moulders of the bravest of the brave,

IRELAND

'T is a nobler bed for such a sleep, with its epitaph unsaid,
Than the proudest tomb men ever raised to the venerated dead.

Ah! lover, soldier, patriot, the time will surely come,
When that mute slab that guards thy rest need be no longer dumb,
And when the children of thy race shall feel a right to make
A fitting epitaph for him who died for Ireland's sake.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

BY THOMAS MOORE

[TARA, a score of miles from Dublin, was famous in early Irish history as a royal residence.

The Editor.]

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled. —
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

III
IRELAND AND HER PEOPLE

HISTORICAL NOTE

THROUGHOUT the nineteenth century the struggle for freedom was continued by various societies and parties — the United Irishmen, the Ribbon Society, the Young Ireland Party, the Fenian Society, the Land League, and others. Repression was answered by outrage, and the prospect for liberty seemed at times dark, indeed.

But slowly the long struggle against oppression began to bear fruit. In 1829, the right of Catholics to sit in Parliament was granted. Forty years later, by the efforts of Gladstone, the Episcopal Church in Ireland was disestablished. Another serious grievance was the "land question." The land of the country was in the hands of a very few persons, and was rented by them annually. Except in Ulster, a tenant who had improved his holding in any way usually had his rent raised; and if he was evicted, he received no compensation for any of his improvements. By the influence of Gladstone, the Act of the "three F's" — Free Sale, Fair Rent, Fixity of Tenure, was passed. In 1885, the Government offered to lend the small farmers the money to purchase their farms for themselves, by their making small payments to extend over a period of forty-nine years. Other acts have been passed with the same general aim.

The most pressing question for a long time was that of "Home Rule," that is, a local legislature for the country. Notwithstanding the threat of the Protestant province of Ulster to rebel rather than be governed by an Irish Parliament, a Home Rule bill passed the House of Commons in 1914, and so became law.

THE "GRAND CANAL HOTEL"

BY CHARLES LEVER

[THE following scene from a story by a famous Irish novelist gives a vivid picture of the utter wretchedness to which a large proportion of the population of Ireland had been reduced by the early nineteenth century.

The Editor.]

LITTLE does he know who voyages in a canal-boat, dragged along some three miles and a half per hour, ignominiously at the tails of two ambling hackneys, what pride, pomp, and circumstance await him at the first town he enters. Seated on the deck, watching with a Dutchman's apathy the sedgy banks, whose tall flaggers bow their heads beneath the ripple that eddies from the bow: now lifting his eyes from earth to sky, with nothing to interest, nothing to attract him; turning from the gaze of the long dreary tract of bog and moorland, to look upon his fellow travelers, whose features are perhaps neither more striking nor more pleasing, — the monotonous jog of the postilion before, the impassive placidity of the helmsman behind, — the lazy smoke that seems to lack energy to issue from the little chimney, — the brown and leaden look of all around, — have something dreamy and sleep-compelling, almost impossible to resist. And, already, as the voyager droops his head, and lets fall his eyelids, a confused and misty sense of some everlasting journey, toilsome, tedious, and slow, creeps over his besotted faculties; when suddenly

the loud bray of the horn breaks upon his ears — the sound is reëchoed from a distance — the far-off tinkle of a bell is borne along the water, and he sees before him, as if conjured up by some magician's wand, the roofs and chimneys of a little village. Meanwhile, the excitement about him increases: the deck is lumbered with hampers, and boxes, and parcels — the note of departure to many a cloaked and frieze-coated passenger has rung; for, strange as it may seem, in that little assemblage of mud hovels, with their dunghills and their duck-pools around them, with its one slated house and its square chapel — yet there are people who live there; and, stranger still, some of those who have left it, and seen other places, are going back there again, to drag on life as before. But the plot is thickening: the large brass bell at the stern of the boat is thundering away with its clanging sound; the banks are crowded with people; and as if to favor the melodramatic magic of the scene, the track-rope is cast off, the weary posters trot away towards their stable, the stately barge floats on, to its destined haven, without the aid of any visible influence. He who watches the look of proud important bearing that beams upon the "captain's" face at a moment like this, may philosophize upon the charms of that power which man wields above his fellow men; such, at least, were some of my reflections — and I could not help muttering to myself, if a man like this feels pride of station, what a glorious service must be the navy.

Watching with interest the nautical skill with which, having fastened a rope to the stern, the boat was swung round, with her head in the direction from whence she came, intimating thereby the monotonous character of

her avocations, I did not perceive that one by one the passengers were taking their departure.

"Good-bye, Captain!" cried Father Tom, as he extended his ample hand to me; "we'll meet again in Loughrea. I'm going on Mrs. Carney's car, or I'd be delighted to join you in a conveyance, but you'll easily get one at the hotel."

I had barely time to thank the good father for his kind advice, when I perceived him adjusting various duodecimo Carneys in the well of the car, and then having carefully included himself in the frieze coat that wrapped Mrs. Carney — he gave the word to drive on.

As the day following was the time appointed for naming the horses and the riders, I had no reason for haste. Loughrea, from what I had heard, was a commonplace country town, in which, as in all similar places, every newcomer was canvassed with a prying and searching curiosity. I resolved, therefore, to stop where I was; not, indeed, that the scenery possessed any attractions: a prospect more bleak, more desolate, and more barren, it would be impossible to conceive — a wide river with low and reedy banks, moving sluggishly on its yellow current, between broad tracts of bog or callow meadow-land; no trace of cultivation, not even a tree was to be seen.

Such is Shannon Harbor. No matter, thought I, the hotel at least looks well. This consolatory reflection of mine was elicited by the prospect of a large stone building of some stories high, whose granite portico and wide steps stood in strange contrast to the miserable mud hovels that flanked it on either side. It was a strange thought to have placed such a building in such a situa-

tion. I dismissed the ungrateful notion, as I remembered my own position, and how happy I felt to accept its hospitality.

A solitary jaunting-car stood on the canal side — the poorest specimen of its class I had ever seen; the car — a few boards cobbled up by some country carpenter — seemed to threaten disunion even with the coughing of the wretched beast that wheezed between its shafts, while the driver, an emaciated creature of any age from sixteen to sixty, sat shivering upon the seat, striking from time to time with his whip at the flies that played about the animal's ears, as though anticipating their prey.

"Banagher, yer honor. Loughrea, sir. Rowl ye over in an hour and a half. Is it Portumna, sir?"

"No, my good friend," replied I, "I stop at the hotel."

Had I proposed to take a sail down the Shannon on my portmanteau, I don't think the astonishment could have been greater. The bystanders, and they were numerous enough by this time, looked from one to the other, with expressions of mingled surprise and dread; and indeed had I, like some sturdy knight-errant of old, announced my determination to pass the night in a haunted chamber, more unequivocal evidences of their admiration and fear could not have been evoked.

"In the hotel," said one.

"He is going to stop at the hotel," cried another.

"Blessed hour," said a third, "wonders will never cease."

Short as had been my residence in Ireland, it had at least taught me one lesson — never to be surprised at anything I met with. So many views of life peculiar to

the land met me at every turn —so many strange prejudices — so many singular notions, that were I to apply my previous knowledge of the world, such as it was, to my guidance here, I should be like a man endeavoring to sound the depths of the sea with an instrument intended to ascertain the distance of a star. Leaving, therefore, to time the explanation of the mysterious astonishment around me, I gathered together my baggage and left the boat.

The first impressions of a traveler are not uncommonly his best. The finer and more distinctive features of a land require deep study and long acquaintance, but the broader traits of nationality are caught in an instant, or not caught at all. Familiarity with them destroys them, and it is only at first blush that we learn to appreciate them with force. Who that has landed at Calais, at Rotterdam, or at Leghorn, has not felt this? The Flemish peasant, with her long-eared cap and heavy sabots — the dark Italian, basking his swarthy features in the sun, are striking objects when we first look on them. But days and weeks roll on, the wider characteristics of human nature swallow up the smaller and more narrow features of nationality, and in a short time we forget that the things which have surprised us at first are not what we have been used to from our infancy.

Gifted with but slender powers of observation, such as they were, this was to me always a moment of their exercise. How often in the rural districts of my own country had the air of cheery comfort, and healthy contentment, spoken to my heart; how frequently in the manufacturing ones, had the din of hammers, the black smoke, or

the lurid flame of furnaces, turned my thoughts to those great sources of our national wealth, and made me look on every dark and swarthy face that passed, as on one who ministered to his country's weal. But now I was to view a new, and very different scene. Scarcely had I put foot on shore when the whole population of the village thronged around me. What are these? thought I. What art do they practice? What trade do they profess? Alas! their wan looks, their tattered garments, their outstretched hands, and imploring voices, gave the answer — they were all beggars! It was not as if the old, the decrepit, the sickly, or the feeble, had fallen on the charity of their fellow men in their hour of need; but here were all — all — the old man and the infant, the husband and the wife, the aged grandfather and the tottering grandchild, the white locks of youth, the whiter hairs of age — pale, pallid, and sickly — trembling between starvation and suspense, watching with the hectic eye of fever, every gesture of him on whom their momentary hope was fixed; canvassing in muttered tones every step of his proceeding, and hazarding a doubt upon its bearing on their own fate.

"Oh! the heavens be your bed, noble gentleman, look at me. The Lord reward you for the little sixpence that you have in your fingers there. I'm the mother of ten of them."

"Billy Cronin, yer honor, I'm dark since I was nine years old."

"I'm the ouldest man in the town-land," said an old fellow with a white beard, and a blanket strapped round him.

While bursting through the crowd, came a strange

odd-looking figure, in a huntsman's coat and cap, but both were so patched and tattered, it was difficult to detect their color.

"Here's Joe, your honor," cried he, putting his hand to his mouth at the same moment. "Tally ho! ye ho! ye ho!" he shouted, with a mellow cadence I never heard surpassed. "Yow! yow! yow!" he cried, imitating the barking of dogs, and then uttering a long low wail, like the bay of a hound, he shouted out, "Hark away! hark away!" and at the same moment pranced into the thickest of the crowd, upsetting men, women, and children as he went: the curses of some, the cries of others, and the laughter of nearly all, ringing through the motley mass, making their misery look still more frightful.

Throwing what silver I had about me amongst them, I made my way towards the hotel, not alone, however, but heading a procession of my ragged friends, who, with loud praises of my liberality, testified their gratitude by bearing me company. Arrived at the porch, I took my luggage from the carrier, and entered the house. Unlike any other hotel I had ever seen, there was neither stir nor bustle, no burly landlord, no buxom landlady, no dapper waiter with napkin on his arm, no pert-looking chambermaid with a bedroom candlestick. A large hall, dirty, and unfurnished, led into a kind of bar, upon whose unpainted shelves a few straggling bottles were ranged together, with some pewter measures and tobacco pipes; while the walls were covered with placards, setting forth the regulations for the "Grand Canal Hotel," with a list, copious and abundant, of all the good things to be found therein, with

the prices annexed; and a pressing entreaty to the traveler, should he not feel satisfied with his reception, to mention it in a "book kept for that purpose by the landlord." I cast my eye along the bill of fare, so ostentatiously put forth — I read of rump-steaks and roast fowls, of red rounds and sirloins, and I turned from the spot resolved to explore further. The room opposite was large and spacious, and probably destined for the coffee-room, but it also was empty; it had neither chair nor table, and save a pictorial representation of a canal-boat, drawn by some native artist with a burnt stick upon the wall, it had no decoration. Having amused myself with the "Lady Caher," such was the vessel called, I again set forth on my voyage of discovery, and bent my steps towards the kitchen. Alas! my success was no better there — the goodly grate, before which should have stood some of that luscious fare of which I had been reading, was cold and deserted; in one corner, it was true, three sods of earth, scarce lighted, supported an antiquated kettle, whose twisted spout was turned up with a misanthropic curl at the misery of its existence. I ascended the stairs, my footsteps echoed along the silent corridor, but still no trace of human habitant could I see, and I began to believe that even the landlord had departed with the larder.

At this moment the low murmur of voices caught my ear. I listened, and could distinctly catch the sound of persons talking together, at the end of the corridor. Following along this, I came to a door, at which having knocked twice with my knuckles, I waited for the invitation to enter. Either indisposed to admit me, or not having heard my summons, they did not reply; so turn-

ing the handle gently, I opened the door, and entered the room unobserved. For some minutes I profited but little by this step; the apartment, a small one, was literally full of smoke, and it was only when I had wiped the tears from my eyes three times that I at length began to recognize the objects before me.

Seated upon two low stools, beside a miserable fire of green wood, that smoked, not blazed, upon the hearth, were a man and a woman. Between them a small and rickety table supported a tea equipage of the humblest description, and a plate of fish whose odor pronounced them red herrings. Of the man I could see but little, as his back was turned toward me; but had it been otherwise, I could scarcely have withdrawn my looks from the figure of his companion. Never had my eyes fallen on an object so strange and so unearthly. She was an old woman, so old, indeed, as to have numbered nearly a hundred years; her head uncovered by her cap, or quoif, displayed a mass of white hair that hung down her back and shoulders, and even partly across her face, not sufficiently, however, to conceal two dark orbits, within which her dimmed eyes faintly glimmered; her nose was thin and pointed, and projecting to the very mouth, which, drawn backwards at the angles by the tense muscles, wore an expression of hideous laughter. Over her coarse dress of some country stuff she wore, for warmth, the cast-off coat of a soldier, giving to her uncouth figure the semblance of an aged baboon at a village show. Her voice, broken with coughing, was a low, feeble treble that seemed to issue from passages where lingering life had left scarce a trace of vitality; and yet she talked on, without ceasing, and moved her

skinny fingers among the teacups and knives, upon the table, with a fidgety restlessness, as though in search of something.

"There, *acushla*, don't smoke; don't now: sure it is the ruin of your complexion. I never see boys take to tobacco this way when I was young."

"Whisht, mother, and don't be bothering me," was the cranky reply, given in a voice which, strange to say, was not quite unknown to me.

"Aye, aye," said the old crone; "always the same, never mindin' a word I say; and maybe in a few years I won't be to the fore to look after you and watch you."

Here the painful thought of leaving a world, so full of its seductions and sweets, seemed too much for her feelings, and she began to cry. Her companion, however, appeared but little affected, but puffed away at his pipe at his ease, waiting with patience till the paroxysm was past.

"There, now," said the old lady, brightening up, "take away the tay-things, and you may go and take a run on the common; but mind you, don't be pelting Jack Moore's goose, and take care of Bryan's sow, she is as wicked as the divil, now that she has boneens after her. D' ye hear me, darlin', or is it sick you are? Och! wirra! wirra! What's the matter with you, Corny *mabouchal?*"

"Corny," exclaimed I, forgetful of my incognito.

"Aye, Corny, nayther more nor less than Corny himself," said that redoubted personage, as rising to his legs, he deposited his pipe upon the table, thrust his hands into his pockets, and seemed prepared to give battle.

"Oh, Corny," said I, "I am delighted to find you here. Perhaps you can assist me. I thought this was a hotel."

"And why would n't you think it a hotel? Has n't it a bar and a coffee-room? — Is n't the regulations of the house printed, and stuck up on all the walls? — Aye, that's what the directors did — put the price on everything as if one was going to cheat the people. And signs on it, look at the place now — ugh! the Haythens! the Turks!"

"Yes, indeed, Corny, look at the place now," — glad to have an opportunity to chime in with my friend's opinions.

"Well, and look at it," replied he, bristling up, "and what have you to say agin it? Is n't it the Grand Canal Hotel?"

"Yes; but," said I conciliatingly, "a hotel ought at least to have a landlord or a landlady."

"And what do you call my mother there?" said he, with indignant energy.

"Don't bate Corny, sir! Don't strike the child!" screamed the old woman, in an accent of heartrending terror. "Sure he does n't know what he is saying."

"He is telling me it is n't the Grand Canal Hotel, mother," shouted Corny in the old lady's ears, while at the same moment he burst into a fit of most discordant laughter. By some strange sympathy the old woman joined in, and I myself, unable to resist the ludicrous effect of a scene which still had touched my feelings, gave way also, and thus we all three laughed on for several minutes.

Suddenly recovering himself in the midst of his cach-

innations, Corny turned briskly round, fixed his fiery eyes upon me, and said, —

"And did you come all the way from town to laugh at my mother and me?"

I hastened to exonerate myself from such a charge, and in a few words informed him of the object of my journey, whither I was going, and under what painful delusion I labored in supposing the internal arrangements of the Grand Canal Hotel bore any relation to its imposing exterior.

"I thought I could have dined here."

"No, you can't," was the reply, "av ye're not fond of herrins."

"And had a bed, too?"

"Nor that either, av ye don't like straw."

"And has your mother nothing better than that?" said I, pointing to the miserable plate of fish.

"Whisht, I tell you, and don't be putting the like in her head: sometimes she hears as well as you or me" — here he dropped his voice to a whisper — "herrins is so cheap that we always make her believe it's Lent — this is nine year now she's fasting." Here a fit of laughing at the success of this innocent ruse, again broke from Corny, in which, as before, his mother joined.

"Then what am I to do," asked I, "if I can get nothing to eat here? Is there no other house in the village?"

"No, divil a one."

"How far is it to Loughrea?"

"Fourteen miles and a bit."

"I can get a car, I suppose?"

"Aye, if Mary Doonan's boy is not gone back."

The old woman, whose eyes were impatiently fixed upon me during this coloquy, but who heard not a word of what was going forward, now broke in.

"Why does n't he pay the bill and go away? Divil a farthing I'll take off it. Sure av ye were a raal gentleman ye'd be givin' a fip-penny-bit to the gossoon there, that sarved you. Never mind, Corny, dear, I'll buy a bag of marbles for you at Banagher."

Fearful of once more giving way to unseasonable mirth I rushed from the room and hurried downstairs; the crowd that had so lately accompanied me was now scattered, each to his several home. The only one who lingered near the door was the poor idiot (for such he was) that wore the huntsman's dress.

"Is the Loughrea car gone, Joe?" said I, for I remembered his name.

"She is, yer honor, she's away."

"Is there any means of getting over to-night?"

"Barrin' walking, there's none."

"Aye; but," said I, "were I even disposed for that, I have got my luggage."

"Is it heavy?" said Joe.

"This portmanteau and the carpet-bag you see there."

"I'll carry them," was the brief reply.

"You'll not be able, my poor fellow," said I.

"Aye, and you on the top of them."

"You don't know how heavy I am," said I, laughingly.

"Be gorra, I wish you was heavier."

"And why so, Joe?"

"Because one that was so good to the poor is worth his weight in goold any day."

I do not pretend to say whether it was the flattery, or the promise these words gave me of an agreeable companion en route; but, certain it is, I at once closed with his proposal, and, with a ceremonious bow to the Grand Canal Hotel, took my departure, and set out for Loughrea.

AN IRISH SCHOOL

[Early part of the nineteenth century]

BY GERALD GRIFFIN

THE schoolhouse at Glendalough was situated near the romantic river which flows between the wild scenery of Drumgoff and the Seven Churches. It was a low stone building, indifferently thatched; the whole interior consisting of one oblong room, floored with clay and lighted by two or three windows, the panes of which were patched with old copy-books, or altogether supplanted by school-slates. The walls had once been plastered and whitewashed, but now partook of that appearance of dilapidation which characterized the whole building. Along each wall was placed a row of large stones, the one intended to furnish seats for the boys — the other for the girls; the decorum of Mr. Lenigan's establishment requiring that they should be kept apart on ordinary occasions; for Mr. Lenigan, it should be understood, had not been favored with any Pestalozzian light. The only chair in the whole establishment was that which was usually occupied by Mr. Lenigan himself, and a table appeared to be a luxury of which they were either ignorant or wholly regardless.

This morning Mr. Lenigan was rather later than his usual hour in taking possession of the chair above alluded to. The sun was mounting swiftly up the heavens. The rows of stones, before described, were already occupied, and the babble of a hundred voices,

like the sound of a beehive, filled the house. Now and then a schoolboy in frieze coat and corduroy trousers, with an ink-bottle dangling at his breast, a copy-book, slate, Voster, and "reading-book" under one arm, and a sod of turf under the other, dropped in and took his place upon the next unoccupied stone. A great boy, with a huge slate in his arm, stood in the center of the apartment, making a list of all those who were guilty of any indecorum in the absence of "the Masther." Near the door was a blazing turf fire, which the sharp autumnal wind already rendered agreeable. In a corner behind the door lay a heap of fuel formed by the contributions of all the scholars, each being obliged to bring one sod of turf every day, and each having the privilege of sitting by the fire while his own sod was burning. Those who failed to pay their tribute of fuel sat cold and shivering the whole day long at the farther end of the room, huddling together their bare and frost-bitten toes, and casting a long, envious eye toward the peristyle of well marbled shins that surrounded the fire.

Full in the influence of a cherishing flame was placed the hay-bottomed chair that supported the person of Mr. Henry Lenigan, when that great man presided in person in his rural seminary. On his right lay a close bush of hazel, of astonishing size, the emblem of his authority and the instrument of castigation. Near this was a wooden "sthroker," that is to say, a large rule of smooth and polished deal, used for "sthroking" lines in copy-books, and also for "sthroking" the palms of the refractory pupils. On the other side lay a lofty heap of copy-books, which were left there by the boys and girls

for the purpose of having their copies "sot" by the "Masther."

About noon a sudden hush was produced by the appearance, at the open door, of a young man dressed in rusty black, and with something clerical in his costume and demeanor. This was Mr. Lenigan's classical assistant; for to himself the volumes of ancient literature were a fountain sealed. Five or six strong young men, all of whom were intended for learned professions, were the only portion of Mr. Lenigan's scholars that aspired to those lofty sources of information. At the sound of the word "Virgil!" from the lips of the assistant, the whole class started from their seats and crowded round him, each brandishing a smoky volume of the great Augustan poet, who, could he have looked into this Irish academy, from that part of the infernal regions in which he has been placed by his pupil Dante, might have been tempted to exclaim in the pathetic words of his own hero —

> — Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi,
> Sunt lachrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

"Who's head?" was the first question proposed by the assistant, after he had thrown open the volume at that part marked as the day's lesson.

"Jim Naughten, sir."

"Well, Naughten, begin. Consther,[1] consther, now, an' be quick.

> At puer Ascanius mediis in vallibus acri
> Gaudet equo; jamque hos cursu, jam præterit illos;
> Spumantemque dari —

Go on, sir, why don't you consther?"

[1] Construe.

"*At puer Ascanius*," the person so addressed began, "but the boy Ascanius; *mediis in vallibus*, in the middle o' the valleys; *gaudet*, rejoices."

"Exults, *aragal*, exults is a betther word."

"*Gaudet*, exults; *acri equo*, upon his bitther horse."

"Oh, murther alive, his bitther horse, *inagh? Erra*, what would make a horse be bitther, Jim? Sure 't is n't of sour beer he's talkin'! Rejoicin' upon a bitther horse! Dear knows, what a show he was, what raison he had for it! *Acri equo*, upon his mettlesome steed, that's the consthruction."

Jim proceeded: —

"*Acri equo*, upon his mettlesome steed; *jamque*, an' now; *præterit*, he goes beyond —"

"Outsthrips, *achree!*"

"*Præterit*, he outsthrips; *hos*, these; *jamque illos*, and now those; *cursu*, in his course; *que*, and; *optat*, he longs —"

"Very good, Jim; 'longs' is a very good word there; I thought you were going to say 'wishes.' Did anybody tell you that?"

"Dickens a one, sir."

"That's a good boy. Well?"

"*Optat*, he longs; *spumantem aprum*, that a foaming boar; *dari*, shall be given; *votis*, to his desires; *aut fulvum leonum*, or that a tawny lion —"

"That's a good word again. 'Tawny' is a good word; betther than 'yellow.'"

"*Descendere*, shall descend; *monte*, from the mountain."

"Now, boys, observe the beauty of the poet. There's great nature in the picture of the boy Ascanius. Just

the same way as we see young Misther Keiley of the Grove, at the fox-chase the other day, leadin' the whole of 'em right and left, *jamque hos, jamque illos*, an' now Misther Cleary, an' now Captain Davis, he outsthripped in his course. A beautiful picture, boys, there is in them four lines, of a fine, high-blooded youth. Yes, people are always the same; times an' manners change, but the heart o' man is the same now as it was in the days of Augustus. But consther your task, Jim, an' then I'll give you an' the boys a little commentary upon its beauties."

The boy obeyed, and read as far as *prætexit nomine culpam*, after which the assistant proceeded to pronounce his little commentary: —

"Now, boys, for what I told ye. Them seventeen lines that Jim Naughten consthrued this minute contains as much as fifty in a modern book. I pointed out to you the picture of Ascanius, an' I'll back it agin the world for nature. Then there's the incipient storm —

> Interea magno misceri murmure cælum
> Incipit:

Erra, don't be talkin', but listen to that! There's a rumblin' in the language like the sound of comin' thundher —

> — insequitur commista grandine nimbus.

D' ye hear the change? D' ye hear all the *S*'s? D' ye hear 'em whistlin'? D' ye hear the black squall comin' up the hillside, brushin' up the dust an' dhry leaves off the road, and hissin' through the threes an' brushes — an' d' ye hear the hail dhrivin' afther, an' spatterin' the

leaves, an' whitenin' the face of the counthry? *Commista grandine nimbus!* That I might n't sin, but when I read them words, I gather my head down between my shoulders, as if it was hailin' a-top o' me. An' then the sighth of all the huntin' party! Dido, an' the Throjans, an' all the great coort ladies, an' the Tyrian companions scatthered like cracked people about the place, lookin' for shelter, an' peltin' about right an' left, hether an' thether in all directions for the bare life, an' the floods swellin' an' comin' thunderin' down in rivers from the mountains, an' all in three lines —

> Et Tyrii comites passim, et Trojana juventus,
> Dandanisque nepos Veneris, diversa per agros
> Tecta metu petiere: ruunt de montibus amnes.

An' see the beauty of the poet, followin' up the character of Ascanius; he makes him the last to quit the field. First the Tyrian comrades, an effeminate race, that ran at the sight of a shower, as if they were made o' salt, that they 'd melt under it, and then the Throjan youth, lads that were used to it in the first book; and last of all, the spirited boy Ascanius himself — (Silence near the doore!)

> Speluncam Dido, dux et Trojanus eandem,
> Deveniunt.

Observe, boys, he no longer calls him, as of old, *pius Æneas*, only *dux Trojanus*. There's where Virgil took the crust out of Homer's mouth, in the neatness of his language, that you'd gather a part o' the feelin' from the very shape o' the line an' turn o' the prosody. As, formerly, when Dido was askin' Æneas concerning

where he came from, an' where he was bound, he makes answer —

> Est locus, Hesperiam Graii, cognomine dicunt:
> Terra antiqua, potens armis, atque ubere glebæ,
> Huc cursus fuit.

An' there the line stops short, as much as to say, just as I cut this line short in spakin' to you, just so our coorse was cut in going to Italy. The same way, when Juno is vexed in talkin' o' the Throjans, he makes her spake bad Latin to show how mad she is: — (Silence!)

> Mene incepto desistere victam
> Nec posse Italia Teucrorum avertere regem?
> Quippe vetor fatis! Pallasne exurere classem
> Argivum, atque ipsos potuit submergere ponto.

So he laves you to guess what a passion she is in, when he makes her lave an infinitive mood without anything to govern it. You can't attribute it to ignorance, for it would be a dhroll thing in airnest if Juno, the queen of all the gods, did n't know a common rule in syntax; so that you have nothing for it but to say that she must be in the very moral of a fury. Such, boys, is the art o' poets, an' the janius o' languages.

"But I kept ye long enough. Go along to yer Greek now as fast as ye can, an' reharse. An' as for ye," continued the learned commentator, turning to a mass of English scholars, "I see one comin' over the river that'll taich ye how to behave yerselves, as it is a thing ye won't do for me. Put up yer Virgils now, boys, an' out with the Greek, an' remember the beauties I pointed out to ye, if ye have n't the luck to think of 'em yerselves."

The class separated, and a hundred anxious eyes were directed towards the open door. It afforded the glimpse of a sunny green and babbling river, over which Mr. Lenigan, followed by his brother David, was now observed in the act of picking his cautious way. At this apparition a sudden change took place in the entire condition of the school. Stragglers flew to their places; the impatient burst of laughter was cut short; the growing bit of rage was quelled; the uplifted hand dropped harmless by the side of its owner; merry faces grew serious, and angry ones peaceable; the eyes of all seemed poring on their books; and the extravagant uproar of the last half-hour was hushed on a sudden into a diligent murmur. Those who were most proficient in the study of the "Masther's" physiognomy detected in the expression of his eyes, as he entered and greeted his assistant, something of a troubled and uneasy character. He took the list with a severe countenance from the hands of the boy above mentioned, sent all those names he found upon the fatal record to kneel down in a corner until he should find leisure to "haire" them, and prepared to enter upon his daily functions.

For the present, however, the delinquents are saved by the entrance of a fresh character upon the scene. The newcomer was a handsome young woman, who carried a pet child in her arms and held another by the hand. The sensation of pleasure which ran among the young culprits at her appearance showed her to be their "great Captain's Captain," the beloved and loving helpmate of Mr. Lenigan. Casting, unperceived by her lord, an encouraging smile toward the kneeling culprits, she took an opportunity, while engaged in a wheedling conversa-

tion with her husband, to purloin his deal rule and to blot out the list of the proscribed from the slate, after which she stole out, calling David to dig the potatoes for dinner.

And so we, too, will leave the school.

THE WINNING BACK OF THE LAND

[1808–1903]

By CHARLES JOHNSTON AND CARITA SPENCER

GREAT as was the need for emancipation, it was as nothing compared to the distress and suffering caused by the deplorable social and economic condition of the country. The relations between landlord and tenant were worse than at any past time, and every year brought new and heavier taxes, instead of lessening the burdens which the people already bore. Each man in the long series of middlemen, as well as the tenant and the landlord at the two ends of the series, had to gain a profit from the same acre of land, and no one was willing to spend money on improving the quality of the land. If it be asked why, the answer is simple. The tenant held his land from year to year, at the will of the landlord, and, if he made improvements, and so increased the value of the land, he would be called on to pay a greater rent, or leave his holding. The middlemen would not make improvements, because whoever stood next above them in the scale of extortion would immediately have demanded a greater payment. The landlord made no improvements, because he was accustomed to think of himself as a man with rights and privileges, and never as a man with duties and obligations. The result was, that a piece of land was allowed to go from bad to worse, and was finally rented, for an excessive sum, to a peasant so poor that he could not improve it in any way, and could

barely make a starvation wage for himself and his family.

In England, the landlord was the agricultural partner of his tenant, investing large sums of money in improvements, such as drains, fences, outhouses, and so forth; so that the value of the land steadily rose. But nothing of the kind existed in Ireland. Frequently whole towns were owned by one man, who thus had it in his power to exact what rents he pleased. At the time of the Union, the population of Ireland amounted to about four and a half millions. It now began to increase rapidly. The landlords permitted, and even encouraged, extreme subdivision of land, so that they might collect rents from as many tenants as possible.

The peasants came to grow potatoes more and more exclusively, since this was the cheapest crop, and that which most easily sustained life without further outlay. It is recorded that often during this time the poor peasant would plant his potatoes at the proper season, and then go off to England to work for some English farmer, and so try to make a little money. Meanwhile, his family was left almost penniless, to beg or borrow. He would come back in time to dig his potato crop in the autumn, and in this way he could earn more than by growing corn and a variety of crops. Then we must not forget the innumerable taxes he had to pay, and the repeated injustice he suffered at the hands of the middlemen and tax-gatherers. It was nothing unusual for a peasant to be forced to pay rent twice over, to different middlemen, both claiming the same piece of ground, and to have his cattle sold before his eyes, if he resisted these demands. All this was known to Parliament, or at least

ought to have been known, since it had all been graphically described by Irish members. But no notice was taken of it. . . .

The question of the land was now the gravest which remained to be solved. It involved the right to work, the right to earn food for one's family, the right to possess a home. A ferment of agitation gradually spread through the country which culminated in the formation of the Land League in 1879. The inspirer of this movement was Michael Davitt, but it owed much of its success to the commanding genius of Charles Stewart Parnell. The Land League meant the organizing of a nation in defense of its rights, and was far more effective than any armed rebellion. Its three immediate objects were "Fair Rent," "Fixed Hold," and "Free Sale."

By "Fair Rent" it was meant that the rent to be paid by a tenant should not be fixed arbitrarily by a grasping landlord, but should be justly decided by a court, after examining the land and judging of its extent and fertility. "Fixed Hold" meant that the tenant should be entitled to hold his farm in security without fear of eviction or extortion, so long as he paid the fair rent decided on by the court. "Free Sale" meant that the tenant was entitled to sell his interest in his farm to a new tenant, that interest representing the capital he had invested in improving the farm, in fencing, draining, clearing, and building.

The Land League represented the organized demand for these things; and every detail of the question was made thoroughly clear to the peasants of every part of Ireland, at great public meetings, addressed by Parnell and his lieutenants. At first, Parnell had greatly

doubted whether the Irish people would take up the land question in a serious way. "Do you think," he asked one of the older patriots, "that the Irish people will take part in an agitation for land reform?" "I think," replied the patriot, "that to settle the land question, the Irish people would go to the gates of hell."

From Ireland, the agitation spread to the United States. An extensive organization was there formed which set itself the task of providing the "sinews of war." A parliamentary fund was collected, and Parnell was soon in a position to provide for his army of parliamentary followers, who were thus able to leave their other occupations and devote themselves wholly to the work of reform. Parnell commanded a parliamentary party of eighty-six members, and never was a party so well led and so finely disciplined. Following the example set by Joseph Biggar, of making long speeches and raising technical obstacles, Parnell perfected the system of parliamentary obstruction. He made it impossible for the English Parliament to carry on its work before it had done justice to Ireland.

Meanwhile, the political situation was rapidly changing in England. The Conservative Government fell, and Gladstone was returned to power, in 1880, as the head of a strong Liberal Government. The Land League agitation had penetrated to every part of Ireland, and had aroused such strong feelings against extortion and injustice that acts of violence and outrage were frequent. Gladstone proclaimed the Land League an unlawful body, and its leaders, including Parnell, were arrested and thrown into prison. Gladstone determined, however, to settle the question of the land

as he had settled the question of the Church in 1869. He therefore drew up the famous Land Bill of 1881, which secured to the Irish people the three objects that had been agitated for thirty years: Fair Rent, Fixed Hold, and Free Sale. A Land Court was established, with power to hold sessions in every part of Ireland, to fix fair rents, which were thenceforth called "judicial" rents, and to decide on the value of improvements made by a tenant on his farm, in order to secure him in the enjoyment of these improvements. This was a splendid measure, and the good it has done is incalculable.

But many evils had survived from the past, and were destined long to survive. A series of crops, almost as bad as in the famine years, had reduced the tenants to dire poverty, and often to starvation. Yet the landlords insisted on exacting the full arrears of rent, which they had arbitrarily imposed before the days of the Land Court. The consequence was that acts of violence increased, carried on chiefly by secret societies, such as the "Moonlighters" and the "Invincibles." Gladstone grew disgusted with the attempt to rule Ireland by force and coercion, and came to an agreement with Parnell, then in Kilmainham Jail, under which he was to receive Parnell's support in Parliament, in return for measures beneficial to Ireland. . . .

Gladstone's Ministry fell from power in 1885, and Lord Salisbury and the Conservatives returned to office. Their policy was marked by two principles: first, steady opposition to the agitation of the Land League and the lawlessness which followed in its wake; and second, an organized, methodical, and enlightened attempt to remove the causes of Irish poverty and

misery, one by one. They passed the first Land Purchase Act in 1885, a measure to enable the tenants to buy their farms from the landlords, and so to be rid of the exactions and the extortions of rent, once and forever. The English Government placed a sum of $25,000,000 in cash at the disposal of the Irish farmers, who could borrow as much as they required to buy their farms at once. They were to repay the Government by installments spread out over forty-nine years, at the end of which time they would be absolute owners of the soil. Several thousand more tenants became owners, and reduced the amount they had to pay yearly by about one third. This measure has worked admirably, and the sense of security gained by the farmers has already begun to call forth the qualities of thrift, industry, and providence, which the former conditions of land tenure in Ireland had done everything to destroy. . . .

Arthur James Balfour became Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1887. In this post he played two widely different rôles: first, as the opponent of the Irish party in the House of Commons, he was cool, polite, satirical, and very determined; second, in Ireland itself, he sincerely and effectively studied the wants of the Irish people and set himself to devise remedies to meet them. The second Land Purchase Bill was passed in 1888, by which a second sum of $25,000,000 was put at the disposal of Irish tenants who wished to purchase their farms. Mr. Balfour also turned his attention to what are called the "congested districts" in the west of Ireland. The condition in these districts has been well described by T. W. Russell, one of the most gifted of the Liberal Unionists: "A great part of the crowded population of the western

seaboard live subject to the most shocking conditions. The land is in many places hardly worth cultivating. The riches of the sea are not for these poor people; they have no boats, no capital. The skill of the fisherman has ceased to be developed; and even were the fish caught, the market does not exist, i.e., there are no means of transit thereto. Struggling for a wretched existence upon these arid patches of soil, growing potatoes and little else, feeding a pig and rearing a scarecrow of a calf — this is the method by which thousands of human beings drag out a miserable existence."

Balfour set himself to remedy this by extending a system of railways through the "congested districts," obtaining a grant of seven million dollars from Parliament for that purpose. In 1891, Balfour went very much further. He had been convinced by this time, and had convinced his party, that in land purchase lay the solution of the Irish question. He obtained a new advance from Parliament, this time for $170,000,000, to be applied for the purchase of farms by the farmers. He also formed the "Congested Districts Board," which was charged with the duty of purchasing land under the Purchase Acts for the purpose of "enlarging and consolidating farms, of improving the breed of horses, cattle, and poultry, aiding the fishing industry by erecting piers and boat-slips, by the supply of boats and fish-curing stations, and of developing agriculture and other industry." Thus a constructive period gradually replaced the work of confiscation which England had carried on in Ireland during centuries. . . .

The cultivators of Ireland have for over a generation had an opportunity of buying back their lands by install-

ments. More than six thousand tenants purchased their farms under the Irish Church Act of 1869. The Land Acts of 1870 and 1881 each turned nearly a thousand tenants into proprietors. The Land Purchase Act of 1885 extended the same privilege to two thousand more. The Land Purchase Acts of 1891 and 1896 turned into owners of the soil no less than thirty-seven thousand former tenants. . . .

Arthur James Balfour became Prime Minister in 1902, with George Wyndham, a descendant of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as Chief Secretary for Ireland. He decided to settle the Irish land question once for all, and as far as possible to sweep the Irish landlords out of existence. Parnell had said: "When the Irish landlords are as anxious to go as we are to get rid of them, the land question will be practically solved." Wyndham saw that the time was rapidly approaching when this would be true. Through the operation of Gladstone's Land Courts the rents had been twice lowered all over Ireland. A third settlement of these rents was approaching. It has long been the custom in Ireland to make the selling-value of the land depend upon the rent. In general, land is sold for a sum of money equal to the rent for twenty years; thus, if the rent of a farm were a hundred dollars a year, its selling-value would be two thousand dollars. In Ireland this is expressed by saying that the land is sold at "twenty years' purchase." If the Land Court reduced the rent to seventy-five dollars a year, the selling-value of the farm would fall to fifteen hundred dollars, so much sheer loss to the landlord.

The Irish landlords had now seen the value of their property shrink twice under the operation of the Land

Courts. A third shrinkage was rapidly approaching. This gave Wyndham his opportunity. His new Land Purchase Bill included two propositions: First, to put at the disposal of the Irish tenants a sum of English money so large that practically every tenant in Ireland could take advantage of it; and, second, to induce the landlords to part with their farms by offering them a bonus equal to about one eighth of the selling-price of the land. Thus the tenant was able to buy cheap, while the landlord sold dear, both parties being in an extremely satisfactory position. Wyndham made it possible for the whole nation to buy back the land, and for the first time in history a whole people undertook the work of national redemption on the installment plan. Wyndham's bill became law, and came into operation on November 1, 1903.

A government report recently printed sheds a flood of light on the working of Land Purchase during the thirty-four years preceding Wyndham's Act. It is found that, though the land has always been the first care of the purchasing tenants, the houses, both dwelling and farm buildings, have been very materially improved since they became owners of the soil. In all the four provinces, this is the general testimony. New buildings have sprung up, old ones have been repaired. On some estates, where the condition of purchased and non-purchased holdings can be contrasted, it is found that, while the houses on the former have been much improved, on the latter they are in a very neglected state. The middleman has been done away with. Subletting and subdivision are practically extinct. Tenants will no longer sell part of their farms. "I could well perceive,"

says one of the English land inspectors, "the love that these people have for their little homes, and how desperate must be their position before parting with them; and purchase seems to make them cling to them even more than before." Not less favorable is the verdict as to the credit and solvency of the new purchasers. It has increased all around, as is testified to by local bankers and shopkeepers, who are in a position to know best. A very good symptom is the fact that these new landowners are chary of getting into debt, and think twice before they borrow money, even when their credit is good.

We can well see that a great moral change must accompany this steady material regeneration. A feeling of safety is everywhere springing up, in place of the "paralyzing insecurity and doubt that prevailed for generations." A group of tenant-purchasers in Roscommon declare that "since they have got a hold of the land," they have not spared themselves in making improvements, which will be their own for all time. A parish priest in Cavan says that "purchase has brought peace. The people are more industrious, more sober, and more hopeful as to their future prospects." The police say that, before purchase, they found the people troublesome and unruly, but now all is changed, and quietness and order reign instead. The tenant-purchasers are full of supreme contentment at their altered situation. A priest in Fermanagh says the people in his parish are more industrious now, while the consumption of whiskey has diminished by a third. The evidence of these two ecclesiastics vividly recalls the words put in the mouth of the Irish by Sir R. Kane in 1844: "We were

reckless, ignorant, improvident, and idle; we were idle, for we had nothing to do; we were reckless, for we had no hope; we were ignorant, for learning was denied us; we were improvident, for we had no future; we were drunken, for we sought to forget our misery."

AN IRISH COTTAGE

THIS "beehive cottage" with roped roof is in County Donegal, and is apparently one of the better sort. William Eleroy Curtis thus describes one even humbler than this, in what are known as the "congested districts; that is, the barren regions in which the Irish were forced to settle when their fertile lands were confiscated by the English." He says: "The walls were of rude stones, piled one on another without mortar, and the roof was made of straw. There was no floor but the earth, no furniture but the hard wooden bench, a table, and a three-legged stool. There was no window, and the only light that there was came through the door, which opened into a loathsome barnyard, where the filth was ankle-deep and the stench almost insufferable."

The Government has for years been striving to induce families to leave these "congested districts" and remove to more fertile and less crowded parts of Ireland. In many cases the tenants are given farming implements, seeds, and aid in restocking their farms. Often comfortable houses are also provided at no higher rent than had been paid for wretched hovels.

THE IRISH PEOPLE

[Twentieth century]

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

I MUST warn you, before proceeding to write about the Irish people, that I have tried to explain them, according to my capacity, a thousand times to my English friends and neighbors, and have been pulled up short as many times by the reflection that all I have been saying was contradicted by some other aspect of my country-people. For we are an eternally contradictory people, and none of us can prognosticate exactly what we shall feel, what do, under given circumstances; whereas the Englishman is simple. He has no mysteries. Once you know him, you can pretty well tell what he will say, what feel, and do under given circumstances. You have a formula for him: you have no formula for the Irish. The Englishman is simple, the Irish, complex. The Anglo-Irish, who stand to most English people for the Irish, have had grafted on to them the complexity of the Irish without their pliability. It makes, perhaps, the most puzzling of all mixtures, and it may be the chief difficulty in a proper estimate of the Irish character.

They will tell you in Ireland that you have to go some forty or fifty miles from Dublin before you get into Irish Ireland. There are a good many Irish in Anglo-Ireland, usually in the humbler walks of life, whence you shall find in Dublin servants, car-drivers, policemen, newspaper boys, and so on, the raciness, the vivacity,

the charm, which in Irish Ireland is a perpetual delight. Dublin drawing-rooms are not vivacious, nor are the manners gracious, although the Four Courts still produce a galaxy of wit, and Dublin citizens buttonhole each other with good stories all along the streets, roaring with laughter in a way that would be regarded as Bedlam in Fleet Street.

Get into Irish Ireland and the manners have a graciousness which is like a blessing. I asked the way in Ballyshannon town once. The woman who directed me came out into the street and a little way with me, and when she left me called to me sweetly, "Come back soon to Donegal!" which left a sense of blessing with me all that day. There was a certain curly-haired "Wullie," who drove the long car from Donegal to Killybegs. I can see "Wullie" yet helping the women on and off the car with their myriad packages, can see the delightful grief with which he parted from us, his shining face of welcome when he met us again a fortnight later. To set against "Wullie" were the car-drivers, who certainly are unpleasant if the "whip-money" does not come up to their expectations. We say of such that they are "spoilt by the tourists," yet I remember some who were not spoilt by the tourists, although they were perpetually in touch with them — boatmen and pony-boys at Killarney; and a certain delightful guide, whose winning gayety was not at all merely professional.

Thinking over my country-people, I say, "They are so-and-so," and then I have a misgiving, and I say, "But, after all, they are not so-and-so."

They are the most generous people in the world. They enjoy to the fullest the delight of giving; and what a

good delight that is! I pity the ungiving people. You will receive more gifts in Ireland in a twelvemonth than in a lifetime out of it. The first instinct of Irish liking or loving is to give you something. The giving instinct runs through all classes. If you sit down in a cabin and see an old piece of lusterware or something else of the sort, do not admire it unless you mean to accept it; for it will be offered to you, not in the Spanish way which does not expect acceptance, but in the Irish way which does. I have many little bits of china given so, usually the one thing of any consideration or value the donor possessed. I once sought to buy an old china dish, much flawed and cracked by hot ovens, in a Dublin hotel, as much to save it from following its fellows to destruction as for any other reason. The owner would not sell the dish, but he offered it for my acceptance in such a way that I could not refuse. When I go back to my old home, the cottagers bring a few new-laid eggs or a griddle-cake for my acceptance. I have a friend in an Irish village whose income from an official source is £10 a year. She has a cottage, a few hens, and enough grass for a cow when she can get one. Her gifts come at Christmas, at Easter, on St. Patrick's Day, and on some special, private feasts of my own—eggs, sweets, flowers, a bit of lace, or a fine embroidered handkerchief, and, in times of illness, a pair of chickens. That is royal giving out of so little; and I assure you that it blesses the giver as well as the recipient.

On the other hand, the farmers grow thriftier and thriftier. Sir Horace Plunkett and men like him, truly patriotic Irishmen, are showing them the way. Successive Land Acts lift them more and more into a posi-

tion of security from one of precariousness. They have more money now to put in the savings banks. Their prosperity does not mean a higher standard of living, although that is badly needed. It means more money in the banks — that is all.

The Irish are very like the French. If the day should come when they should learn, like the French, to be thrifty and usurious, I hope I shall not be there to see it. Better — a thousand times better — that they should remain royal wastrels to the end.

As yet we need not fear it. Still, if you ask a drink of water at a mountain cabin in the poorest parts of Ireland, you are given milk; and *do not offer to pay for it*, lest you sink to the lowest place in the estimation of these splendid givers.

The hospitality is truly splendid. There is a saying in Ireland that they always put an extra bit in the pot for "the man coming over the hill." It is an unheard-of thing that you should call at an Irish house and not be asked if "you've a mouth on you." If your visit be within anything like measurable distance of meal-time, you will be obliged to stay for the meal.

In England, when people are poor, or comparatively so, or feel the need of retrenchment, they "do not entertain." It is almost the first form of retrenchment which suggests itself to the Englishman; whereas to curtail his hospitalities would be the last form of retrenchment to an Irishman, and you will be entertained generously and lavishly by people you know to be poor. The Englishman's different way of looking at the matter is no doubt partly due to the fact that he is a much more domestic person than the Irishman, and depends mainly on his

family life for his happiness and pleasure. Now, the French do not give hospitality at all outside the large family circle, so that in that regard, at least, the Irish will have a long way to travel before they touch with the French.

I have said that the Irish are not domestic. They are gregarious, but not domestic. The Irishman depends a deal on the neighbors; he has no such way of inclosing himself in a little fortified place of home against all the ills of the world as has the Englishman. Irish mothers, like Irish nurses, are often tenderly, exquisitely soft and warm; but the young ones will fly out of the nest for all that. Perhaps the art of making the home pleasant is not an Irish art. Perhaps it is the gregariousness, general and not particular, — at least, general in the sense of embracing the parish and not the family. To the young Irish and a good many of their elders the home is dull. They go off to America, leaving the old people to loneliness, because there is no amusement. They do not make their own interests, as the slower, less vivacious nations do. The rainy Irish climate seems made for a people who would find their pleasures indoors. But the Irish will be out and about, telling good stories and hearing them. They are an artistic people, with great traditions; yet books or music or conversation will not keep them at home. If they cannot have the neighbors in, they will go out to the neighbors.

They are very religious, and accept the invisible world with a thoroughness and simplicity of belief which they would say themselves is their most precious inheritance. The Celt is no materialist. He does not love success or riches; most of those whom he holds in esteem have been

neither successful nor rich. Money is not the passport to his affections. He ought never to go away, and, alas! he goes away in thousands! Contact with the selfish, money-getting materialism has power to destroy the spiritual qualities of the Celt, once he is outside Ireland. When he comes back — a prosperous Irish-American — he is no longer the Celt we loved. And he does come back: that is one of his contradictions. The home he had left behind because of its dullness, the arid patch of mountain-land, the graves of his people, call him back again at the moment when one would have said every bond with them was loosened.